



# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series, }  
Vol. IX., No. 1.

JANUARY, 1869.

{ Old Series Com-  
plete in 63 vols.

## THE PHANTOMS OF ST. MARK'S.

"To sit upon the ground"

And tell sad stories of the fates of Kings."

*Richard.*

[LADY OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.—TWELVE MAIDENS, DAUGHTERS OF ST. MARK.—TWELVE WEDDINGS.—BRIDES OF VENICE.—GOLDEN CROWNS.—PRECIOUS STONES.—CLOAKS OF GOLD.—A COW OF MASSIVE GOLD.—THE NELSON OF VENICE.—QUEEN OF THE WATERS.—BRIDAL OF THE SEA.—MARCO POLO.—THE GOSHEN OF ITALY.—THE EMPEROR BARBAROSSA.]

VENICE is always fresh; the story of the city, "throned on its hundred isles," and crowned "with its tiara of proud towers," seems always new. The stranger, walking for the first time round the great square of St. Mark's, feels himself sensibly in contact with a hoar antiquity, feels himself touched, too, by a tingling romance of sensations, which, so far from yielding to the cold arbitration of the understanding and the reason, rather derive strength and energy from the presence and perception of indisputable facts. Within the scope of the eye, and the compass of a few moments' walk, the heirlooms of shadowy

ages rise palpably before the eye. It is not a panorama or painting composed and grouped by the fancy of the artist; but here visibly stand the memorials of many civilizations, the representatives of many climes, the relics of the Eastern and the Western empires, Constantinople and Rome, the Lombard and the Oriental: the pavements bear the relics, and the imagination seems to hear square and quay ringing with the shouts which, in different epochs, rose round pope or emperor, doge or king. We suppose the earth scarcely has so contracted a spot upon which the imagination, without doing injustice to fact, could call up so promptly such a succession of thrilling scenes and exciting incidents. Taking his chair, and sitting down amidst the bustling crowd passing by, hurrying to and fro in that great, magnificent marble drawing-room, a strange succession of events pleasingly agitate his mind in the long life of the Lady of the Mediterranean, the city of the Fishermen of the Rialto. If the stranger be simply interested in story, in the romance of history, we know no other spot so full

NEW SERIES.—VOL. IX., No. 1.

of this; the great names of Venetian history have each a drama in their lines; romance is interwoven in the complicated texture of the tapestry; poets have known this, and have been unable to forbear seizing on the stories of war and siege, diplomacy and statecraft, for the subjects of their pages; but if, on the other hand, the stranger thoughtfully muses upon the strange fate of the city, now, notwithstanding all its crowds, in ruins around him, its doges vanished, its grand and costly palace deserted and empty, excepting as the wayfarer turns in to tread its richly polished floors, and to gaze upon its long lines of canvases, its gilded cornices, its marble busts; if, we say, the stranger compares this fate with the policy which procured such degeneration, its cunning and subtle political doctrines; surveying the method by which it became strong, and the course of doctrine by which its strength became decline, weakness, and at last political death, he will receive such a series of lessons as are scarcely taught at once on so comprehensive and compendious a scale by no other nation or people. In Venice, political wisdom and political folly seem to be at once upon so grand and so condensed a scale; it is, indeed, the old lesson: industry made her what she was, luxury made her what she is; but between these two—the rise and the fall—there lie so many chapters, there is so much which illustrates and shows at once the process of power and the process of decline, we seem so familiar, so readily and easily familiar, with every stage in the story, that, to a commercial and political people, it is full of the richest instruction; it is full of animation and full of warning; it is a condensed encyclopædia of political wisdom. If the stranger marvels, as he must, that this little spot, wrested from the Adriatic, its piles struck down into the deltas of the estuary, so that its early inhabitants were regarded with contempt, as they spread their nets and gathered their salt, were sneered at in the fifth century as a kind of water-fowl, fixing their nests upon the waves, despising the allurements of the land, trading in a lowly and humble manner among the markets of Italy, along the sea-coast, and up the navigable rivers; that such a people should rise to hold an empire, the whole

gorgeous East, in their grasp, throwing their sceptre over the most considerable states, feared for their awful power, dreaded for their shrewd and secret serpentine policy, enriched by commerce with all the ends of the earth, so that every store of every land poured its gifts through its palaces; if this is marvellous, not less so is its utter ruin, so that literally she sunk to have "slaves for senators," "beggars for nobles," and "panders for a people," a petty town instead of a capitol, its palaces crumbling to the shore, their avenues choked with offal and seaweed, and still retaining, through costly square, or strange winding walk, and secret way, the ineffaceable marks of old mediæval, commercial, and palatial grandeur in costly marble, in the Byzantine portico, and Moorish window, now only thronged by the feet, or giving light to the home, of beggars. Such are the impressions which infallibly cross the mind as the wayfarer rests on his journey, to meditate amidst these affecting marks of ancient majesty and modern meanness.

The ground swarms with traditions and superstitions, more or less absurd. Great was the joy, in 1026, on that day when Barbalano succeeded in landing the much-coveted relics of St. Saba. There had been a night of storm,—the rain fell in torrents; but at last the precious chest was conveyed to the house of Barbalano, next to the church of St. Antonius; it had been destined for another church, but when they sought to move it, the bells of the Campanile set up such a roar, and the chest itself became so immovably heavy, that it was plain something was amiss, until some one said, "It is the will of the Saviour of mankind that these relics should rest in the church of St. Antonius;" then the chest became as light as before, the bells ceased ringing, and over the chest a dove with wings of miraculous whiteness was seen to hover, while a miraculous rose of surpassing beauty sprang up in the garden of St. Antonius—"A symbol," says the chronicler, "of that fairer flower which had just been transplanted from Constantinople to Venice." But the most cherished traditions of Venice were associated with St. Mark; and one story especially, as proving how watchful the evangelist was over the city which



was called by his name, was an especial favorite: On that piazza yonder, a weather-beaten old sailor, walking to and fro in the midst of the wild rain and tempest, became aware of the presence of an exceedingly venerable figure, who said to him, "I am St. Mark; ferry me over to St. Georgio." What were the emotions of the old man has not been precisely told: something of fear; perhaps something of doubt about his fare. He, however, complied; and there, at the given point, they were met by a still more robust, but equally venerable personage, who turned out to be St. George. The three then proceeded together, by the desire of St. Mark, to Lido, where they were joined by St. Nicholas. By this time the ferryman had somewhat recovered from his terrors, and felt a little confidence in his fares. The evangelist bade him row onwards; but the waves were rough and tempestuous. Onward they went, however, under the pilotage of the evangelist, over the white and foaming waves, till they found themselves in the very midst of a perfect conclave of demons, whose business that night it was to blow up this fearful storm, and put the city of St. Mark in most imminent danger. The three saints, to say nothing about the ancient mariner, were too much for them, and they put the devils to a signal and disgraceful flight. At this point, not waiting to be rowed back again, St. Mark addressed the ferryman, giving to him a ring. "Take this," said he, "to the doge, my procurator; and he, recognizing my symbol, will recompense thee with five ducats." The gondolier, we may well believe, was quite stupefied, partly by the marvellous spectacle he had witnessed, and partly by the prospect of so rich a reward; and when he recovered his senses, his illustrious passengers had vanished. The ferryman hastened home, got, it is said, his reward; but this was not all—so signal a circumstance was celebrated by an annual festival in honor of St. Mark, St. George, and St. Nicholas. The story was handed along through generations, and was recited, with long-continued faith, by the domestic hearth and on the piazza, on summer evenings. Did it not prove the good-will of the preternatural powers, guarding the city from malig-

nant influences, against the blinding whirlwind and the storm? Such is a specimen of that legendary lore of Venice, which gave pride to its citizens, and did not diminish the nerve of its warriors.

The policy of the great Italian and the great German States differs: liberty, freedom of thought and action, the reflection of the will of the people in the sternness of unbending law, seem to be the characteristic of the latter; secrecy, nominal liberty, real slavery, seem to be that of the former. Subtlety and cruelty, a preference for a Machiavellian policy, would appear to be the almost inborn necessity of the former; it may indeed be said that it is in the nature of things that despotic institutions should create the counteracting influence of secret associations, and craft is a consequence arising from the weakness of the oppressed beneath the power of the oppressor; but the Italian States carried this principle of craft into all the secret chambers and councils of Government; it seemed as if all the wheels of policy were to lie hidden: the Italian mind has delighted in subtlety and concealment; even for the most obvious purposes the hidden way was to be preferred to the broad and open path; and Venice, in her history, soon began to illustrate this kind of political tergiversation in a more conspicuous manner than any other of the Italian cities or republics. Through a long course of ages a kind of nominal deference, indeed, was paid to freedom; the doge was supposed, by a kind of graceful political fiction, to be elected by the people; but in reality that which had been a popular election soon sunk into a cunning and crafty arrangement within the hands of a few: freedom became a watchword most ludicrously perverted from any of the ideas we associate with the name, and there arose the gloomiest fabric of real despotism, not merely as associated with a republican institution, but with any form of government of which history has preserved to us the chronicle. It has been truly said, there is no parallel to that silent, mysterious, inexorable tyranny. Sitting in this very palace of St. Mark's, Samuel Rogers exclaims—

What a strange, mysterious power was there,  
Moving throughout, subtle, invisible,

And universal as the air they breathed!  
 A power that never slumbered, nor forgave;  
 All eye, all ear, nowhere and everywhere,  
 Entering the closet and the sanctuary,—  
 No place of refuge for the doge himself;  
 Most present when least thought of—nothing  
 dropt

In secret when the heart was on the lips,  
 Nothing in feverish sleep, but instantly  
 Observed and judged;—a power that if but  
 named

In casual converse, be it where it might,  
 The speaker lowered at once his eyes and voice,  
 And pointed upward, as to God in heaven.

The origin of government in a state where all the people are industrious is usually simple, and so long as Venice was growing upon her lagunes, its people occupied in building or navigating small boats for their neighbors, rearing islands out of those marshes, of which the most elevated in the middle was called the Rialto, the form of government was a pure federated democracy; the chief functionary was elective, and chosen annually, and for two centuries this continued; but as wealth and population increased, so, of course, such an authority became, perhaps, not merely inadequate to the necessities of the State, but it became also a more considerable object of ambition. It was in the year 697, the first chief magistrate was elected for life, and called the doge; this title was a corruption of *dux*, or duke; and while it excluded the idea of sovereignty, it indicated the office of a leader or commander of the people. For centuries this office was held in freedom by its possessor; its powers were restrained by no especial legal provisions, while yet there were general assemblies which in some measure preserved the balance of the republic. Still the city continued to grow in wealth and population, although those great events had not yet transpired, out of which grew the immense prowess of the city. It was inevitable to such a people that a warlike spirit should be rising in their midst: of course there were outbreaks, obscure revolutions, and disorders; the coasts of the little isles and the watery ways were infested by pirates; and it was in the year 939, that one of the most famous of the romances of Venice happened, throwing a strong light, to our eyes, on that state of the young society. It was an ancient usage in Venice, that every year, on St. Mark's

eve, twelve maidens, endowed by the State, should be married to their lovers in the church of St. Peter the apostle, at Olivolo—they were called the daughters of St. Mark—and this joyous occasion was a season of great civic festivity; the gondolas were gayly decorated with flowers and flags, and, with the parents and kinsfolk and friends of the couples, from an early hour, were skimming the canals; the waters and young primeval islands were alive with music; the city on that day was certainly not prepared for rapacity and the havoc of war. It seemed a favorable time to a renowned freebooter, or pirate, named Gaiolo, with his band, to conceal themselves in the neighborhood where the marriage was to be celebrated; it was the residence of the patriarch, but the extreme verge of the city, and, in the tenth century, almost uninhabited. As the procession of the brides entered the church, the pirates leaped ashore; the rites had just commenced, when the church was thronged with armed men: they tore the terrified girls from the foot of the altar; lifting them in their arms, they bore them screaming or insensible away to their boats, and instantly set sail for the port of Trieste. The doge, Sanudo II., was present at the ceremony, and the act of unparalleled audacity, however it might rouse his rage or astonishment, did not for a moment paralyze him. Followed by the disappointed lovers, he hurried through the streets, and roused the people. There were some vessels belonging to the corporation of trunk-makers, in the parish of Santa Maria Formosa, lying idle; they were instantly offered to the chief magistrate and his companions: the lovers grasped the oars with the energy of despair, and were soon out of sight in the track of the ravishers; their knowledge and dexterity on their own waters was certainly not inferior to the pirates'; they speedily overtook them. The contest was long, sharp, and sanguinary, but the vengeance was complete—scarcely a pirate escaped; the girls were all brought back in triumph, the festivities were resumed, and all the marriages completed that evening. This circumstance became a great tradition in Venice. The Brides of Venice is at once one of the best known incidents

of its history and its ceremonies for many ages; as this day came round, the doge went in procession to the parish of Santa Maria Formosa, where he received a hospitable welcome from the trunk-makers, and was presented with two bottles of malmsey, two oranges, and two hats, in commemoration of some conversation between the doge and the trunk-makers on the day of the event. As to the Brides of Venice, the daughters of the republic, they, in the course of ages, became more abundantly glorified by the tradition, so that a writer in the thirteenth century tells us how that in his time, they were accustomed to wear gold crowns set with precious stones, and cloaks of cloth of gold, while all the guests, at the expense of the republic, were liberally entertained with wine and sweetmeats.

But during these years, from that early period of primeval government, oligarchical principles were developing themselves in the city: great families were rising, impatient alike of the popular voices and of the power of the sovereign or chief magistrate. It is remarkable to notice, as Daru has pointed out, how some of these strong families, whose names constantly appear in the history of Venice, and descendants from which were to be found in the city when, about forty years since, he published his history, represent those who were among the early refugees, who, in the fifteenth century, laid the foundation of its power—*Calvo, Fuliero, Moro, Fiesco, and Dandolo*. From such men as these emanated those designs which, in the thirteenth century, altogether changed the character of the Venetian Government; it was brought about, too, as such changes must usually be brought about, by the weakness, the folly, and licentiousness of one reigning doge, and the mistaken strength, the religious weakness, of another. Sanudo IV. was one of those wild and undisciplined princes, in whom there seemed to shine some fitful gleams of strength or wisdom, mingled with all that rouses and outrages a people; it was in his day that a rampant multitude, maddened by a long course of oppression, tramped through the square of St. Mark, clamoring for vengeance, and thirsting for blood. Unable to break through, or obtain posses-

sion of him, the mob set fire to the buildings in the immediate neighborhood of the palace; churches were soon reduced to ashes; the flames touched the chapel of St. Mark; at last they broke through the columns of smoke upon the building itself; then the lost and fated prince was seen rushing out of St. Mark's chapel, with his little infant in his arms, crouching before a group in which he recognized a few of his friends. But the multitude, who had hated the despot, both hated and despised the suppliant, and the daggers of the enraged men were speedily in the breasts of the criminal father and the innocent child. For a long course of exacting cruelties and tyrannies, the passions of the multitude, in this year of 976, exacted a vengeance in which three hundred houses were burnt, the churches of St. Teodoro and Santa Maria Jubenigo, and the ducal palace and St. Mark's chapel, were perfectly destroyed. This was one of the circumstances which precipitated a change in the prerogatives of the doge. There was another, of a very different kind, which gave a drift in the same direction: the new doge, Orseolo, was a man of high and amiable character, and his reign was characterized by a large liberality to the public, from his large wealth; he it was who restored St. Mark's, upon a far more magnificent scale; but to him came, one evening, a most singular visitor, in the Father Guarini, superior of the Abbey of St. Michael, of Cusano, in Gascony. The visit of the monk was apparently accidental; he desired to see the new temple and shrine of St. Mark. The doge and his visitor held such conversations with each other that in mutual agreement and sympathy they blent in their views of the superior happiness and bliss of a monastic life to troubled and pensive minds, so that the doge determined in twelve months to lay aside his office; the abbot was then to come for him, and bear his illustrious friend to his monastic retreat. The doge said nothing of his intentions to any creature save one who was to share his seclusion. His wife, the Lady Felicita, had already enrolled herself among the nuns of San Zaccaria; so by midnight the fugitive crossed the canal, galloped across the country, reached his destination in safety, and for nine-

teen years continued in the cloister, living, it is said, long enough to repent the vow he had so hastily made to Father Guarini. The follies of the good are sometimes not less mischievous than those of the evil, and a circumstance like this tended to suggest the necessity for some change in the relations of the doge; hence came from the weakness of the chief governor that strong and steady under-current which set in, adverse to that popular election, which it was said had erred so grossly in the election of the sovereigns, and so gave a pretext for that tendency to aristocracy, in whose hand, represented by the few strong nobles of Venice, the doge was to be a cipher, and a tool, or to find himself, in the event of his seeking to resist their authority, broken on the wheel of their machinations.

The student of history, with some considerable interest, inquires how came about that strange subtlety of despotic espionage and tyranny to which we have referred? that singular college of State, superior to all the citizens, superior to the doge himself? the marvellous subtlety of the three State inquisitors, and the dreaded ten? and indeed it is not by rapid and ordinary reading any student will arrive at a comprehension either of the origin of the system, or its working: a more complicated scheme of election and of government it is not possible to conceive. By the year 1269, the election of the doge had been brought to a process which Daru has given in certain Italian rhymes, which have been rendered into the following English doggerel, exactly representing its curious method:—

From the Council's nomination  
Thirty meet; nine keep their station:  
Forty next by these are chosen,  
Who, by lot, become a dozen.  
Five and twenty then combine  
To produce another nine;  
Hence are five and forty given,  
Who, diminished to eleven,  
Are by forty-one succeeded;  
Of whose final votes are needed  
Five and twenty to create  
The presiding magistrate,  
The serene, by whom elected;  
Thus our statutes are protected.

To express it in more plain language, in 1250, during the reign of Mureno Moro-

sini, it was arranged that the choice of the doge, on the death of his predecessor, should be balloted for, in much the same way as previously had been adopted in all the elections for inferior positions, by a system of cajolery and bribery. The power had been filched from the people, although certain privileges had been conferred upon them, not of a political character, by which they had been kept in good humor; an unlimited right of fishing and fowling had been conferred upon the whole body of the citizens; some of the more considerable had the honor conferred upon them of dining annually with the doge, of attaching his Fellucca to the Beucentaur, on the occasion of great processions. The nobles were clipping the wings of the executive, and reducing their fellow-citizens really to the condition of ciphers. Thus, for the election of the doge, the number of gilded balls was thirty, of which the drawers were reduced by a second raffle to nine; of these, four nominated five electors each, and five four each, making in the whole forty electors, whom a third lottery cut down to twelve, each of whom named two electors, save the first, who appointed three; thus twenty-five were called out, from whom a fourth raffle selected nine, each of whom named five, in all forty-five; but these were reduced by a fifth ballot to eleven, of whom eight chose four each, and the remainder three each, so that the final result was forty-one, who, upon being confirmed by the great council, proceeded to elect a doge by a majority of suffrages, which was to consist of not less than twenty-five. No member of the great council under thirty years of age could vote on this occasion; the sons, brothers, and nephews of the new doge had to quit government during his life; he also sunk to a nonentity, excepting that he had the initiative in deliberation; despatches were written in his name, but all letters from foreign courts had to be delivered by him unopened to the senate; in fact, he became, as has been said, a kind of ducal lord mayor for life; but the real power of administering justice was entrusted to a council of forty; the senate consisted of sixty, a number considerably increased in later years. The most fearful item of the administration was in the



power of the *Ten*; their influence was vast, and eventually they formed an arbitrary inquisitorial tribunal, the standing tyrannicide of Venice: they excluded the council of forty from the investigation of all treasonable charges. They inquired, they judged, they punished, says Mr. Hallam, according to what they called a reason of state; the public never dared to attempt to penetrate into the awful mystery shrouding their proceedings; the accused was often never heard, never confronted with his accusers; the condemnation was secret, the punishment undivulged. They had their informers infesting every order and rank of society; through their informers they observed everything with the eye of an argus, and through monks, prostitutes, gondoliers, and domestic servants they had channels of communication and confidential intercourse with every kind and order of society. Mr. Roscoe ventures rather severely to call in question the authenticity of the results of the elaborate investigations of M. Darn into the secret archives of Venice, but if in some particulars his information may be regarded as unsustained and unauthentic, we apprehend it is impossible to set aside the character of that nefarious tribunal. It is true that where secrecy and terror were the chief elements at work, little could be known; but that little is abundantly sufficient, and one author speaks the simple truth when he says, "The statutes of the Venetian inquisition of state, now exposed to the public eye, exceed every other product of human wickedness, in premeditated, deliberate, systematic, unmixed, undissembled flagitiousness." The functions of the *Ten* were exercised by a still more dreaded cluster, if that were possible—the *Three* inquisitors of state chosen by the *Ten*, from their number, for the purpose of expediting business; their functions were exercised for twelve months, and their power extended over every individual of the state, including even the *Ten* themselves: either of the *Three*, in his own person, might take all steps preparatory to judgment, although that judgment could only be pronounced by the *Three*; the penalties were left entirely to their own discretion, and extended to death, either by private or

public execution; the citations were issued in the name of the *Ten*, the *Three* were altogether unknown. Every process of the tribunal was to be preserved secret, and a casket, of which each of the *Three* by turns kept the key, was the depository of all their fearful secrets. To taunt a person with being a spy of this awful court was a high crime; should he happen to be so, the person so naming the accused was instantly arrested, tortured until he revealed by what process he arrived at his knowledge, and afterwards punished at the discretion of the tribunal. These spies especially haunted the steps of the nobles; they tried their faithfulness by bribes, as from a foreign ambassador, to betray the secrets of the council: if he resisted the temptation, but did not immediately denounce the overture, his name was registered in a book called *Libro sospetti*, the book of sighs; he was to be henceforth most carefully watched. Freedom of speech or debate was limited, even conversation was restrained; a noble guilty of indiscretion of speech was to be twice admonished, on the third offence to be prohibited from appearing in the public streets or council for two years; if he proved disobedient, or offended again, he was to be drowned as incorrigible. So for a number of ages all Venetian society was insecure. Among all the higher orders of the citizens, especially, this espionage spread out. Without a knowledge of the offence for which he had been arrested, a citizen might find himself immured for three years in that terrible range of apartments through which we wound our way a short time since, called the *Piombi*, under the leads, prisons extending through the upper part of the palace, as the more doomed, and yet more dreadful dungeons extended beneath, beneath the Bridge of Sighs, beneath the waters of the canal. Drowning seems to have been a favorite punishment of the tribunal; a statute declared that when death was considered necessary, it was desirable to avoid the scandal of open display in a public execution, and therefore the malefactor was privately drowned in the *Canale Orfano*,

That drowning place, where never net was thrown,  
Summer or winter—death the penalty:

And where a secret, once deposited,  
Lay till the waters should give up their dead.

Those who were accused, and had fallen within the clutches of the tribunal, yet escaped condemnation—a very rare event—were never acquitted, never obtained their release by a direct sentence; the jailer entered the cell with a surly rebuke, “What are you doing there? out with you!” and so, with such precipitation as we may conceive, the happy creature started about his business. In this way Venice fancied she preserved her power; thus it was supposed the city was shielded from the dangers of correspondence with foreign spies and powers, or from the efforts which braver spirits might make at home, to shake off the intolerable oppression.

We are to seek in the circumstances we have mentioned for those causes which led to the famous tragedy of Marino Faliero. Wending his way through the splendid gallery in the doge's palace, the wanderer comes upon that vacant frame with the black curtain and the inscription, unreadable from the floor, although the faded golden letters may be distinctly enough desecrated, in Latin, “This is the place of Marino Faliero, beheaded for his crimes.” The story of the Old Doge is not so splendid as that which appears through the passionate, highly wrought, and magnificent verse of Byron. The ambition of the prince, his pride, and love of power, were irritated by that slavery to which the then young oligarchy had reduced the dogate; but in his efforts either to liberate himself or the people, he cannot be regarded as exhibiting any very high or admirable traits of character. Late in life he had married a very young and lovely woman; not a breath of scandal had ever tarnished her reputation. A young noble, but of poor estate, was in love with a lady, an attendant upon the dogaressa; and presuming upon her favor, he ventured upon some improprieties, for which the doge ordered his immediate exclusion. The command was instantly obeyed; but upon his way through the great council chamber he wrote on the doge's chair, “Marino Faliero, husband of the lovely wife; he keeps her, and others kiss her.” It was a mean, dastardly, and unmanly revenge, for it involved not only a woman,

but a perfectly innocent and blameless one. The doge was in a fury, of course; the young man was arrested, and sentenced to two months' imprisonment, and banishment for twelve months; but the excited and irritable old man thought he should have been ignominiously hanged, or at any rate perpetually banished. The day after the sentence had been passed, an admiral appealed to the doge for redress on account of an insult he had received from a noble, and the petulant old man replied, “What wouldst thou have me do for thee? think upon the shameful words which have been written concerning me by that ribald Michael Steno; see how the forty respect my person.” Then the admiral replied, “My Lord Duke, if you wish to make yourself a prince, and cut all these men to pieces, I have the heart; if you do but help me, you may punish them all.” And so the scheme was laid, a conference was called, and sixteen or seventeen leaders, at the head of parties quite unaware of the purpose which called them together, were to make affairs in different parts of the city, to give the doge a pretext for ringing at a certain hour the great bell of the Campanile; this was sure to call together all the nobles, and then these sixteen or seventeen, with their followers, were to rush through St. Mark's, and murder the nobles as they came; the work being done, Marino Faliero was to be proclaimed Lord of Venice. The scheme was so well laid that although a month elapsed before the design was to be put in execution, it never transpired, and it might have been consummated, but for one of those little circumstances which seem like accidents in such events: one of the conspirators, named Beltramo, desired to save the life of a patron, named Lioni; he called upon him, and besought him to remain at home the whole of to-morrow. Lioni, astonished at the request, probably by some such force as Byron has imagined, wrung from him the whole of the particulars of the treason. Beltramo was secured, Lioni called a few friends together, and these again called the heads of the different magistracies. The ringleaders were seized, and denounced before the doge seems even to have been aware of the failure of the scheme; the difficulty was in what way to deal

with him; there was no provision in law for such a crime as that with which he stood charged. The ten called for a council of twenty nobles, and this body, so promptly constituted, sent for the doge; he was in his palace, in entire ignorance how the matter stood, surrounded by his courtiers. The sentence was speedy; it was ordered "That Marino Faliero, being convicted of conspiring against the constitution, should be taken to the head of the grand staircase of St. Mark's, and there, being stripped of the ducal bonnet and other emblems of his dignity, should be decapitated." The officer in charge shows the traveller a dungeon beneath the Bridge of Sighs, which he describes as that of Faliero: there is no probability that it is so. Arrest, condemnation, and death followed each other very swiftly, and in the interim he seems to have been confined in his own state apartments. He was executed at three o'clock in the morning of the day following that which had been arranged for the giving effect to the conspiracy—Friday, April 17th, 1355. He was conducted from his own apartments, under guard, to the great council-room. The tribunal which had condemned him formed a circle round him, and escorted him with dignity and even apparent respect, to the spot selected for execution. Outside the gates an immense mass of people had congregated to witness the spectacle. The scene was widely different to that described by Byron; so far from pouring out the passionate rhapsody which Byron has put into his mouth, he implored the forgiveness of his countrymen, and extolled the equity of his sentence. Uncrowned, disrobed, a black cap was substituted for the biretta, a black cloak thrown over his shoulders, he laid his head on the block, and a stroke severed it from the body. He had been a great soldier, and a great statesman, and yet died thus at the age of seventy-seven. Three centuries after, his remains were discovered by some laborers in a stone tomb in the church of St. Giovanni, to which they were borne without any mark of pomp. A skeleton was found with the skull placed between the knees, and a half-effaced inscription made it plain that these were the bones of Marino Faliero.

Lord Byron, in his tragedy, reminds

us of the dark fate which had often dogged the steps of the doges; of the first fifty, five abdicated, five were banished, with their eyes put out, five were massacred, and nine deposed; so that nineteen out of fifty lost the throne by violence, besides two who fell in battle. This was long before the reign of Marino Faliero. Andrea Dandolo died of vexation, Marino Faliero perished as we have described, the great and venerable Foscari, one of the successors of Faliero, had to behold his darling son repeatedly tortured and banished; at last he was deposed, and died, breaking a blood-vessel, caused really by a broken heart, as he heard the bell of St. Mark's toll for the election of his successor. These were not the only instances which seemed to give a doubtful splendor to the long succession of the dignified doges. On the other hand, there are names which shine out with extraordinary brilliancy, and especially associated with lavish magnificence, like that of Michaeli II., until whose day the city at night was in entire obscurity and darkness, but who first illuminated by small, twinkling lamps at the corners of the streets, and so devised a method to struggle with the gloom. Sebastiano Ziani was another of those early and splendid doges. There was a curious tradition in his family, that it owed its foundation to a cow of massive gold discovered among the ruins of an old temple in the city; the descendants acquired the reputation of being the richest family in the republic, and when any one wished to give the idea of enormous possessions it became proverbial to say, "Such an one has the cow of Ziani." Probably this story is the exact parallel of Whittington and his cat. Indeed, splendor may be the rule of the doge's dignity, but not the less was misery the rule; and in the history of Venice we are able, with Richard,

' To sit upon the ground  
And tell sad stories of the fates of kings."

The conduct of the Ten in the affair of Marino Faliero, can only be regarded as an instance of firm and even-handed justice, an act necessary to the salvation of the state, and essential to the dignity of the executive; such is,

however, far from the character we can give to, we will not say, all their domestic administration; their great state trials were often marked by depths of injustice and cruelty, even to those men who had been the saviors of the state. We can quite believe it was the policy of that selfish oligarchy to prevent the rise of any great citizen to such a height of unquestioned power that his influence should become dangerous. In the ducal palace the visitor still sees the place of the fearful fatal lion's mouth into which were dropped the impeachments and charges, no doubt often the cowardly assassinations of character, from motives of private revenge; but in the palmy days of the oligarchy, a lion's mouth yawned at the corner of every street, after the fashion of our pillar post boxes now, to receive anonymous information for the inquisitors of state; these anonymous charges often struck at the most famous Venetian commanders or generals. What a story is that of the great Francisco Carmagnola! Among the tragedies of Venice which have been wrought into dramatic form, how is it that this, one of the most famous and illustrative, has never received from any English poet, we believe, that honor? although the reader of Robert Browning's "Luria" sees, in a story growing out of Florentine romance, something of those same motives which meet us in the tragedy of Carmagnola; and Manzoni, in a drama we have never seen, has warmly vindicated the innocence of the illustrious victim of Venetian jealousy. Carmagnola had been a poor boy, the child of rustic laborers. In his youngest days he had kept sheep in the fields; he must soon, however, have exchanged his crook for a sword, and from the lowest place in the ranks of the armies of Facino Cane, one of the most powerful princes in Italy, to the head of his army. In that post of honor the herdsman's child accumulated an immense fortune; rose to high rank; contracted a splendid marriage; laid the foundations of a magnificent palace in Milan; conquered for Milan, Brescia, Genoa, and Forli. He became the governor of Genoa. The unreasonable suspicion of Milan sought, however, not unnaturally, considering what Italian cities, states,

and governments were, to prevent his further attainment to power. Escaping from Genoa, unable to return to Milan, there was one other stronger state to which he was able to flee, and which was only too willing to receive the presence and services of so remarkable and illustrious a man. How far the suspicions of the republic were justified, probably can never be known. For some years he appeared to continue high in favor and honor. He became commander-in-chief of the forces of the republic; the destinies of Venice seemed, for good or for evil, all but in the hands of one whose father was a poor shepherd and ignorant villager. He had served Venice well; but in affairs both with Florence and Milan it seemed he was somewhat too slow for the wishes of the republic. He was accused of treasonable intercourse with other powers, with acting against the interest of Venice. The secretary of the Ten was commissioned to wait upon him in his camp, bearing the following letter:—"The prudent and circumspect person, Giovanni Dalmpetro, our secretary, has been charged by us (*i. e.* the Ten) to speak about certain matters to your magnificence, wherefore be pleased to repose in him the faith you would give to ourselves." He instantly fell into the snare, and started with the secretary for Venice. Passing through Padua, he was received with the highest military honors by the authorities. In Venice eight nobles were waiting to receive him, and conduct him to the ducal palace; then the secretary vanished; all the personal followers of Carmagnola were turned back, with the announcement that their master would dine with the doge, and come home after dinner. But the eight still waited upon him. As they conducted him through room after room, his suspicions began to be aroused when he found every door carefully closed after them. Presently he inquired for the doge: he was told he was confined to his room, and could not receive him till to-morrow. He turned with impatience to retrace his steps, saying, "The hour is late; it is time for me to go home." By this time he had arrived at that corridor which leads to the prison. One of the nobles arrested his progress, saying,



"This way, my lord." "But that is not the right way," said he. "Perfectly so," was the answer; and at this moment the guards appeared, surrounded him, and pushed him into the corridor. The last words he was heard to utter then were, "I am lost;" and a deep-drawn sigh escaped him. He was speedily brought to such a trial as was vouchsafed by the Ten in such cases. A special committee was appointed, consisting of the three chiefs of the Ten, the three inquisitors of the Ten, a privy councillor, and two drogadors. It can scarcely be believed that such a man was put to the question; but as one of his arms had been fractured in the service of the republic, the committee objected to the use of the estrapade. It is said a confession was wrung from him by the application of the brazier. The doge and the members of the privy council proposed, as the punishment, perpetual imprisonment, but the Ten voted for death; and on the 5th of May, 1432, this great man was led as a common traitor to the common place of execution. He wore a scarlet vest with sleeves, red mantle, and scarlet stockings, the velvet cap which bears his name, *Alla Carmagnola*; a gag was in his mouth, and his hands pinioned behind him, and between the red columns, at the third stroke, in the sight of all Venice, his head was severed from his body. Two days after the tragedy, a deputation from the Ten waited on his Countess, to make known to her the fate of her husband, and to insult her by offering her their condolences; but his family suffered attainder, and the whole of his vast property reverted to the state.

We need not call up the phantoms either of the Carrara, or of the Foscari; their stories are so well known that they need no repetition. In that of the first, we find a free and independent prince, bravely defending his own rights, with heroic pertinacity of purpose, which commends him to warmest sympathies. At last, after troubling Venice through a long course of years, resisting her ambitious designs, attempting to put a curb in the mouths of her wild horses, he saw piece after piece of his territory lost to him; and he, through his own utterly mistaken faith, and ig-

norance of what Venice could dare to do, found himself in the hands of his enemies. The fortunes of war tell no more atrocious story than that of the vengeance of the republic. Amidst the yells of the rabble, the Prince Carrara and his son were haled to the hall of the great council. Imprisoned in gloomy dungeons, there the unhappy father found his second son, who had been in prison five months, and was ignorant of the disasters which had overwhelmed his family. History has retained the tale of that touching meeting. They were permitted to remain together for a few days, and were then placed in separate cells. Eventually the Ten pronounced sentence of death; but when the executioner entered the cell of the father, the brave old man would not fall tamely, he seized a stool, and for some time successfully defended himself. At last, like our Richard II., he was stricken down, and then strangled with a bow-string. The next day, the noble young princes were strangled on the same spot, and by the same hand. The youngest, Giacomo, behaved in such a manner, that history loses her natural coldness while she recites the story of his calm, pious, bravery. Handsome, highly cultured, married to a lovely lady, and only twenty-six—his sole crime had been love to his father and the vindication of his paternal rights. He knelt, and received the blow and the cord, exclaiming, "Into Thy hands, Lord, I commend my spirit." The bodies of the princes were thrown into a boat, and interred without any funeral rites. This was the end of the last murdered lord of Padua and his sons. Thus Venice seems to have been unable rightly to honor either friends or foes.

No character comes up with greater distinctness than that of the magnificent old admiral Pisani; perhaps he was the Nelson of Venice, brave, great, even invincible; although once destined to undergo a signal defeat, he was a real sea-king, and he raised himself, by his achievements on the seas, to be the darling of a great seafaring people. It is with his name we associate some of the most illustrious victories of Venice on the sea, and it was in attempting to carry his victorious arms into the very heart of the Genoese capital that he sustained

a grave defeat from Luciano Doria; his conduct in the battle had been all his own. Heroic and dauntlessly patriotic, he had even defeated the Genoese, when they feigned a retreat, and threw the Venetians into confusion; it was the disastrous Battle of Pola. Pisani was instantly deposed from the supreme command, and recalled; conducted to the palace, he was not allowed to speak in self-justification, but instantly remanded to prison, and only called hence to hear the demand of the council "that his head should be struck from his body between the red columns;" but it would perhaps have been impossible to execute such a sentence. He was excluded from all offices and emoluments for five years, and sentenced to pay a fine of two thousand ducats. But long before those five years expired Venice was reduced to a fearful plight. Still more serious losses and defeats met the republic; it was in danger of blockade and invasion. Chioggia was the Gibraltar of Venice; at the southern extremity of the Doggato, it was besieged, and fell. Great was the mourning in Venice, when the bell of the tall Campanile was heard tolling over the city, and the citizens, all convened together by its sounds, heard of the immense calamity. Amidst the sobs and moans of the women, the wringing of hands, and wild gesticulations of despair, the cry was heard, "The state cannot be lost while those remain who can man a galley or hold a pike." Genoa would listen to no terms; the fortifications must be prompt and immediate; loans for the work poured in munificently from the great wealthy families; but who was to be the leader, to plan the defences, to command the fleet? There was but one; there was an universal demand for the restoration of the great captain-general. Another was appointed; the people refused to listen to any voice, or serve under any leader other than the old magnanimous, unsophisticated commander; so a deputation was sent to call him from the prison. As he appeared at the doorway of the dungeon, with his old face of hilarity and good humor, some sailors seized upon him, raised him upon their shoulders, bore him along—"It is our admiral! it is our admiral!" Hence he went, first to church, to hear mass, and then to his own house, whose threshold he had not

crossed for the eighteen months which had elapsed of his sentence. As he was crossing by the Campanile of St. Mark's, he was suddenly accosted by his old pilot, Marino Corbarro. He had been rather a dangerous revolutionary spirit, and, it was said, had been somewhat involved in the affair of Marino Faliero, and in less critical times probably his inflammatory doctrines might have brought his body to the rack, and his head to the scaffold between the red columns; however, he followed and admired Pisani, who tolerated, and perhaps concealed his dangerous eccentricities; but now at the foot of the Campanile, he elbowed his way through the crowd, and exclaimed in stentorian tones: "Now is your time, compadre, for revenging yourself by securing the dictatorship of the city; all are at your service; all are willing at this moment to proclaim you Prince of Venice." At that moment, it is said, there was not so much unoccupied ground on St. Mark's great square, as would have held a grain of millet, but amidst the shouts of the people, "Viva Pisani! viva Pisani!" boiling with indignation, the great admiral clenched his fist, struck Corbarro a blow on the cheek, and felled him to the earth; then, in a volley of indignant declamation, he exclaimed in a louder voice, "Let none who wish me well say, 'Viva Pisani,' but Viva St. Marco." But the shouts still rose, "Viva St. Marco, e vettore Pisani; viva il Pisani; he is our father." And yet it turned out, to the disgust of the multitude, that after all the Ten had deceived Pisani; they had not given him the command of the navy, only made him governor of Lido, that little strip of land which the traveller remembers stretching about four miles distant from Venice, at the mouth of the Adriatic. In this humble—but for such great services as he could render—inefficient post, Pisani was willing to fulfil his duties. Not so the people; fifty thousand Venetians stood at the back of the multitudes who refused to embark on a galley until Pisani had received his commission as captain-general of all the forces, by land and by sea, and even the Ten were compelled to bow and make the demanded concession. Instantly the city put on that appearance of confidence and resolution which is so perceptible when the soul of a great man strikes

fire into the hearts of the masses. He had no easy task to perform, but with the cheerfulness of a great self-possessed nature he set to work, the city glowing with ardor and enthusiasm; first he provided for the safety of the city itself; then he reorganized the navy: all the workshops were closed of the artisans, tradesmen, cutlers, or apothecaries, and every pair of hands was devoted either to the education for the weapons of war, or the furnishing out the skeleton galleys in the arsenal; artisans brought their savings, women plucked their jewels from their dresses, all life and property was placed at the service of the state. Giustiniani, the commander superseded by Pisani, behaved meanly; he had reared some wooden works, which Pisani pronounced useless, and ordered to be demolished, and their foundations marked out for towers of strong masonry; the disappointed nobleman tampered with the workmen, and persuaded some to remain aloof. Pisani himself seized a trowel, saying, "He that loves Venice, let him follow me," and the sedition was destroyed at a blow. Pisani in that moment saved Venice; once more the Genoese were compelled to know the power of the restored admiral; Chioggia was with some difficulty won back again; once more Pisani set forth from that point on his career of liberating conquest against the Genoese fleets, but in that hour death found the admiral, wounded and worn out with sickness and care; it was still supposed that he was poisoned, that his water or bread, or both, were drugged. Like our Nelson, he was brought home, embalmed, to be entombed in his much-loved, ungrateful city, if gratitude is to be estimated by a government rather than a people. The blow he had struck his old pilot had not alienated him; he became an admiral under him in the sharp service; but they died together, and their bodies were brought and borne along side by side. All Venice, that day, was in mourning and tears; the people had for years called him "their father," "their best friend." With only two or three exceptions, the entire nobility came, with the doge and the government, to follow his ashes to the grave, in the most splendid and sumptuous funeral the senate could decree, and it

was said, "That the quays and streets of Venice were so deserted, that if the smallest Genoese fleet had made a descent, the country would have been in imminent peril." Not it, we may well believe, whatever we may think of the government; the people who could love a hero so heartily, are able to follow up a hero's work, and to complete what he leaves undone. Only for a moment was the procession agitated, when, as it was setting forth to the church of St. Antonio, where Pisani's father and mother were buried, the people insisted that such remains should rest in the chapel of the ducal palace; but the cry was appeased when a sailor—some say officially inspired—put his shoulder beneath the coffin, exclaiming, "We are carrying the brave captain, our father, to his father, St. Anthony;" and so the train set forth to the great general's last resting place. Thus Pisani emerged from his prison to accomplish his great work, save his city, accomplish his task, and then to die. Thus sitting in the square of St. Mark, all these and other such phantoms of old history rise to the eyes of the dreamer, and on the very spot where they were realities in the ages past.

There is no national story more interesting on every account than the story of Venice, whether we regard its domestic constitution, or are more attracted by those circumstances which hold the imagination. For a long time she held her place as the Queen of the waters, tolerating no interference with her power. She has been called the "indestructible Hydra of mediæval Italy." Sometimes she fell; but she sprang to her feet after every fall with renewed vigor, bent upon new spoils and aggressions. Even Rome herself was obliged to pay her fee to move over those waters. She stood in those days of her grandeur an object of silent astonishment to the nations. They decided the conflict for the dominion of the Adriatic in very early ages; and although that gulf washed the shores of various states, those of the Church among the number, not one dared to navigate it, or even to fish in its waters, without a license from Venice, for which they paid a heavy tribute. "That sea is ours," they said dryly, to a pope, who asked by what right they pretended to domi-

neer there. But the most instructive aspect of Venetian history must arise from the review of her amazing commercial empire. It is humiliating to read the story of her conquests, and of the subjection of the city itself to mercenary troops; for the republic which conquered everywhere; whose flag of commerce waved triumphantly in every known port of the world; who had pushed her enterprise and discovery across the remotest seas; whose ambassadors were received with honor in the chiefest courts of Europe would not dare to trust her subjects with arms. Her troops were a kind of legalized banditti, rapacious in their demands, and unfeeling in the exercise of their power. In craft and commerce, therefore, we are to look for the real achievements of the republic, and truly in the latter they presented an edifying spectacle. Venice has learned and practised many lessons well; through all her history she kept the pope at a distance. We find much freedom of religious thought and life in the city. She reserved her inquisitorial abominations for political offenders; and if the holy inquisition is established, it is really only in the most recent days of her own doomed fall that we meet with great ecclesiastical tyranny. The monk was dangerous as a political spy, and because he betrayed political secrets, whispered through the bars of the confessional, rather than because he was the instrument of an intolerant church. They had learnt the lessons of free trade, so that her wealth, growing from the natural vitality of her commerce, was so stupendous, that while the interest of money among the chief nations of Europe varied from twelve to twenty, thirty, and even forty per cent., she was enabled to raise the largest sums at the marvellous difference of five per cent. Her annual revenues, compared with the time, the population, and other nations, are remarkable. She did not bear her prosperity meekly, and the pride and splendor which poured through her streets at home, made her audacious and tyrannic abroad. We are not, however, about to find in this fact the cause of her fall; it was an age when cunning and strength were the only weapons which could avail against cunning and strength;

and had Venice been less haughty, we do not suppose her fall would have been more tardy, or the less rejoiced over. How pleasant, if from the square of St. Mark's of to-day, we could call up the picture of mediæval Venice; or stepping on board one of those gondolas, could drift down that magic street, the grand canal: not then, as now, a silent highway of memories and deserted palaces, but the most luxurious street in Europe. Francisco Foscari, the doge, was one of the poorest, comparatively, of the Venetian nobles: yet his private palace cost him 20,000 ducats. There were innumerable residences near the Rialto, which cost from 10,000 to 15,000 ducats. The wealth of the city may be realized in the immense rents paid for shops, and the comparison at the same time with the rents in our own then really flourishing country, or in France. If we walk down the Pescheria, the fish-markets of to-day, the shops do not seem likely to return a very considerable rent; but in the 14th century, the Bell Hotel on that very spot, and a little low frontage of shops, yielded the Sanuda family annually not less than 800 ducats. The smallest counter on the old wooden Rialto could not be rented for less than 100 ducats a year. These very tenements, or rather their predecessors, in St. Mark's Place, still the most attractive part of Venice, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, could be rented for fifteen or twenty ducats; by the fifteenth century were not to be had for less than eight, ten, or twelve times as much. It is not perhaps generally known that the ducat itself was first coined in Venice; Venice gave to it its name; it was, in fact, like the *Louis d'or*, or the Napoleon, of France, deriving its name from the doge, *Ducati*; the first piece was coined the 31st of October, 1284; it was worth forty *soldi*, twenty *grossi*, or two *lire grandi*; it more nearly resembled an English crown. At that time the money of the republic, throughout Europe and the civilized world in general, had the same respectability and unquestioned eminence that English gold or money has now; it was regarded as a great step of the highest commercial expediency; everybody who knew anything in that day, knew that Venice was as much entitled, by her commercial pre-



eminence, to make money as to make laws or to make war. This was their legal tender; no emperor or pope was consulted with reference to it, and the Venetian ducat was accepted and became famous throughout the world. Thus rose the Italian Amsterdam. If we look at it in those centuries we have referred to, then before our eyes comes the old city, permeated, as now, by an amazing network of canals, deep water streets, and low wooden tenements, interspersed through a difficult reticulation of lanes, terminating in some square, or by a water gate, upon one of the innumerable canals, or by some mansion of magnificent pretensions, with that which is seldom anywhere to be desecrated in Venice now, the rich garden, with its glowing and beautiful trees. The greater number of the innumerable churches which compel the gazer to stop to inquire and admire, even now, were in existence then; to many of them religious houses attached, and sacred cloisters for the monk or the nun, the former, through those ages, among the most withering foes of Venice. Still, as we wend our way among these narrow streets, we come upon what would be a still more frequent feature then, little niches fed by the faint olive light, glimmering like a glow-worm through the dark, with the image of the Virgin, and, most likely, some frequent devotee. But upon the quays, what life, what theatres of commercial activity, the shouting and quarrelling of sailors of every clime; and in the Merceria, or St. Mark's Place, what a glitter, what a rustle of splendor! courtiers and nobles, throngs of ladies in the strangest of costumes; the main features of the imposing structures very much what they are now, through the golden mists of a great antiquity; those main features, with the addition of greater architectural splendors and princely munificence, were what they are now. The vast, splendid open space, once largely a convent garden, then the Exchange, the place of intrigue, the spot haunted especially by the shadow of the spy, save, when he walked there, that shadowless alchemist Bragadeno, immortal not only in such curious story as those who love such histories choose to explore, but in the delicious verse of Rogers; there stood the church of St. Mark's—the old poor church where

for ages now has stood the present wonderful mass of mosaics; there is the spot where the great Emperor Barbarossa, the Red Beard, knelt to the pope, and, throwing off his mantle, held the stirrup of the haughty priest of Rome; himself almost a vassal of the republic, as the emperor had just been compelled to acknowledge the prowess of its arms; there by its side stands, as it has always stood, the ducal palace, and there in the front of it the famous Campanile, whose mighty bell struck the watch tones, or gave the clarion cries to call up the city; there stand the famous red columns, themselves a curious memory and tradition, a place of horror, between which it was a superstition and omen for any one to pass, for there was reared the scaffold of the headsman. The place is full of phantoms; there is the house where a great conspiracy was discovered by the government; there is the spot where a doge was assassinated; those are not the actual steps, but at the head of them is the spot where a doge was beheaded; and through those windows, or those which preceded them, the chief of the Ten announced to the multitude his crime; along that way fled another doge, by night, preferring a cloister to the ducal palace, and a cowl to the regal bonnet which invested his brows; turn that corner, and not far from the red columns you come upon the place to which the great annual procession passed to celebrate the bridal of the sea. "Take," said the pope Alexander to the doge Ziani, presenting him with a ring of gold; "take this ring; and with it take, on my authority, the sea as your subject; every year, on the return of this happy day, you and your successors shall make known to all posterity, that the right of conquest has subjugated the Adriatic to Venice as a spouse to her husband!" Of all the privileges with which the Venetians were ever gifted, this papal grant appears to have been cherished by them with the most tenacious pride, and every year the Bucentaur, a state galley, blazing with gold, and enriched with the most costly ornaments, glided through the canals, amidst banners, shouts, and triumphal music, to the shores of Lido; there the golden ring was, by the princely bridegroom, the doge, annually

dropped into the bosom of his betrothed one, the sea, with the greeting, "We wed thee with this ring, in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty." Turn down into these lanes by the left, to the parish of St. Giovanni, and you reach the spot where, in 1350, a lady, her husband absent from her, as a merchant on a distant sea voyage, gave birth to a little life she purchased by sacrificing her own, a boy whose name became synonymous with all bold adventure and distant discovery; the companion of his father at eighteen years of age through some of the untraced or undescribed wonders of the East; himself hereafter to solace his hours of weary imprisonment with the recital of his adventures, and to be known in the history of all maritime and inland discovery as Marco Polo. Venice was the Goshen of Italy, not less than we have styled her before the Hydra. Some of its manufacturers, especially in glass, were famous over the world, while its citizens, gay and glad beneath a tyranny which makes us tremble to read of, were distinguished in all their houses by a passion for music, birds, and flowers; it is said that few houses were without a garden and an aviary, and flower-beds, and avenues of fruit trees, diversified by shrubberies of cedar, and cypress, and laurel, and Oriental flowers and fountains introduced by the crusades, lent their charm to the scene. A writer of the fourteenth century says, "The Venetian private houses are not like the dwellings of citizens, but like the palaces of princes and kings." Its floating population was enormous, and its hotels among the most ancient and celebrated in Europe.

And then it all fell to the condition we behold at present, or rather to a lower condition, for at this moment there are perhaps to be seen indications of improved prosperity, although the Venice of the past has forever passed away. It is curious and profoundly instructive to notice the steps of the decline of the haughty and imperial republic; first, in the invasion and conquest of Cyprus, when the Turks revenged themselves by unparalleled cruelties, and Bragadeno, the representative of the republic, was inhumanly flayed alive, and his skin suspended as a trophy from the yard-arm of a galley in

the harbor. Philip II. was in a great degree the author of this calamity, by failing to fulfil his promises; and although the battle of Lepanto revenged Turkish inhumanity, and made Europe ring with acclamations, Cyprus was lost. And then came the loss of Candia; the chapters of her conquest were closed, commerce was by luxury and effeminacy diverted to other climes and shores. The new discoveries of the great navigators no doubt diverted much of the rich commerce from the city, but it was in its detestable government the surest weeds of its decline were working,—the poison of irresponsible power, the exclusiveness which formed the principle of action, the veil of mystery which overawed the crowd and concealed unparalleled abominations. Hints of what the city became have met us as we looked up and found ourselves in the *Via della Assassinati*, the street of the assassins, or in another, *Via della Segreta*, the secret way; in fact, the time came when the sword of justice was changed for the knife of the assassin. The privilege of carrying weapons could be purchased at a trivial price, and at nightfall every foul passion roamed abroad, and the cup of pleasure was drained to the dregs by a people whose hands were promptly ready with the pistol and the stiletto. The nobles during the last century sunk to the lowest pitch of degradation; the government encouraged the utmost licentiousness of gambling; the courtesans, who on one occasion had been publicly banished from the capital, were recalled by a public edict; that same edict expressed gratitude for their services, and assigned to them houses for their residences, and funds for their support. Begging licenses were granted to the poor of noble blood; they assumed a particular dress, a sort of hooded mask, through which they could see without being recognized; and they carried beneath their cloak their license, which was rolled up conically, and into which the persons whom they accosted were implored to drop their alms. To such people the hour of doom could not be far removed, and the French Revolution was the earthquake which finally shook the republic from its place among the nations. She had given a refuge to the Comte de Tille, a brother to the murdered king of

France, at Tarrona. The directory of France demanded his immediate banishment, and the government of Venice complied with the mean demand to remove. "I will quit your territories," said the Comte; "but I first demand your golden book, that I may erase from it the name of my family; and next, I demand the armor, which my ancestor, Henry IV., presented as a token of friendship to your republic." It was not long before Bonaparte looked toward Venice; there was some talk of defence; there were even some few brave spirits, but their names are soon exhausted, who were prepared to engage in a struggle for the old city. It is almost well that they failed to create any heroic feeling, for the cannons of Napoleon would have laid low some precious treasures of the past, and when a French ship of war was destroyed in attempting to force a passage into the Lido, Bonaparte, on the 1st of May, 1797, demanded the death of the three inquisitors of state, and the officer who had directed the cannonade. He demanded, too, the liberation of every soul in Venice. "Every soul must be delivered; all are friends of France; if they are not restored, I will come in person, and burn you; Piombi opinion must now be free." This was his language. There had been times in her history when she was far less ready for an invasion; she was far less ready in the days of Pisani; all her ancient fortresses were garrisoned. She had at her command 15,000 troops, and 8,000 seamen, thirty-seven galleys, 168 armed barks, and 750 cannon. But she had no spirit. That splendid soul, which had blazed forth beneath Pisani's guidance to shatter the pride of Genoa, had altogether passed away. By a vote of the government the French were received, and the giddy rabble absolutely danced with joy, and saluted their conquerors with a holiday of mummeries and illuminations. The great old golden book of illustrious names and deeds was actually burned at the foot of the tree of liberty. The words from the gospel held by the scion of St. Mark were erased, and the catch-words of revolution were substituted, the rights of man and citizenship. So she dropped from her place in history. A foreign army had entered the inviolated capital, soon to hand her over,

without a protest, to Austria, after her grand reign of one thousand three hundred and fifty years. France was ultimately compelled, indeed, to restore to Venice some of the trophies she wrung from the despoiled city, especially

St. Mark yet sees his scion where he stood—stand,

and the famous horses are also restored. Upon the fall of the Eastern Empire, they had been wrested from Constantinople by the Venetians. With an equal injustice they were carried from Venice to Paris; but the lovers of historic memories and associations will be at any rate pleased to see them adorning their old pedestals, seeming to recall prouder and happier days.

---

#### AMONG THE MUSCOVITES.

Most people know a good deal about St. Petersburg; but the ancient capital of the newest of European empires is a visionary place still, with vague traditions clinging to it of invasion by the Tartar hordes, of determined strife with the trained warriors of Poland and the horsemen of the Don. A brave old history, which, however, pales before the memory of the dearly purchased, fatal victory of Napoleon, and the famous deed of the Muscovites, in 1812. This it is which gives the old capital in the far east of Europe deep interest for us, people of the West—these are the grand, savage memories which gather around the Kremlin.\* Looking upon the city as it stands to-day, with many strange features, "you cannot," says Mr. Lowth, "separate yourself from that grand and tragic event. The grandeur of the enterprise, the amazing proportions of the undertaking, the consummate skill of the arrangement, the energy of the conduct of the plan, the sublimity of the defence, the tragic failure, and the heroism under ruin—all these are the features of the picture to which Moscow owes the renown and the glory stamped upon the modern mind."

From a succession of eminences of no

\* *Around the Kremlin, or Pictures of Life in Moscow.* By G. T. Lowth, Esq., author of *The Wanderer in Arabia*, &c. London: Hurst and Blackett.

great height, called the Sparrow Hills, on the western side of the city, the traveller can look over the whole of Moscow, spread out before him like a map. Small wooden buildings stud these hills, frequented by parties of pleasure, who come thither to drink the universal tea, and to look out of the verandas over their sacred and glittering Moscow. Truly, a wonderful and beautiful city, with its numerous hills, its endless pinnacles and cupolas, its countless towers, its brightly colored houses, and the universal gardens, which form its chief beauty and strangeness to the eye accustomed to the dingy, tasteless, formal dull streets of most other capitals, and especially of London. When, on the 15th September, 1812, the French army came up the slope from the west to the Sparrow Hills, they saw the end and the apparent reward of all their labors lying at their feet. No more beautiful city exists upon the earth than that which lay before Napoleon. Here is Mr. Lowth's sketch of what the great conqueror, in the hour of his grandest triumph, on the verge of the beginning of his doom, saw from his post amid his shouting, exultant troops: "The diameter of the city from north to south is about six miles, and the whole of this extent, without a break, was under his eye; and the possession of such a city, the capital of a great people, filled, as he could see, with almost unnumbered churches, and, as he would naturally suppose, with merchandise of the East and West, and private possessions of the great Russian bankers and nobles, would appear to him to be a prize of almost incalculable wealth in money and money's worth, as well as a diadem of glory to France. . . . At about a mile distant from the northern gate, at the edge of the great military plain, stands the palace of Peterhoff, to which Napoleon had gone after viewing the city from the Sparrow Hills, and where he remained for two days in vain expectation of the authorities of Moscow coming out to him, as usual in similar circumstances, with the keys of the town—a deputation of the conquered to the victor, to beg for clemency. No deputation came; and with angry words upon his lips, and sad presentiments of coming evil in his heart, he entered the Kremlin, and then only he learned, by the fire

bursting out, almost simultaneously in many quarters, even in the Kremlin itself, under what totally new and savage circumstances his invasion was to be met by a united, a devoted, and an infuriated nation." As in fancy the traveller shares his first sight of Moscow with the triumphant army of France, so he is forced, before he can "go down the hill into the lovely and laughing city," to follow them in that awful retreat, when the devastated city was behind them, the cry of vengeance everywhere around them; the maddened hosts on every side destroying the destroyer at every step with unsatisfied rage, until worse came upon the doomed victims, worse than the Russian swords—the icy hand of winter; and then regiments disbanded and dispersed to meet no more, whole divisions, in exhaustion and despair, surrendered themselves to their conquerors, with all their spoil—and Moscow was avenged.

In the centre of the circuit of twenty miles covered by the ancient capital, is the Kremlin Hill, the central object, in every sense; a broad, open space around the walls, whose sacred precincts no buildings approach. Equally exclusive, shut in by its battlemented wall, and encircled by a broad boulevard, is the Kitai Gorod, or Chinese Town, which must make the traveller strongly realize the orientalism of the place. The regularity of the great city in one respect—for the large streets radiate evenly to the barriers, and are intersected by other boulevards, running in a circular direction, and laid out with trees and walks, the plan for admitting light and air being perfect—is contradicted by its beautifully picturesque eccentricity in another. Here are no large streets of unvaryingly large houses, no small streets of mean ones. Every Russian house is a cottage, on a large or small scale, according to the rank and affluence of the owner. As a rule, the whole building is of wood, and painted in brilliant colors, and the cottage of the peasant in the village resembles in its essential features the house of the noble. These noble cottages and peasant cottages form the greater part of Moscow, some of the public buildings only being one-story houses, and built of brick. From the centre of the city, formed by the Kremlin and the Kitai



Gorod, a certain number of broad thoroughfares, widening as they approach the barriers, radiate. The houses are very low, the streets very broad, and perpetual brightness pervades the city. Here is a little bit of description, which must surely be unique in the records of cities all over the world: "When you turn out of any one of the large thoroughfares into a cross-street, you find yourself at once among village-cottages. These crossways, which form a net-work in the large spaces between one great thoroughfare and another, are the prettiest and most retired little country-retreats one can imagine. They are quite unique in their repose and neatness, and in the entire absence of the noise and turmoil of the great city. Let us walk from the Palanka Square, in the centre of everything, to the post-office, half a mile off, a large white building, standing far back, in a fine courtyard, seventy or eighty yards in length, and enclosed by a high iron railing, with gilded spear-points. A few yards further on, we turn down what might be a lane in a country village. On either hand are small cottages, the windows looking on the street; but there is no doorway." How strange such a description sounds to the frequenter of Cheapside, or the Rue St. Honoré, or Princes Street, or the Trongate. "To each of these cottages is a large gateway, opening into a green and grassy court and garden. As we walk by, the gate being half open, perhaps, we look in and witness a quiet scene of the country. There are trees, two or three small laburnums or acacias, and a flower-bed, and cocks and hens are walking about on the grass-plot; there is perhaps a cow, and the stable and coach-house, and a man is pushing the rude tarantass into the coach-house. The women are seated on the veranda, or on the steps leading down into the garden, and the children are at play. It is a sunny spot, fresh, green, bright, and quiet, as if fifty miles from Moscow. . . . Some of those quiet lanes are within a stone's throw of the Grand Opera-house, and the Kitai Gorod, quite in the centre of the town, and the cottages occupied by families of the humbler class."

It must feel strangely to lean over a low paling by the side of a rustic lane, on a hillside, and look over hundreds

of gardens, crowded with brilliant-hued flowers, and rich graceful trees; at scores of churches, each with its fine cupolas, green or gilded; over myriads of cottage-houses, all as fresh and bright, owing to the clear atmosphere and the total absence of smoke, as if Moscow had just had all its roofs, walls, and chimneys newly painted; and, continuing your early morning ramble, to meet a solitary cow, walking in a brisk and purpose-like manner, without any one to look after her, through one of the main streets. This spectacle Mr. Lowth beheld, and then another, and another cow, each alone, each self-possessed, and evidently thoroughly aware of whither she was going, and why. This is the explanation: Vast numbers of cows are among the possessions of the dwellers in the large and small houses in the city. During the summer-time, when there is pasture, the first thing to be done in all these dwellings is to let out the cow; then the servant may go to bed again; and the emancipated animal sets off alone, by certain streets, towards a certain barrier. Other cows join her, and by the time they all arrive near the barrier, they are a considerable body. Here they find a man blowing a horn, whose business it is to conduct them to some pasture outside the town, to take care of them during the day, to collect them by his horn in the afternoon, and bring them back to the barrier at a given time. When he has done this, his business is over. Each cow knows her way home, and finds it unmolested up to the very heart of the city, the Kremlin; and thus every family insures a supply of new milk by a simple and convenient method. If any cows are occasionally stolen *in transitu*, and converted into beef, the circumstance does not transpire, and the following anecdote looks as if it did not happen. "One afternoon," says Mr. Lowth, "I was loitering about the Palanka Square, just outside the Kitai gates, and from among the crowd of passengers, came a solitary cow. As she passed near me, I remarked her fine form, full eye, and glossy neck. There was no one with her to take care of her. I remarked this to a Swiss, who was my companion. 'Is she quite alone?' I said. 'Of

course,' he replied: 'she knows her way home.' 'Well, but she has just come through the Kitai, at its very busiest time, when its streets are crowded with carts and people: would not boys interrupt her?' My thoughts went off to what our London *gamin* would do under similar circumstances. 'There is no man or boy in all Moscow would venture to touch or interfere with that cow,' said the Swiss; 'it would be as much as his life is worth. At any hour of the day, she is safe everywhere; and you see every body gets out of her way to let her get home. Every one is interested in every cow carrying her milk home to the family, and so she is under the protection of every one.' This beautiful animal came from Southern Russia. Everything exceptionally good or beautiful comes from Southern Russia, according to the Muscovites, for they, too, have the dream of all peoples, of the beautiful unknown country, which is very far off, and where everything is faultless.

The grand old mediæval fortress of the Kremlin, with its fine simple walls, and its towers, many and multiform, once strong against Cossack lances and Polish spears, but powerless against cannon, is a nobly picturesque centre for so beautiful a city. The Nicholsky Gate is said to be that through which the French army marched out of Moscow. Above it rises a lofty tower in successive stories of stone, a fine structure. The arch is pointed Gothic, and above its crown is a picture of St. Nicholas of Mojaisk, in a gilt frame; beneath it is an inscription which says that Napoleon, on leaving Moscow, tried to blow up this gateway and tower, but that the saint protected and saved it. So no Russian, from Alexander the Czar to the poorest peasant, passes in or out of that arch without uncovering to the picture, and most persons cross themselves three times and say a prayer. The strangest sight in that city of strange sights is to be seen by the loiterer near the Tversky Gate, on whose northern front stands the Chapel of the Iberian Mother. Mr. Lowth describes it as a building not more than twelve feet square, plain, unpretending, like an English turnpike-house. From the centre runs out a stone platform, twenty feet long, whence five steps descend to the street. The interior is

highly decorated; there is space inside the broad entrance-door for a few persons, and at the back of it, over the altar, is the famous picture of the Iberian Mother. Beside it always stand one or two Greek priests. The painting is Byzantine, and was brought here from Mount Athos, in the reign of the Czar Alexis. It is regarded with extraordinary veneration, and the emperor sets the example, by paying the "Mother" the most profound respect. He always goes to the Kremlin by her gate, though it is the longest way, and always gets out of his carriage, kneels, uncovered, before the picture. This never-omitted action "forms a bond of attachment between the czar and the Russian mind of far deeper meaning and influence than any common tie of men's political connection or liking." No more characteristic spectacle can be witnessed in the ancient Russian capital than this ever-recurring salutation and prayer, when, hour after hour, all day long, all sorts and conditions of men come streaming through the arch, and, however various their ranks, or their occupations, or their ages, one sentiment unites them—one unbounded, unclouded faith animates them. Passing through the sacred arch, on the right is the Arsenal, where the most impressive, most touching, most suggestive object in Moscow—there are few more so in the world—is to be seen. "An enormous number of cannon are piled in compartments in an artistic way on a low raised platform in front of the whole length of the Arsenal. There are large guns, small guns, plain, ornamented, iron guns, and brass guns. There are hundreds and hundreds—it is said twelve hundred is the number. These are the trophies of the famous campaign of 1812. Ker Porter and Segur both agree in this—though they differ in so many other points—that the French did not carry one single gun over the Niemen on their quitting Russia—not one. Except those guns which were blown to pieces purposely on the retreat, or thrown into rivers and lost, here are all of that mighty armament which the emperor took with him on that fatal expedition. You cannot help regarding these silent witnesses of that terrible punishment of overvaulting ambition, without a certain degree of deep

sympathy and pain. Many of these guns were ornamented with devices, flowers, and figures, and many bore mottoes." On a copper-plate in the wall of the building is an inscription: "Canons pris aux ennemis en 1812, sur le territoire Russe, par la victorieuse armée, et la brave et fidèle nation Russe." Strange, that the record of Russian triumph should be in the language of the invader! This proud trophy, for which the Russians are indebted as much to their climate as to their bravery and patriotism, is a fitting adjunct to the splendid imperial residence; and the whole mass of building, including many churches, convents, and towers, and the old palace of the czars, is unrivalled for beauty and position. Down in the Kitai Gorod is the old dwelling-house of the Romanoff family, still maintained by each succeeding czar in all its original condition—a diminutive, pretty, quaint building. Within the Kremlin is the little old palace of the Ruriks, in a back-court, painted inside and out from top to bottom—a bright and fanciful specimen of the taste of the olden time. From the upper terrace, Napoleon looked over his conquest—his conquest in vain—burning in defiance. A portion of the building is employed even now on some very great state occasions, "used," says Mr. Lowth, "in public as a kind of social duty to the memory of the old Muscovite czars—a usage which is dear to the people, appeals to all their traditionary memories of the sacred past, and touches their natural pride in and affection for their emperors; links the present with the ancient days; and preserves, as a living fire, the superstitious reverence of this devotional, and almost fanatical people to their ruler."

The famous Foundling Hospital is of immense extent, and in all respects a model institution, the description of which is not to be read without a sigh at the thought of the contrast between the large-minded charity and good sense which finds practical expression in such a contrast to the hideous records of infanticide, street-Arabism, and hopeless poverty and crime, which are multiplying about us in England. Since the traveller is no longer obliged to carry his own bedding about with him, locomotion in Russia has become easy and

pleasant, and the gentleness and civility of the people make it agreeable to associate with them. All public authorities are notoriously venal, and the police are useless and dishonest, every one in every kind of office being underpaid, and having to secure the indispensable "margin" by taking bribes and peculation; but, on the whole, life is a peaceful process in Moscow, and the established trade in robbery is pretty openly carried on among the people themselves, and not very perilous to the stranger within the gates. "Thieves' Market," where stolen clothes are openly sold, is a peculiar institution, concerning which Mr. Lowth asked what the police, who stand about the place where it is held, in their uniforms, do, and was answered that they do nothing, or "only what suits them." We have heard a good deal about Russian officials and Russian police, but Mr. Lowth excels in his way of putting the case. "The business of the police," he says, "is to discover the thieves, but then their next business is to make all the money they can for themselves. They are badly paid by the government, and when they have discovered the thief, they keep the discovery close. The government has already paid them their share of the premium, but if the robber will pay something handsome, more than the government, then the interest of the police is on the side of the higher premium—the robber. The robbers are a mine of wealth to them. This is a very curious state of things in this beautiful and highly civilized city." The market is held daily, and the people who sell are not the actual thieves, but the purchasers at low prices of the stolen goods.

The Muscovites are intensely fond of money; but they do not seem to have many bad faults. A mild, patient, industrious race, not cruel in any way, and with much love of home, and fidelity to family ties—the lower orders, as usual, offering the best and most wholesome types of character. They are very polite and considerate in their manners, and cheerful, fond of the simple out-door gatherings and cheap amusements which are provided plentifully for them. In the glorious summer weather, the people almost live out of doors. It is remarkable that almost all the children of the Russian upper class are delicate and

fragile. Mr. Lowth was told that they are, as a rule, brought up in close and heated apartments during the long winters; and in the summer, they have no games or out-of-door amusements to attract them into the air, and keep them there in healthful exercise; they are not taught to ride ponies, and sporting is not a habit among Russians—and thus the boys grow up as house-plants, weakly. As young men, they lead an in-door, indolent life, gambling and eating forming much of their occupation; while reading English and French books, and dressing, form the principal part of that of the younger women. "It is not, therefore, difficult to understand," says Mr. Lowth, "what was declared to me one day by a party of Russian gentlemen, as a thing to be deplored, that anything more vicious and more thoroughly profligate than the young Russians, sons of the rich and noble families, it would be impossible to find in any country calling itself civilized."

With the abolition of serfdom, a change has set in, pervading the whole of society in Russia. Formerly, no noble of the higher class put his sons into anything but the army; but now, the nobles find it necessary to have their much-curtailed estates better looked after. The consequence is, that some of the principal nobles in the country are educating one of their sons, not for the army, as heretofore, but to be an agent over the family estates. Mr. Lowth heard the great measure which has signalized the reign of Alexander widely discussed; and it was agreed on all hands that though the emperor's act was not a popular one among the nobles, many of them acknowledge it to be a very useful measure for the country; and the people, as a mass, are enthusiastic about it, and declare that now, for the first time, there is a Russian people. Gambling, in particular, had reached a frightful height among the Russian nobility. They played away a monstrous sum in Moscow in the winter; and when they had lost heavily, and sent down to their estates to their agents for more—the agents were very often their own serfs, and lent them their own money. "Now," says Mr. Lowth, "the nobles cannot any longer play in this way, and so the commercial men in Moscow are

taking their places. These men play even more heavily than the nobles did; at the club, you may see a thousand roubles on a card. However, these men, by their losses, do not do so much mischief as the nobles did. When the millionaires and others lose their money, it goes to any other millowner, and the mill goes on; but if a noble damaged his estates, his people suffered, his land, his villages, his tradesmen, his children—every one. Now the nobles are becoming more sensible; and the next generation will be sensible men." It is to be hoped so; but their physical training, as described by Mr. Lowth, does not look like it. He is a deeply appreciative and sympathetic writer, and the most candid, large-minded, and cosmopolitan of travellers; he makes his readers long to tread the ground he has trodden, and to partake of his spirit as well as of his experiences, and draws us nearer than any English writer has yet done to a feeling of communion and fellowship with distant, alien, half-inimical, semi-oriental, Holy Russia.

#### THE HINDU VIEW OF THE LATE ECLIPSE.

TOTAL eclipses of the sun have always inspired awe and wonder in the beholders, and on one occasion, as Herodotus informs us, an eclipse struck two belligerent armies with such a panic, that they felt that the gods had declared against the war, and accordingly made a treaty of peace. But never from the time of that memorable eclipse, which astronomers, by the aid of the lunar tables, can now show must have taken place on the 28th of May, 584 B.C., has any celestial phenomenon excited half so much interest as the solar eclipse of August 18, 1868. Our readers will have other opportunities of making themselves acquainted with the new acquisitions to astronomical science made during its observation, by European savans, sent out to India for that special purpose. Our object, in the present paper, which we are writing beneath an Indian punkah, is to describe the superstitions and ceremonies of the Hindus around us, in connection with the event.

The myriads of human beings, moving onward from all quarters, to bathe in the sacred streams of the peninsula, on the day of the eclipse, must have excited, in



the minds of many of our recent European visitors, an interest only less intense to that centred in the glorious phenomenon itself.

Some weeks before the time of the eclipse, it has been one of the chief topics of conversation in the villages. Those who can read have learned all they can about it from the *Panchāṅgam*, the vernacular almanac, which they consult on all occasions, more religiously than ever our grandmothers sought the advice of *Old Moore*; and many have been the disputes among the Pandits on the conflicting statements of the Purānas about the matter of the ceremonies. But literate and illiterate are all eager, in the evenings, to repair to the spot where the village Jyotishan (astrologer) recounts, for the edification of all, the oft-repeated tale of the Suras and Asuras. Let us draw near, and listen to him. He has already at some length related, from the *Mahābhārata*, the story of the churning of the milk-sea, by which were produced the moon (and this, by the way, gives some color to the assertion that "the moon is made of green cheese"), the goddess of Fortune, the Horse swift as thought, Vishnu's Diamond, the Tree of Plenty, and last of all, the Amrita or Ambrosia.

He now describes the efforts of the hosts of Asuras to overpower the Suras, and so to obtain possession of the draught which should confer immortality.

"Now," says he, "the Asuras seize their bright arms, and with horrid shouts, they rush on the holy Suras, and would have done as they listed, had not the gracious Vishnu taken upon him the form of a woman, and obtained the white vessel in which was the holy beverage. He gives it to the Suras, one by one, to drink thereof. Seeing this, one of the Asuras disguises himself as a Sura, approaches, and, with blasphemous presumption, begins to drink from the sacred vessel. Immediately, the sun and moon, from whose all-searching beams nothing is hidden, find out the imposture, and reveal the truth to Maha Vishnu. With just indignation, the god seizes his glittering weapon, and with one stroke separated the Asura's head from his body. Severed by the keen weapon, the mighty head of the Asura, with a horrid cry, bounds aloft into the regions of space,

and, by virtue of the ambrosia, immortal, becomes the black dragon Rahu. Down falls the mighty mass which was the body, but is now the dragon Ketu; the earth shakes, rocks are riven, and forests nod to their fall. Then the dragon Rahu swears an awful oath of perpetual enmity against the sun and moon; and, at the times foretold by the twice-born Brahmins, he seizes upon those luminaries, and causes their eclipse. Darkness covers the earth; and all would perish, did not the holy Vaidikas, with outstretched hands, repeat the Vedas, and avert the catastrophe."

European science has as yet produced but little effect upon the minds of the superstitious masses of India. Of the many millions who witnessed the eclipse of the 18th of August last, there were comparatively few who did not verily believe that it was caused by the dragon Rahu in his endeavor to swallow up the Lord of Day. And we ourselves, as we watched the eclipse from the flat roof of an Indian house, were struck, with the poetical force of the story, when we observed, as it were, "the first bite" taken out of the sun's disc, and gazed with awe at the increasing darkness. It easily appears that the dragons Rahu and Ketu are personifications of the nodes, ascending and descending. The astrologers of Europe seem to have inherited the tradition from their Aryan progenitors, for, strangely enough, the astrological name of the ascending node is *Caput Draconis*, and of the descending, *Cauda Draconis*. In like manner, it may be noted, we, as well as the Greeks and Romans, have inherited the Indian names of the constellations and of the days of the week.

Darkness is the most fitting emblem of evil; while light symbolizes the truthful and good. As Max Müller has shown, in most of the Aryan myths the hero represents the sun, while darkness is generally personified as a snake or a dragon lying coiled around the dawn.

What the Great Day of Atonement was to the Jews, the period of an eclipse is to the Hindus. All castes, from the Brahman to the Pariah, keep strict fast. Fearful are the penalties denounced on those who neglect its observance—leprosy, during seven successive transmigrations after this life is over, awaits them. On the other hand, numerous blessings, in

the present and future life, will be bestowed on those who meritoriously perform the proper ceremonies; and one prayer, or *mantra*, repeated during the time of eclipse, has the efficacy of a hundred said at any other time.

The pious Hindu, before the eclipse comes on, takes a torch, and begins to search his house, and carefully removes all cooked food, and all water for drinking purposes. Such food and water, by the eclipse, incur *Grahana seshah*—that is, uncleanness, and are rendered unfit for use. Some, with less scruples of conscience, declare that the food may be preserved by placing on it *dharba* or *kusa* grass. This grass is largely used in the ceremonies that follow; it is known to botanists as *Poa cynosuroides*; it is esteemed as sacred throughout the length and breadth of India; and is thought to be the abode of a benevolent goddess, who secures to man the fruit of his good works.

Women who are near their confinement, when the hour of eclipse approaches, are carefully locked up in a dark room, for it is supposed that, should they see the eclipse, the result would be that the child would be born with some deformity. This is the only exception which the Sastras (*ceremonial laws*) allow: all others, from the infant to the dying man, must go forth to bathe; and not till the deliverance of the sun is effected, must any one presume to eat. The glorious sun, the source of life and heat, is looked upon as the father of the universe; and now, in the hour of his adversity, should not his children mourn?

Snake-charmers and necromancers prepare their horrid charms, and they will seize the favorable time of darkness for their evil incantations. Unclean reptiles and demons are then at large, and, invoked by powerful spells, they must listen, perforce, to the voice of the charmer, and assist him to work new mischief, or report the success which, by their aid, has attended former machinations. Witchcraft is as firmly believed in, and its rites as commonly practised in the present day in India, as ever it was in Europe during the dark ages.

On the morning of the 18th of August, the roads leading towards the principal rivers were thronged. There is a tradi-

tion repeated concerning each of these rivers, that, at certain periods, the Ganges, by a secret and subterranean passage, miraculously mingles its waters with theirs, and thus makes them partake of its own sanctity. The river Krishna is esteemed as the tutelary goddess of the strip of country lying between lines of north latitude eighteen and fifteen degrees, which lines, in India, nearly coincided with the limits of the totality of the solar eclipse. To its banks might be seen hastening all castes of Hindus, some poor people who had travelled on foot distances of thirty or forty miles; others, native magnates, drawn in carriages of English manufacture, with running-footmen waving fans of peacocks' feathers on either side. Old men with trembling limbs, and infants in arms, are conducted by their friends to the stream, there, for the aged, to wash away the sins of a nearly spent lifetime, or for the young, to acquire merit, which shall entitle them to health and wealth in the future.

Multitudes line the banks of the river, wearing on the ring-finger of the right hand a ring made of *dharba*; and many Sudras have on also a string made of the same grass plaited, passing over the left shoulder and under the right arm, to supply the place of the sacred thread, fit to be worn only by the twice-born castes. As the hour approaches, the men and women separate themselves into groups of from thirty to fifty persons. To each group of men is a Purohita or Vaidika Brahman, well versed in the necessary formularies. Each worshipper washes his hands and feet in the stream, sips water three times from his hollow palm, and then sits cross-legged on the bank of the river, with face turned toward the sun. All anxiously look for the commencement of the eclipse, and some endeavor to mark the moment by observing the reflection of the sun in the water; others imitate the Europeans, and look at the sun through colored glasses.

The eclipse has commenced, and the Purohitas repeat, in Sanscrit, the Sloka to ask the favor of Ganapati (*called also Ganesa*), the Hindu Janus, who is invoked at the commencement of every undertaking. The Sloka we may thus translate:

"On the white-robed, the preserver, the moon-like, the four-handed, elephant-faced one,

"Let us meditate for the removal of all difficulties."

Then follow several Slokas from the *Mahābhārata*, which are recited as mantras. The substance of them we here give:

"Be a man pure or impure, if he think on Vishnu, all his sins will go.

"Sins of thought, of word, and of deed, if he mutter the holy name of Rama, will go.

"This day is holy as Vishnu.

"This asterism is as Vishnu.

"The world itself is Vishnu.

"Sri Govinda, Sri Govinda, Sri Govinda. [Holy, Holy, Holy Vishnu.]

"At this time, and in this place, let all the nine deadly sins, and all sins of ignorance and of presumption, go.

"In this meritorious time I bathe."

And now the groups of men and women, with their garments tightly swathed about them, and standing in the water up to their middle, plunge their heads beneath the surface of the stream.

Each good Brahman afterwards stands with his face to the sun, and meditates on Vishnu. He then takes up water in the palm of his hand, and pours it out towards the sun, repeating that most sacred and mysterious mantra called the *Gāyatri*,\* which has puzzled so many of our Sanserit scholars. Each handful of water, so consecrated and thrown aloft, strikes the dragon Rahu with the force of a thunderbolt, and weakens him in the pending struggle.

When the Brahmans have at length effected the sun's deliverance, they bathe again, repeating the words: "*Mochana snānam kartshe*"—that is, "I bathe on account of the happy release."

A Sudra, who has on this day to make Tarpanam (ceremonies for the repose of the soul of a deceased parent), engages a Brahman Purohita, who makes for him the ring and band of

dharba grass, and instructs him to repeat in the vernacular these words: "I, standing here, as if on the northern bank of the holy Ganges, satisfy the manes of my deceased parent with offerings of the five kinds of ambrosial food. Thus I satisfy, I satisfy, I satisfy."

Then the Purohita receives gifts from the Sudra, butter, curds, and the five products of the plaintain tree; with rice and money, according to the circumstances of the giver. Even the gift of a cocoa-nut, or of a pumpkin, does not lose its reward, but procures the donor as much merit as if he had given a milch cow and calf at any other time; and the gift of a little land becomes "like unto Mount Meru!"\*

Standing among the crowd, many may be observed with narrow golden or silver plates, or strips of palm-leaf bound round their heads. They have found out, on consulting the scheme of their nativity, that they were born under the same asterism as that in which the eclipse takes place. Peculiar dangers threaten such throughout the year, but the Purohita teaches them how to baffle the coming evils. By his direction, they have engraved upon a golden or silver plate, or, if poor, upon a palm-leaf, these Sanserit Slokas, addressed to the guardians of the eight points:

In the East, *Indra*—The god of all gods, the bearer of the thunderbolt, the hundred-eyed Indra; let him remove from me the (*Doshah*) sin or defect brought on me by the sun's eclipse.

In the South-east, *Agni* (Fire)—He who regards merits and demerits; he who rejoices the heart of his wife Chāya (Shadow); let him remove from me, &c.

In the South, *Yama*—He who bears the destroying sickle of Time; who rides upon the buffalo; let him remove from me, &c.

In the South-west, *Nairitah*—The giant-like king; he who, on the day of doom, shall equal the god of Fire; let him remove from me, &c.

In the West, *Varuna*—He who holds the snake-rope; he who rides upon a fish; Varuna, the king of the waters; let him remove, &c.

In the North-west, *Vayu* (Wind)—

\* The *Gāyatri* is thus rendered into English by the Brahmin-Samajists (followers of Rāmmohun Roy): "Om! Air, Heaven! We meditate on the excellent power and wisdom of that supreme Deity, who gave birth to the world, and who sends to us the wealth of wisdom." This, however, is more paraphrastic than Colebrooke's rendering.

\* Mount Meru is the Hindu Olympus.

The spirit-like Vayu, who rides upon the fleet deer; let him remove, &c.

In the North, *Kubera*—The lord of all wealth, the beloved of Siva; he who comes upon the shoulders of a man; let him remove, &c.

In the North-east, *Isanah*—He who upholds the moon; who carries the bow *Pindān*; who rides upon the bull; let him remove, &c.

When the ceremonies are over, the supplicant takes the plate which he wore on his forehead, and gives it to the Purohita, asking him to procure him absolution in return.

We heard of a rather amusing altercation that took place just after the eclipse was over. A Purohita had received an engraved silver chaplet from a Sudra, and had granted the asked-for absolution. The Sudra, however, looked upon the gift as merely formal, and as a part of the ceremony which was by no means irrevocable. He therefore required the Brahman to return the silver plate, and he would make him a less valuable present in money. The Brahman took a different view of the case, and indignantly asked: "Can that which is bestowed as a gift be taken back again? Besides, have I not taken upon me your sins? Am I to bear their heavy burden for nothing?" The Sudra, who, it seems, had an account with his reverend preceptor, and owed him money for previous services, presumptuously rejoined: "Well, if you don't return it, I'll deduct the money from what I have yet to pay you."

Though the Brahman managed to carry off the plate, such an incident is a sign of the times, and shows that in India a disposition to question the extravagant claims of the Brahmans has already begun to manifest itself. A Sudra, a few years ago, would never have dared to make such a speech.

It is not so long since we ourselves have ceased to honor Zadkiel and his fraternity, that we can afford to laugh with much spirit at the superstitions of our fellow-subjects in the East. Still, when we consider the vast change that took place in the opinion of Europe within a hundred years of the time when Galileo was called upon "to abhor, detest, and recant" a scientific truth, we cannot be without hope for India.

She has long lain under an eclipse, and the demons of darkness have gloated over their prey; but the days of their power are numbered. Hundreds of young Hindus are now studying in English schools and colleges, established by the Government and by missionary societies; and a generation is rising up which will thrust rudely aside the superstitions of the Purānas. The keen intellect of the Hindu is capable of much, when untrammelled by superstition; and who can say what conquests in the fields of science he may yet be destined to accomplish? There are many Hindus who are even now proving themselves no mean disciples of their European masters. Mr. Pogson, the eminent astronomer, thus writes from Madras; and his is no solitary experience: "The calculations of the eclipse for twelve important and conveniently accessible stations, situated within the limits of totality, and of its partial phases at Madras, have all been carefully made by C. Ragoonatha Acharya, the head native assistant at the Madras Observatory; and it is simple justice to add, that the very considerable labor he has bestowed upon them was undertaken from pure attachment to science, and was accomplished solely in his leisure hours, without the slightest aid or advice from any one. The information afforded in his tabular results is all that can be required or desired for the prediction of the various phenomena of the eclipse."

Long before Copernicus had revived the Pythagorean system in Europe, it was taught by the astronomers of India. Aryabhata, one of them, whom Colebrooke believes to have lived not later than 400 A.D., and probably much earlier, in flat contradiction to the Purānic theory, which places the earth upon the back of an immense tortoise, distinctly declares: "The earth stands in the sky, and by its own gradual motion, is the cause of the apparent rising and setting of the sun and planets." But such doctrines as these were dangerous. The Brahmans decided that they should be no longer tolerated, for what was more plainly declared in the Sastras than that the earth rested on the back of a tortoise, and that the sun rose and set; and could anything be more



evident to the senses? Hence, the same method of raising an outcry against science, by appealing to the religious feelings and vulgar experiences of the masses, and thus endeavoring to stifle the truth by persecution, has been tried in India as well as in Europe, and has too long been found successful.

Each one who has the true spirit of the philosopher and the philanthropist will, therefore, the more sympathize with the cry now going up from India, so long benighted, but now stretching out her hands, and praying for light. Let the motto adopted by the members of the Brahma Samāj, her own noble sons, who have commenced the crusade against darkness, be our encouragement: *Satyam eva jayati*—Truth alone will prevail.

#### LEGENDS OF THE BLACK FOREST AND ITS VICINITY.

COLLECTED BY MRS. BUSHBY.

##### PART I.

THE following legends were collected during a residence of a few weeks, this last summer, near Freiburg, in Breisgau, on the borders of the Black Forest. Some of them were translated from an old book on the traditions of the country; some were written down from word of mouth, the collector of the stories having been so fortunate as to meet with two individuals who were as partial to old legends as herself, and who took pleasure in repeating them to, or procuring them for, her. She now offers them to those of the readers of the *New Monthly Magazine*, who, like herself, take an interest in legendary and traditional lore:

##### THE NYMPHS OF THE MUMMELSEE.

At a few leagues from Baden, on the southern bend of the Hornisgründe, the hill of the greatest elevation in the country, there is a small lake, surrounded by high peaks, by masses of rocks, and by sombre fir-trees. Around its black-looking waters there is scarcely any vegetation, only a few stunted plants; not a flower, not a bird is to be seen, and a gloomy silence reigns around. It has never been found possible to sound

the depth of the lake; never has a boat glided over its surface; never have its waters been stirred by the movement of a fish. The liquid plain is covered with water-lilies, which undulate gently in the passing breeze, and from which escapes a slightly murmuring sound.

When the hour of evening comes, when the warm sun sets behind the mountain, when nature reposes itself in the silence of night, the waters of the lake commence to be agitated, rippling waves are formed, and white foam may be seen here and there. Strange lights glimmer, disappear, and sparkle again; mysterious sounds are heard. Little by little these sounds become more distinct, and, at last, ravishing music breaks faintly on the ear. The water-lilies, shaken by the wavelets, sway themselves backward and forward with ever-increasing rapidity of movement. Their flexible stems shoot up, grow larger, and are imperceptibly changed into young girls with graceful forms, unconcealed under robes of transparent gauze, their long fair tresses crowned with wreaths of water-lilies.

These are the nymphs of the lake, who, evading the paternal surveillance, have escaped from the crystal palace which they inhabit far down in the depths of the gloomy lake. They come to seek for amusement, and to dance on the green turf of its banks by the clear light of the moon. Hand-in-hand they whirl in mazy rounds; sometimes moving with a soft languor, sometimes pursuing their course with rapidity. The moon silvers the surface of the lake with its subdued light; the stars sparkle as if with joy in gazing on their capricious evolutions; the *ignis fatui* try to imitate them, by bounding along the turf; the dark fir-trees lean forward, the better to see them, and the lake murmurs a strange melody, which forms the measure for the nocturnal dance.

But pleasure causes time to be forgotten. The nymphs, ardently engaged in their sportive play, do not observe that Aurora, with her rosy fingers, is opening the gates of the east. The moon has faded into dimness, the *ignis fatui* have vanished, the pale light of dawning day whitens the summits of the trees, and the laughing young girls are still dancing!

Suddenly the waters of the lake bubble up, and open. The Neptune of this little mountain sea has perceived the absence of his daughters, and comes to recall them to their unseen abode. His head appears above the surface of the lake, his hair in disorder, and reeds mingling with his long white beard. He frowns angrily, and threatens with his finger, while a noise, like distant thunder, resounds in the air.

On seeing him the nymphs cease their gambols, their cheeks, flushed by the exercise of the dance, resume their hue of livid paleness, and trembling they hurry toward the lake, into which they instantly plunge, and the waters close over them. When the first rays of the rising sun irradiate the horizon the waters have become perfectly calm, and at the place where the nymphs disappeared the water-lilies wave gently in the morning breeze, sending forth a faint murmur, the echo of the lamentations which the nymphs are whispering at the bottom of the Mummelsee.

#### THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

At the foot of the hill called Mercuriusberg, at the spot where the old road turns which led from Baden to Gernsbach, there may be seen towering above the dark fir-trees a rock, whose capricious form resembles a pulpit. This rock is called "The Devil's Pulpit," and the following legend is attached to it:

At the period when the earliest disciples of the apostles came to preach the gospel in the Black Forest, the devil became extremely uneasy on account of recruiting souls for his infernal dominions. He left the eternal flames which burn in the bowels of the earth, and hastened to Baden by the subterranean path which accompanied the hot springs that discharge themselves at the foot of the new château, at the place which still goes by the name of "Hell."

At first the devil occupied himself in reconnoitring the country round to find a situation suitable to his projects. In casting his blazing eyes over the valley, he fixed them on the rock which is conspicuous at the foot of Mercuriusberg, and in front of which smiling plains form a vast amphitheatre. He determined to establish himself there, because

from thence he had a good view of the country and an open space before him, on which he could make himself heard even to a great distance. He then dispatched in all directions the demons whom he brought in his suite, with orders to invite and assemble the inhabitants of the valley.

Very soon came from all parts men and women, old people and children, rich and poor, pagans and new converts. He ranged them on the natural gradations of ground which surrounded the pulpit, and they were all impatient to hear the new preacher.

When Satan saw that he had gained a large auditory, he rose, bowed gracefully and benevolently to the assembly, and commenced his discourse in a voice which he compelled himself to render soft and pleasing. In an harangue full of wily sophisms, delivered with the most brilliant eloquence, the prince of the infernal regions developed his wicked doctrines. He painted in the most seductive colors worldly pleasures, gross feelings, material interests. He glorified every vice, described the grandeur of pride, the satisfaction of revenge, the benefits of egotism. He dwelt on the pleasures of good eating, the agreeable repose of indolence, the voluptuous delights of luxury. He affirmed that death was the end of all, that the immortality of the soul was a fable invented by the priests to mislead public credulity, and that mankind, having neither to fear any future punishment nor to hope for any future reward for good actions, should only be guided in this world by their pleasures and their interest.

As Satan continued to speak his eyes shot glances like flames, his voice became more sonorous, and his words penetrated his hearers' minds, awaking in them all the worst passions. Intoxicated by his eloquence, dazzled by the enchanting pictures he presented to them, seduced by his fallacious promises, they rose in a mass to hail the new religion which took for its symbols pleasure and selfishness. The new Christians abjured their faith, and the pagans vowed never to accept the severe principles of the gospel.

The devil was delighted at the triumph of his oratory, and was contem-

plating with malicious joy the unfortunate inhabitants of the valley, whose souls would thereafter belong to him, when on a sudden a brilliant light appeared in the sky, and sounds of delicious harmony were heard. All turned and beheld with stupefaction on the adjacent mountain a resplendent apparition.

It was an angel, robed in silver gauze, with white wings, and his head crowned with a magnificent glory, who had placed himself opposite to the Devil's pulpit, and who made the strings of a golden harp vibrate beautifully. The angel spoke in his turn, and in tones which gained every heart, he recommended the practice of virtue, he lauded all that was noble and grand, he exhorted the people to abstain from intemperance, to hate falsehood, and to repress the lusts of the flesh. He taught the pardon of injuries, the exercise of charity and kindness to one's neighbors. He exhorted his auditors to renounce the pleasures of mere materialism, and to carry out the austere duties of conscience; he threatened disbelievers with the torments of hell; and promised to the faithful the inconceivable joys of paradise, where the soul, freed from its terrestrial envelope, is admitted to contemplate, to all eternity, the divine majesty in its essence and its works.

The angel's discourse was so full of grace and reason, it responded so well to the good feelings that were slumbering at the bottom of these simple hearts, that they soon discerned truth from error. They repudiated the pernicious counsels of the Devil, and attracted by an invincible power, crowded around the angel, protesting with enthusiasm their belief in a religion founded upon duty and devotion.

When his Satanic majesty saw himself abandoned by those whom he believed he had secured for his infernal dominions, his fury vented itself in imprecations and blasphemies. But the loudness of his angry tones could not drown the sweet voice of the angel; and in a very short time the crowd, returning to a sense of right, cast themselves on their knees, and sang a hymn in praise of the Lord, to which the angel played an accompaniment upon his golden harp.

The rage of the devil thereupon knew

no bounds; with the formidable claws attached to his hands he snatched up everything around, the trees, the rocks, and flung them far down into the valley. With his cloven feet he struck the earth, which opened with a frightful noise, and he precipitated himself through the gulf thus formed into the midst of the flames of the infernal regions.

The rock, from the summit of which the eloquence of the angel triumphed over that of the Devil, is called to this day, "The Angel's Seat," and not far from "The Devil's Pulpit" is shown to the credulous tourist the mark which the foot of Lucifer left upon the solid stone.

#### THE COUNT'S LEAP.

On a rocky declivity of the mountain upon which New Eberstein stands, there is a sort of plateau jutting out toward Mourg, from which one can gaze down into the deep stream beneath; it is called "The Count's Leap," and the origin of the name arose from the following story:

A count of Eberstein had a beautiful daughter, whom many noblemen far and near sought in marriage. She, however, coldly refused every offer. At first her father thought that she disliked the idea of marriage, but, on narrowly watching his daughter, he began to suspect that love had already insinuated itself into her heart. One day, he observed that a squire among his suite was hiding a bow in his breast of a red silk ribbon, which was his daughter's favorite color. Now much became clear to him that before he could not understand. There was no doubt that the Countess Ida loved young Fant, who, it is true, belonged to an ancient family, but was poor. For what he was wanting in fortune, however, nature had amply made up to him; he had a fine figure, good feelings, and was of a bold, determined character. The lovers could never see each other without witnesses, except for a few minutes at a time; but in society their eyes constantly met, and betrayed their secret.

The count wished to ascertain if his suspicions were correct. About this time there was an enormous wolf spreading terror throughout the neighborhood. One day, when his daughter was present,

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL  
GREELEY, COLORADO

he had his squire called to him, and desired him to hunt the wolf; the young girl turned pale at this command, and she trembled from head to foot.

"Think, father!" she cried, forgetting her prudence—"think how dangerous this will be!"

"I do not know what danger is, and I am a servant of the Count of Eberstein," said the squire, his courageous heart swelling in his breast.

He quickly withdrew, but the countess sank half fainting upon a chair. The father contemplated her sternly.

"Girl!" he angrily exclaimed, "I read your heart: you love this strippling!"

"Yes, father, I love him because he has such a noble mind," replied the maiden, sinking at his feet. "Pardon—pardon him and me!"

The count reflected a while; then he said scornfully:

"The young man boasted just now that he knew no fear. It is well. He shall ride down the rocky wall to the Mourg, and his reward shall be your hand."

When the young man heard what the count had decreed, he did not hesitate for a second, but crying, "The countess or death!" he mounted a horse, recommended his soul to heaven, and when he reached the projection, which is now called "The Count's Leap," he gave his steed the spur, and sprang down toward the Mourg; but the horse missed the spring, and fell with its rider into the river beneath, which closed roaring and foaming over them both.

From that moment the young countess never spoke another word; her intellect was evidently impaired, and one day she was found dead upon "The Count's Leap."

#### ST. ODELIE'S SPRING.

A small spring of water, situated near the top of one of the eminences among the wooded hills which belong to the range of the Black Forest, and not far from the town of Freiburg, in Breisgau, has obtained its name from an old legend which dates from the middle ages. There was then, the tradition says, a chieftain in the neighborhood who had an only daughter, a beautiful girl, whose mother had died when she was quite a

child. The deceased mother had been a very pious woman, and had instilled her religious principles into her little daughter's mind; these were not forgotten by her, and she grew up as good as her mother had been. When she was old enough to take note of what was going on in her paternal castle, she remarked her father's wild and evil deeds. He was in the habit, like so many of the robber chieftains of that period, of sallying forth with his retainers and attacking the unlucky wayfarers, plundering them always, and ill-treating them when they ventured to offer resistance.

The young lady of the castle was much grieved at these lawless doings, and was so anxious about her father's chances of salvation in the world to come, that she could not resist exhorting him to give up these marauding practices, and lead a more respectable life. She also prayed frequently and earnestly for him, that he might by the aid of the Holy Spirit be withdrawn from his evil deeds, and be induced to perform his religious duties, and to abstain from the acts of rapine and robbery, which, however warranted by the example of his neighbors and the licentious liberty of the age, were in her opinion equally wicked, disgraceful, and inhuman.

But her piety and her habit of frequently devoting her time to prayer irritated her ungodly father, who at times ridiculed her, and at times reproved her harshly for her religious feelings. He was the more incensed at her because she positively refused every offer of marriage which was made to her, and expressed her wish to enter a convent.

Her father was decidedly opposed to her becoming a nun, and was resolved that she should marry one of his wild companions, a chieftain in the neighborhood. In vain were her objections, her entreaties, her prayers; her father turned a deaf ear to them all, and insisted that the marriage which he had arranged should take place. In spite of her tears and lamentations, the day, the hour, was fixed, and the poor girl had none to whom she could apply to assist her in avoiding her dreaded doom.

Then she became desperate, and flying from her father's castle she ran, she knew not whither. Fear lent her strength,



and she pursued her way onward, still onward, without knowing where she was going, and where she might meet with shelter and protection. For a long time she ran through the thick woods which covered the hills to the summit, but all was silence and solitude around her. At length sounds broke upon her ear—what were they? Alas! nothing bethinking friendly aid—it was the shouts of her pursuers that she heard! She had been missed from the castle, and her stern father, the equally stern chieftain he had chosen for his son-in-law, with several of the almost savage wedding guests and a number of retainers, had started in pursuit of her.

Nearly overcome by fatigue and anxiety, she roused herself, and again took to flight. But what was this? An obstacle presented itself in her path—a large rock was before her! Her pursuers were close upon her. How should she escape them? In an agony of grief and terror, she threw herself upon her knees and prayed earnestly to the Most High for deliverance. Her prayers were heard and answered; the rock opened; she rushed in; it closed upon her, and those who sought her, and who knew they were on her track, passed round it, and went on.

She was saved; and when the rock opened and she emerged from it, she vowed, in gratitude for her wonderful preservation from the fate she dreaded so much, to devote the rest of her life to God, and to erect a chapel on the spot where the supernatural assistance had been vouchsafed her. That chapel, it is said, still exists, and through a door at one side of it there is a staircase cut in the rock, which leads down to a spring, the water of which has the reputation in the neighborhood of possessing qualities healing to diseases of the eyes. The tradition avers that St. Odelie (as she is called) wept so many tears at that place that they formed the spring just mentioned.

Pious Catholics make pilgrimages to St. Odelie's Spring even at the present day.

#### MADAME DE LAFAYETTE.

WE hear a great deal now of woman's wrongs and woman's rights, and it is quite true that something may yet be done to improve her social position. But it is not by giving her a place in legislative assemblies, or by opening out to her public walks of science, that woman can be benefited. Property, in whatever hands, may require to be represented, and some fitting mode of giving votes by proxy might be resorted to; our social system would be improved by a more equal division of the paternal inheritance among children of both sexes, and our idle women of fashion might advantageously exercise their active faculties in the wide field of charity, public as well as private. What could not woman achieve in our prisons, our hospitals, and asylums of all descriptions for every stage of suffering humanity, if only her efforts were well-organized, well-directed, and well-combined! What a vast range of productive labor would be opened thus for the restless, discontented feminine spirits that swarm in our day. Want of occupation is their evil, and so we are overwhelmed with fast ladies of all ages and classes. Numbers of women, for divers reasons, cannot or do not marry; an increasing legion of educated women require to find remunerative employment. Something must be done to meet new circumstances. Still, kind Heaven! defend us from petticoated politicians, lawyers, doctors, &c.; let those obliged to toil keep to education, to letters, or art, as may be. For ourselves, except where gentle charity invites, or stern necessity compels, we confess to a preference for woman in the domestic sphere, in her old-fashioned character of daughter, wife, and mother.

Madame de Lafayette was decidedly a heroine, and possessed of brilliant faculties that made her shine on public occasions, but her glory is that she was an incomparable wife. Her love was self-sacrificing, or it would not merit the name; enthusiastic, or she must have ceased to be herself. Tender, warm, and bright, she had wonderful tact, good sense, and a rare amount of judgment; her courage never quailed in presence of any danger—and which one had she not to face? but enthusiasm—beautiful enthusiasm

—was her ruling characteristic. That tintured her whole life, and shone in her every deed. Her earliest sympathies were called forth by her elder sister, that angelic Vicomtesse de Noailles, who could smile on the scaffold, and pray there for strangers around; she dearly loved her mother, the stately Duchesse d'Ayen, so worthy of affectionate reverence; but at fourteen, all Adrienne de Noailles' rich nature budded forth in the impetuous feeling that attracted her toward the youthful Marquis de Lafayette, then only sixteen. A few months later they married, and, during thirty-four years of wedded union her strong attachment for him never waned.

Born in November, 1759, Adrienne was the second of five sisters, who all shone in the first circles of Parisian society. Besides Madame de Noailles, guillotined with her mother and grandmother, there was the gentle Madame de Montagu, whose interesting memoirs, published a few years ago, first brought the family prominently forward; and then Madame de Grammont, the younger sister, who only died in 1853, having weathered two great revolutions, and many more changes of *régime*.

Adrienne received careful religious and moral training from her mother, who called in the aid of a judicious governess and different masters. But Madame d'Ayen always reserved to herself the right maternal duty of molding her children's hearts; indeed she chiefly directed their studies also, for they read with her, and it was her pleasant task to guide their opening taste. The discipline of soul and heart certainly left nothing to desire, but the instruction given to the mind does not seem to have embraced any very comprehensive range. In Adrienne's case, as she married when a mere child, that was scarcely possible. Among books of profane learning, we only find Rollin, Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire named; she made extracts from history, and read with her mother passages of poetry and eloquence, both ancient and modern. One very French trait was Madame d'Ayen's custom of making her daughters dictate letters before they were actually able to write. The Bible and catechisms formed an every-day study. So well were truth

and virtue instilled, that it required long years of experience in the world ere the sisters could really believe in the actual existence of deceit and vice.

A habit deserving of note in this wise mother is, that as her girls grew up, she had the humility to draw their attention to her own defects, pointing out by what means she tried to overcome them, and the detriment caused to her character by remaining imperfections. With strange unworldliness she refused M. de Lafayette when he was first spoken of for Adrienne, because she thought he had too large a fortune and was too early at the head of it. M. d'Ayen viewed the matter in a more usual way, and a long estrangement between them was the result of their different opinions. However, Madame d'Ayen could not help being won over at last by the young man's fine qualities, and the betrothment took place.

After marriage, the little bride of fourteen went a good deal into society, and seems to have enjoyed it very much. It was then 1773, near the close of Louis the Fifteenth's career, when Madame du Barry reigned, and the youthful Dauphiness, Marie-Antoinette, was striving to play her difficult part amid court intrigues. A bright dawn opened before Madame de Lafayette, destined too soon to be overcast. Still life flowed on in no unusual current until the great revolution broke out, then followed ten years of acute sufferings, that were succeeded by a tranquil period ere the tomb.

The first three years of the revolution were to her a time of special inner martyrdom. What she suffered and how she acted under the circumstances, present an admirable picture of character. Within that space was comprised Lafayette's career.

In 1789, he was named Commander of the National Guard, which placed him at the head of the popular movement; 1792 saw him proscribed by France, with a price set upon his head, ere he became the inmate of an Austrian dungeon. Madame de Lafayette was thirty years of age when her husband entered on the slippery path of acknowledged leader of the revolution.

Naturally enough, she had imbibed many of his political sentiments, which tallied so well with her own generous

nature. Like him, she cherished the delusion of seeing mankind regenerated by new institutions; like him, she dreamed of golden results to flow from what they considered the enfranchisement of the people. But hereabouts *she* stopped short, unable to follow further. She had been too well nurtured in the old family traditions of love for the throne and the altar to be willing to barter either for the fancied weal of the nation; her conscience forbade any sacrifice of religion; her heart still clung to the monarchy. Madame de Lafayette could not be a staunch aristocrat like Madame d'Ayen, but neither could she go the lengths in democracy her husband did. She had far more judgment than he; with womanly instinct and perspicacity she discerned danger clearly, where he saw none. Her piety gave her right moral appreciations, wanting to him. Thus she saw the husband she admired, and loved almost to idolatry, bringing about evils to the magnitude of which no sophistry could blind her. To her he was also rushing on great political dangers, perils that threatened alike country, family, himself. He was blamed by her dearest relatives, bitterly hated by most of the aristocracy, viewed with disgust at the Tuileries; and of course the dogs of his own party ended by rising against him, vowing vengeance on the chief, who had refused to become a vile instrument in their hands. Her duties sometimes appeared at variance with each other. It was not easy to discern the right path. But as far as we know she always acted beautifully. When the civil constitution of the clergy was first proclaimed, the Curé of St. Sulpice, which was her parish, resolved to give solemnity to his refusal to take the oath by making a public protest from the pulpit. She thought he was right, and took care to be present, although aware she would be the only individual there belonging to the patriotic party. From the same motive she always attended churches or chapels where the orthodox priests officiated, boldly encouraged them to persevere in the exercise of their functions, and not to cease demanding liberty of worship. M. de Lafayette advocated equal freedom for all, but as he was not practically a re-

ligious man, nothing brought his sentiments forward. Her conduct, she knew, compromised his popularity, and thereby endangered his life. But conscience bade her act thus, and she did it. To his honor, he never for one instant attempted to restrain her.

On another occasion she blended several duties with rare discretion and tact in the performance. In the early part of the revolution they kept open house; M. de Lafayette was in the habit of receiving men of extreme opinions, and amongst them were many members of the clergy, who had adopted the new order of things. She did the honors to all with her usual grace; never forgot they were his guests; her views on politics were not obtruded when they differed from his, and not even her admiration for him could transform her into that odious thing—a party-woman. But at the same time, when it seemed right to do so, she asserted her individuality; her opinions were no secret, and she openly expressed her respect and attachment for the ancient bishops who stood firm in defence of the faith. Once, for conscience sake, she even departed from her rule of receiving whatever guests her husband might bring with equal courtesy. The newly-created bishop of Paris had been invited to dinner, and him she could not welcome without appearing at the same time to recognize his dignity. So she dined away from home that day, uninfluenced by the remarks her absence provoked, or even by her husband's private annoyance.

Lafayette had staked his head that the royal family should not leave Paris, and when the ill-concerted flight to Varennes proved abortive, on him devolved the ignominious task of escorting back his unhappy sovereigns prisoners to their capital. At least he did what he could to save their lives, but he was powerless to protect them from insult. As soon as the queen began to receive again, and before the constitution had been accepted, Madame de Lafayette—alone of her party—presented herself at the Tuileries, resolved on giving this token of respect, so likely to be misinterpreted on all sides.

Not once did she see him go out during these three years without dreading lest he might never return. But far

from seeking to influence his conduct through her anxiety, she only appeared to glory in the means he enjoyed of doing good and preventing crime, deriving real solace from the reflection that his danger was accompanied by these facilities. Her public spirit, that rare virtue in woman, nobly supported her under the private trials of her heart. She came out of herself only to feel how it behooved him to act under the circumstances. Happy the men who have such helpmates in seasons of danger!

It was her pride on every possible occasion to cast her lot with his, and assist at all the manifestations called patriotic, when they were not likewise anti-religious; and although this could not be done without wounding her mother. She collected alms sixty times for the National Guard when their flags were blessed. When this body had irritated Lafayette by the cowardly insults intended to prevent the King from going to St. Cloud, and that he had laid down their command, she gladly acceded to his request of receiving the deputation of sixty who came to entreat him to change his resolution. She hoped her husband would be safer in a less conspicuous post, and her ready tact easily furnished her with the right word to be said to each. But unfortunately for her feelings, Lafayette was weak, and after a few days members gained access to him, and he was prevailed on to receive the command.

In 1791, after martial law had been proclaimed, Lafayette suddenly found himself one day in the Champ de Mars exposed to the fury of an enraged multitude. The news flew home to her, and she was in mortal terror; but when she heard the crowd had tumultuously dispersed, crying out they would assassinate his wife and bring her head to bear before him, she embraced her children with tears of joy, delighted that *he* was safe. At this very moment her garden wall had been scaled from the Place du Palais Bourbon, and an entrance was about to be forced. She gave the necessary orders with calm self-possession, but it would have fared ill with her that day if an armed body of cavalry passing had not driven back the mob.

It was a relief to her at last to know he was out of France. Other and deep

anxieties doubtless came crowding, but the three years' martyrdom of conflicting affections were over; it was no longer the same tension caused by duties at war with feeling. The road of suffering henceforth lay clearer, more defined, more compulsory. There was no longer the misery of choice.

Opportunities for displaying moral courage could not be wanting at such a period as this. She was never behind-hand. On the 10th of September, 1792, after M. de Lafayette had been taken prisoner by the Austrians, her château was surrounded by armed men; at their head was an individual suspected of unceremoniously putting an end to those inimical to him. They were accompanied by a commissary named Anlagnier, who showed her a decree from the Committee of General Safety, ordering her to be conveyed to Paris with her children, and a letter from M. Roland, charging him with the execution. Without a word of useless remonstrance, she immediately desired her horses to be got ready, and meanwhile they opened her desk, taking out Lafayette's letters. "They will prove," cried she, undaunted, "that if any tribunals had existed in France, M. de Lafayette would have presented himself before them, certain that no action of his could compromise him in the sight of true patriots."

On arriving at the headquarters of the department, she asked to be allowed to remain a prisoner on parole at Chavaniac, and her request was forwarded to Roland. She added a letter to Brissot, whom she had formerly known, telling him that if he would consent to assist the fulfilment of her wishes, he might enjoy the satisfaction of having done a good action. And she concluded with these proud words: "*Je consens à vous devoir ce service. Noailles-Lafayette.*"

When some of her husband's property was put up for sale, she thought it right to interfere, although she could not hope to prevent it. Accordingly she went to Brionde where the auction was going on, and made public protest against "the great injustice of applying the laws on emigration to one then a prisoner in the hands of the enemies of France." And she required note to be taken of what she had done. Some of the functionaries present were touched, and offered to



insert her words in the proceedings. But she, with characteristic generosity, refused, lest it should do them harm.

When the decree of the 17th of September, for taking into custody the relatives of *émigrés*, came out, she might have escaped by soliciting an attestation of *civisme*. But the aunt with whom she was staying refused to have her *patriotism* too strongly insisted on, and therefore Madame de Lafayette resolved not to obtain better treatment for herself. Accordingly, after having looked to her servants' exemption, she was conveyed to the house of detention at Brionde. We may add, as a remarkable trait of feminine nature, that even here, and at such a moment, the numerous society of ladies confined was split up into coteries, all heartily detesting each other, and that poor Madame de Lafayette was very haughtily received by these aristocratic dames, and made to suffer for her liberal opinions. However, her winning manners ended as usual, by making friends amongst them, particularly as she joined no party, and had humbly contented herself with the company of three women in trade, who occupied a small room together.

Anecdotes of her generosity, her forgetfulness of self on all occasions, even when her heart was not at all interested, might be infinitely multiplied. When she was being transferred from Brionde to a prison in Paris, she saw sympathy awakened in one of her guard, felt he was going to propose her evasion, and feared she might not have courage to refuse on account of her children, so she would not converse with him at all, well aware of the danger that to save her would entail on him. On arriving in Paris, they learned that the revolutionary tribunal was then daily sending sixty victims to the guillotine, her fate seemed inevitable, and her conductor could not hide his emotion. She remonstrated on this useless exposure of himself, and only consented to accept his services for sending a message to a friend, desiring him and all others to cease henceforth any effort in her favor. Her doom she thought was sealed, and she did not wish to bring them into trouble. After her liberation, although in great penury, she contrived to settle all the legacies her mother had made, and this

was done ere she accomplished the wish of her heart in joining her husband. Although many of the *émigrés* had judged M. de Lafayette harshly, spoken against him, and even done him injury, she never seemed to bear any malice.

Her piety was a great support under all her afflictions. In early youth she had been much troubled with religious doubts, and even rendered quite unhappy for several years; but gradually the clouds dispersed, and her faith never afterward varied. She told her children that the greater her trials, the more prayer brought her consolation. While staying at Chavaniae, in daily fear of what might next occur, it was her custom to assemble the pious women of the village every Sunday, and make them unite with her in saying the prayers of mass, as priests were no longer allowed to celebrate; and although these meetings exposed her to several denunciations, she would not give them up. Her mother and sister were arrested through their visits to Paris for purposes of devotion: she said she could not regret the cause. During the fifty days she spent in the two prisons of La Force and Plessis in Paris, she was almost constantly expecting to be led forth to execution. When even her courage failed, as it sometimes would, she was wont to nerve herself again by repeating the first words of the Apostles' Creed. At this time it was that she wrote her will, in which we find these admirable words: "With my whole heart I forgive my enemies, if I have any; my persecutors, whoever they may be; and even the persecutors of those I love." The Psalms were constantly on her lips. When nearing Olmütz, where her husband was confined, and where at last she was to be reunited to him, as soon as her choking tears would allow of utterance, she broke out into the grateful canticle of Tobias.

Such piety naturally led to deeds of charity. She was untiring in these, whether great enterprises or minute details. Lafayette's efforts for obtaining the abolition of the slave trade were hailed by her with delight, and she set herself to work with the greatest ardor to aid him in establishing gradual emancipation for negroes, as carried out on the estate of *La belle Gabrielle*, which he had bought for this purpose at Cayenne. All the details for this undertaking were con-

ducted by her, and she kept up an active correspondence about it with the missionaries of the Holy Spirit, who were living on the spot. All the time that could be spared from family duties she devoted to the poor, visiting and assisting them in their several necessities. Indeed, her conscience was so delicate with regard to them, that she would never spend any money on her own pleasures unless absolutely necessary for social appearances.

Of course her maternal abnegation was perfect. She became a mother at sixteen, having in all three children, including one boy. When he was only six years old, she conceived that the turmoil of existence caused by his father's high position might do harm to the child, so after carefully selecting a tutor, she hired a separate little apartment for them, where she spent much of her time. "It was our happy lot to stay with her," adds Madame de Lastegrie, to whose life of her mother, just published, we owe many interesting details. Despite the maddening whirl of politics in which she lived, Madame de Lafayette never neglected anything concerning her children's welfare. In 1790, she attended to her daughter's first communion as if nothing were striving around. When her liberty was first menaced at Chavaniac, she placed them in safety and then quietly returned home to wait her own fate. During all the time she afterward passed in the country, anxiously expecting the turn affairs would take, tortured with fears for her husband—first, at the head of one of the three armies on the frontier, and then a prisoner at Olmütz, while wholesale executions were deluging France with blood—she carried on her children's education, and even attended to their amusements, walking out with them every day, and reading to them, as if no weightier cares were crushing heart and mind. Equal solicitude for their improvement was shown while she was sharing her husband's captivity. When her liberation from the prisons of Paris took place, in 1795, her first care was to dispatch her son to America, conformably to what she believed would have been his father's views. He bore with him a letter to Washington, straightforward as herself, beginning simply: "*Monsieur, je vous envoie mon fils.*"

Often and often was her warm heart doomed to bleed. She had to announce to her cousin, the Duchesse de Duras, that father and mother had both been guillotined. And soon, after months of frightful anxiety, when with the death of Robespierre had just budded forth the believing hope that her own near relations might not yet have fallen victims, she was stunned with news that mother, sister, and grandmother had all been executed together. "Thank God," she wrote to her children afterward, "that life and reason were preserved to me. Do not regret your absence at such a time. God kept me from revolt against his will, but I could not have borne the semblance of any human consolation." For some time her grief was so intense, that, forgetting all else, she could only lament not having shared their fate.

But the great and all-absorbing feeling of her life was the love she bore her husband. Her first sorrows arose at the separation from him, entailed by his taking part in the American war; and then by the blame he incurred for abandoning a wife of eighteen to devote his sword in the service of a foreign country. Her sentiments became so intensified under the various emotions she went through, that when he finally returned, after the war was over, she could not see him leave the room without being ready to faint. But she had the good sense to hide her sensations. A short space of peaceful married happiness was hers during their visit to Chavaniac, in the Haute Loire, his birthplace. And then followed the tortures of the revolution.

After Lafayette had left France, prudential considerations seemed to call on her to modify at least any outward signs of attachment toward him. But she saw things in quite an opposite light. The interests of her children had summoned her to Brionde, headquarters of the district, and some of the aristocratic ladies whom she met with there thought fit to show her marks of interest at this time. But Madame de Lafayette immediately declined them, saying she "should consider as an insult any testimony of esteem in which her husband was not included, or that tended to separate her cause from his." About the same period many wives of *émigrés*

thought it necessary for the preservation of their children's fortune, and for their own personal safety, to obtain a deed of divorce. She would not consent to shelter even her life under the semblance only of what she considered contrary to the Christian law. Nor, indeed, was it necessary to seek a religious motive, her love made her delight to recall that she belonged to him. And so she never failed to head every letter or petition, to whatsoever functionary, with the words, — "*La femme Lafayette*;" doing it with pleasure enhanced by danger.

After the death of Robespierre, when all the prisoners were being liberated, those from Plessis also were told over in turn. Each one was named, and some favorable plea was admitted for all. Madame de Lafayette appeared last, and no one dared pronounce that name; so she did it herself, proudly as ever, and was remanded for further orders from the new committee. A delay of several weeks followed, during which she suffered much from the intense cold, besides having to endure the company of members belonging to the frightful *régime* just over.

After the failure of her efforts to bring about her husband's liberation, her sole idea had been to join him. In this she at last succeeded, in the autumn of 1795. What a meeting then took place! He had been three years a captive, and, for the last two, knew nothing of what had happened. A vague report of some dreadful excesses in France had indeed reached his prison, but he could gain no further information, and was reduced to conjecture who the victims might be—perhaps some dearest to him. Suddenly, that October day, the heavy door of his dungeon was flung back at an unusual hour, and there stood the faithful, long-lost wife, with two smiling girls behind. There was much of joy, but of sorrow, too, in such a meeting. For twenty-three months longer, their gentle presence soothed M. de Lafayette.

But his brave wife's health had failed her at last in the unequal struggle with accumulated griefs; during the latter ten months of her stay, her physical suffering was intense, but she could obtain no permission to go and consult a doctor, save on the one condition of not returning, and that she refused. She was

not allowed even to attend mass in the prison; they had bad food, no forks or spoons, and no arm-chair. Madame de Lafayette went on with the education of her daughters in the best way she could, while they mended up the old clothes, made shoes, &c. She also contrived to write a life of her mother, on the margin of an odd volume of Buffon, with a toothpick for her pen, and some Chinese ink.

In 1797 the Emperor of Austria offered liberty to M. de Lafayette if he would engage never again to set foot in his dominions. The French government required this deliverance, but at the same time forbade his return to France. Lafayette declined making any such promise to Austria, lest his country might hereafter require otherwise.

When they returned to Paris in 1799 it was by her counsel that M. de Lafayette took this step without asking for a permission likely to be refused. She waited on the First Consul herself, and met with a gracious reception. After having listened to her account of the peculiarity of her husband's position, he replied: *Je suis charmé, madame, de faire votre connaissance; vous avez beaucoup d'esprit, mais vous n'entendez pas les affaires.*" Nevertheless he ended by allowing Lafayette to remain in France.

Madame de Lafayette had the satisfaction of marrying her three children happily, and the sadder solace of discovering the spot where the remains of her relatives, together with those of one thousand three hundred other victims, had been thrown. With her sisters and friends they bought the ground, and there now rises the Convent of Picpas, and nuns perpetually pray for the repose of the departed.

Then soon came the last. Her days were full. The evening of life, at least, passed calmly, happy, amidst the purest family joys. After a painful illness of several months, she expired at midnight, on Christmas, in 1807.

The old love for her husband was the same to the end. Even in her long deliriums she always knew him in some way or other, was still careful lest she might weary him by expressing affection, and only answered expansively to his fond questions.

With her own bright hopes of heaven she mingled prayers for him, and died holding his hand, having murmured for her last words—*Je suis toute à vous.*

Her end recalls another parting-scene, when that beautiful Yolande, Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld, was called away a few years ago in Paris, from the plenitude of earthly happiness. Like Madame de Lafayette, some foretaste of the joys of heaven appeared already hers; she said good-by to all, and then lingered with her husband. "Sosthène, je t'aime de tout mon cœur."

He, with suppressed agony, found courage to whisper, "Yolande, pas plus que le bon Dieu? . . . Non, non! mais tout de suite après!" And with the breath of this avowal her spirit winged its flight.

#### THE SUN'S DISTANCE.

BY J. NORMAN LOCKYER.

A SOMEWHAT important error in our measurement of the distance of the Sun from the earth has recently been discovered. It is now proved that we have been accustomed to over-estimate the distance by four millions of miles, and that, instead of ninety-five millions, the real figure is ninety-one. How this came about, the following observations are an attempt to explain:

This time last century the celebrated Captain Cook (then only Lieutenant) was on his way in H.M.S. *Endeavor* to Otaheite, to observe the transit of Venus, which took place in 1769. The observations were made in due course, not only by Cook but in Lapland, Hudson's Bay, St. Joseph, and elsewhere; and the result was a value of the Sun's distance which, after a century's existence, has just given way to a new one.

For some years this new value has been dawning upon us, for, with our modern methods and appliances, the problem is now no longer dependent upon transits of Venus for its solution. Wheatstone and Foucault have enabled us to measure the velocity of light by a chamber experiment, and, as we know how long light is in reaching us from the Sun, the Sun's distance is, as we may say, found by the rule of three. It has been so found, and appears to be less than was formerly thought.

Again, elaborate investigations into the motion of the Moon, and of Mars and Venus, have yielded evidence to Hansen and Le Verrier that the old distance was too great, and by assuming a smaller one they have brought the theoretical and observed motions into unison; finally, observations on Mars have all gone in the same direction. In fact all the modern work shows that the Sun's distance is about 91,000,000 miles, whereas the value determined in 1769 gave a distance of 95,000,000.

Now humanity has a sort of vested interest in that time-honored ninety-five millions of miles; it is not lightly to be meddled with; and in certain quarters not only was the new value altogether rejected, but astronomers were considerably twitted with their discovery that their very unit of measurement was wrong, and that to an extent of some 4,000,000 miles! although in fact, as Mr. Pritchard has ingeniously put it, the difference amounts to no more than the breadth of a human hair viewed at a distance of 125 feet.

The thing certainly was embarrassing, for the observations of 1769 were well planned, and made under fair conditions by skilled men, and further, the received value was deduced by such a man as Encke, whose reduction no one thought even of questioning. But still the closeness of the agreement *inter se* of the four independent methods to which we have referred—all of which differed from the old value—made it evident that there was something wrong somewhere—*where*, it was impossible, most people said, to know until the next transit in 1882.

One astronomer, however, has not been content to let the matter thus rest. Mr. Stone, of the Greenwich Observatory, thinking that a new discussion of the observations of 1769 must necessarily lead to a clearer view of the sources of systematic error or wrong interpretation to be guarded against in 1874 and 1882, has with infinite pains re-collected all the observations; reduced them as if they had been made yesterday; and has been rewarded by the discovery, not only of several material errors in the prior discussions, but by a value of the Sun's distance from these old observations almost identical with



that required by all the modern methods.

To understand this result, it must be remembered that the observations in 1769 were to determine how long Venus took to cross the Sun's disk at the different stations; the time would be different for each station, and the amount or difference would depend upon the Sun's distance; the nearer Venus was to the Sun the nearer would the observed times approximate to each other, since it is obvious that, if the Sun were a screen immediately behind the planet, the times observed at all stations on the Earth would be absolutely identical.

Now, to the uninitiated, this mere determination of the length of passage may seem absurdly easy, and even those who are generally acquainted with such phenomena imagine that Venus enters on the Sun as the shadow of Jupiter's satellites do on Jupiter. But this is not the case. In consequence, most probably, of the existence of a dense atmosphere round Venus, it is extremely difficult to determine when the planet appears to come into contact with the Sun, or when it is exactly just within his disk, and *vice versa*.

Before anything is seen of Venus itself that portion of the Sun on which it is about to enter appears agitated, and the planet enters, not as a sharply-defined black ball, but with a many-pointed, tremulous edge as it encroaches more and more on the Sun's disk; not only is the side of the planet further from the Sun lit up by a curious light, but a penumbra seems formed round the planet itself; and after it has really entered on the disk, the edges of the Sun and planet seem joined together by what has been variously called a black drop, ligament, or protuberance, on the rupture or breaking of which, and *not before*, the planet seems fairly off on its journey across the Sun.

It is thus very difficult to determine the exact moment of ingress or egress, and if the matter is not considered even in great detail—if all the phenomena are not absolutely acknowledged and separated—the reduction of the observation is valueless.

"The first appearance of *Venus* on the Sun" (says Cook), "was certainly only a penumbra, and the contact of the limbs did

not happen till several seconds after: this appearance was observed both by Mr. Green and me; but the time it happened was not noted by either of us: it appeared to be very difficult to judge precisely of the times that the internal contacts of the body of *Venus* happened, by reason of the *darkness of the penumbra at the Sun's limb, it being there nearly, if not quite, as dark as the planet*. At this time a faint light, much weaker than the rest of the penumbra, appeared to converge toward the point of contact, but did not quite reach it. This was seen by myself and the two other observers, and was of great assistance to us in judging of the time of the internal contacts of the dark body of *Venus* with the Sun's limb.

But when the planet enters and leaves the Sun's disk, then, two phenomena are observable—the actual contact, and the breaking of the ligament or black drop. It is clear that the duration of the transit, measured from contact to contact, would be longer than if measured from rupture to rupture. Hence it is essential that the observers at the various stations should observe the same phenomena, or that due allowance should be made if a conduct is observed at one station and a rupture at the other.

It is here that Mr. Stone's labors come in. They have been chiefly directed to a strict interpretation of the language of the former observers, having regard to these details and to the introduction of the necessary corrections just mentioned.

Hence, from what we may almost term Mr. Stone's *re-observation* of the transit of 1769—for he has more than reduced the observations, he has infused into them modern scientific accuracy—one of the most important questions in science may be looked upon as now definitely settled.

It is difficult to imagine a more beautiful instance than this of the value of one side of the scientific mind—the doubtful, the suspicious side, the side of unrest. Till now "95,000,000 miles" almost represented a dogma; for a century it has been an article of faith; and all our tremendous modern scientific appliances and power of minute inquiry might in the present instance have been rendered powerless and ineffectual for a time if this *other* scientific power had been allowed to remain dormant, or had been less energetically employed.

## CLEVER WOMEN.

THERE is nothing so elastic as our estimate of time. In the mere act of reviewing them, fifty years may swell into a huge period, or contract into a moment—the mere twinkling of an eye. In many a retrospect a lifetime is nothing—memory making past existence all one present. It may be spanned in one grasp of thought as making no difference in a man's identity, leaving him absolutely the same to his own consciousness. In another mood, and looking out of and beyond self, he sees fifty years for what they are—a good slice not only of a long life but of the life of the world. This sum of years repeated comparatively few times and we are at the first year of our Lord; and from thence, by a series of half-centuries—leaps easy to the imagination, and which a child may remember—we are at the beginning of history, at its very opening chapter. We must then conclude by all analogy that if progress is a word meaning anything, fifty years must work material and recognizable changes, and a very little reflection convinces us that they have made them. A man who has observed to any purpose for fifty years knows that he has seen some things and felt some emotions which no future age will see or feel again under similar conditions. Some portion of the energy and intellect of the world has done its task, contributed to some result; and thought and action will never be linked to the same work and end again. There is a day for everything. However momentous a point has seemed, the fluctuations of thought have passed it by for good and all in the particular phase which stirred his sympathies. He leaves the world different from what he found it. The wonder grows that the working period of one life should witness changes so vital; and reflection forces fifty years into very impressive dimensions. There are times when the difference between then and now, both in the face of things and in the pervading tone of thought, strikes him as something prodigious.

We may realize this by considering what a perplexing, uncongenial, unfamiliar world our children would find the first twenty years of this century, if by any device of magic we could plunge them into that period; how, in the first

place, they would shiver in a new sense of neglect and disregard, nobody putting them first or making all things bow to their pleasure and convenience; or indeed thinking it any great matter if a touch of life's real hardships embittered their prime. From this cold shade what would a world seem to them still hampered by difficult locomotion, bad roads, and post-chaises, horrible winter night-journeys outside stage-coaches—nights dim with the feeble illuminations of train-oil and snuffy tallow-candles; a world of intellectual trammels, where opinion was not ventilated in hall and lecture-rooms—where people thought in battalions, and the mind had its uniform to be assumed every field-day—where a man must be either Whig or Tory, Calvinist or Arminian, and compromise was contemptible—where people sat at home, and only country gentlemen amused themselves and wasted their time out of doors; a world with quite another class of absurdities, anomalies, and barbarisms from this present one—where every "respectable" powdered his head white, and every woman who would not be thought wildly eccentric hid away the first gray hair as a crime against society; a world of feeble accomplishments, where music was thought effeminate for men—a mere siren, betraying him to his destruction—and art and science generally, misleaders from the main business of life: but, for all this, a good old world to those who can recall it, or through some gifted senior have felt its influence; a world with some sense of stability still lingering about its institutions, and yet a world of fancy and romance, of Wordsworth's poetry and Scott's novels, and where the art of good talking at least was a living accomplishment—an excellent world, in fact, in spite of what the young people might think of it, for prosperous, well-to-do men and women. For this class we cannot see that progress has done much. They have lost a sense of monopoly in a good many things where monopoly, by constituting the distinction, constituted a good share of the happiness. We cannot wonder that long memories here are slow to recognize any change for the better, any progress that is not a mockery of the term, in the condition of society. The bustle and fever of competition, the struggle of

the classes beneath them, the turmoil of opinion, are to them nothing but causes of inconvenience, or matter for honest protest. When they are the spokesmen they naturally make out a case for the old state of things, and a very plausible one, from their point of view. But unfortunately, the majority of mankind belong not to the prosperous but to the struggling class.

However, these large questions only remotely concern our present subject. What the nineteenth century has done and has still to do for the masses, under the new political conditions to which they are about to be subject, we leave to more ambitious pens. What has impressed us lately, and what we would impress upon our readers, is the benign work of progress in a given period for one particular oppressed class—a class of persons for whom not even the Reform Bill of the future promises largely—who owe what they have, or hope to gain, to the more subtle, insensible action of that mysterious onward movement which plays so great a part in human affairs—we mean the class of clever women. An unpopular class—a class, at least, whom no other class particularly likes or cares to take to its bosom—who have always a hard battle to fight, but who certainly fight it now under less disadvantage than they did fifty years ago. We do not here speak, we repeat, of prosperous clever women, who have never had any battle to fight any more than dull or commonplace ones—wealth and station support alike exceptional cleverness or exceptional stupidity—but the class of able women, who are thrown upon their own resources.

But, before entering into our subject, some definition of what we mean by clever women seems to be needed. In the first place, all women who are not clever women are not to be distinguished from them by any disparaging epithet, or any expression of drawback whatever. On the contrary, especially attractive women are rarely clever in the common sense of the word; the conventional charming woman, never. With most people cleverness is applied to women as a term of veiled reproach, and not without show of reason, because it is a testimony to intellect at the expense of something distinctly feminine. The ideal woman does not reason; her processes of thought

are intuitive so far, that she can give no account how she arrives at them: if she attempts to do so, her professed reasons are palpable after-thoughts, proving that logic is at least no obtrusive faculty. She is wiser not to pretend to it. We bow to conclusions formed on no conscious data, and with nothing like argument to back them, because in her own province, though she cannot reason, she is very apt to be right. Clever women, on the contrary, throw intuition over and aim at logic. They possess the analytical faculty, and encourage it in themselves. They search into the why and the wherefore, they pursue a subject in all its bearings, they trace it to its cause, they study themselves, and, above all, they study character in others—not for a present purpose, not by the intuitive method, but as a habitual intellectual occupation. As reasoning beings they dispense with instinct, or subdue it to a subordinate capacity, which revenges itself in return by ceasing to serve their personal needs, leaving them to work out the details of conduct by the light of their boasted reason: a revenge indeed. We all perceive, who have any experience of self-consciousness, what a poor exchange must be a constant appeal to the will or the judgment in the minor actions of life, for the promptings of habit and intuition in natures finely tuned, where the mind does not speculate but act, comprehending just as much of the persons and things encountered as is necessary for success, and no more. Knowing too much and thinking too much are alike fatal to charm.

When we would define a clever woman, we mean something almost as distinct from a sensible, a well-informed, or even an intelligent woman, as from the conventional charming woman. What a clever woman sees, hears, acquires in any way, assimilates itself, undergoes a certain transmutation, and can never be reproduced as a mere act of memory. Something of herself hangs about it. She puts it in a new point of sight. A process of classification is for ever going on. Whatever the mind receives is at once placed, and goes to the elucidation of a view, or is recognized as a new experience, and its relation to all received knowledge is traced out. It is this that dignifies the veriest gossip of the clever

woman. Her philosophy may be fallacious, but news, chatter, scandal—whatever it is—goes through a process, under her handling, giving it an affinity with a history or study of human nature; so distinguishing it from the common gossip well defined by Monseigneur Dupanloup in his "Studios Woman," where he says: "I cannot approve of all the impressions produced by material objects and the incidents of life being immediately expressed, and requiring an equally immediate answer. Minds thus are always laid bare to each other—they are never concentrated themselves, and they never allow others to be concentrated. One thinks aloud because one thinks little."

These habits of thought give to the clever woman an irrepressible independence, a fancy to play her own game. However much she desires the approval of men, which she may do very eagerly, her mode of obtaining it is not deferential. It is by showing what is in herself, not by an engaging conformity. The masculine mind is not felt a necessary complement to her own. She is no mistress of the flattery of unconscious submission. A woman's eyes are never so beautiful as when they look up; the eyes of *her* mind are not prone to assume this appealing grace. With unfeminine awkwardness, she probably does not see what she is about; even though she does, the distinctive qualities of her mind must have their way. But we may say that the intellectual exercises for which we give her credit are incompatible with tact in any exquisite degree—not inconsistent with appreciating tact, about which she may be able to say a great many clever things, but with this subtle power as an instrument for use. She aims at too much; her mind is too excursive. She does not accept a limited province as especially her own. The ideal woman confines herself to her circle, her family, her home, and herself as the centre of all. Within this restricted range the mind's touch is endued with an exquisite sensibility, because it is restricted. In larger, remoter questions, tact and instinct go for nothing—they are consciously at fault; and therefore all that concerns art, literature, politics, religion, and all great public questions, are accepted by the "very woman," from lover,

husband, or whatever man is selected as guide, with real implicitness and docility, however these submissive qualities may be veiled with a feint of choice and self-will. This graceful homage it is not in the power of the clever woman to offer. Whatever her judgment and her opinion is worth (and it is not necessarily worth much), the fatal gift of thinking is hers. Even if she were to feed on the air of blind trust it would not become her—her unlucky talents cut her off from the tenderest form of sympathy.

And yet these awkward, so-called unfeminine strivings after the intellectual, seen in every age since the revival of learning, should merit some sympathy if it were only for the obstacles they have successfully overcome. How have they been received? Now, it is not reasonable in women to expect men to be so far attracted by exceptional ability in them as to consent to merge their own individuality in it. Superior intellect can scarcely be what is called attractive. A man is wise to desire to remain intellectual head of his own home, nor do things go quite as they should do where the disproportion of intellect is conspicuously on the wife's side. In the view of two making a complete whole, the woman is not a better complement to the man for being very much above, or for having an intellectual side apart from him, clamoring for expression. But where there is no danger of being swamped by feminine cleverness, how have intellectual men—men who know what it is to "make thinking part of their diversion"—who despise their fellow-men who live on the alms-basket of borrowed opinion—how have they treated the same diversion in women? If clever or learned women have ever hoped for the praise of men in reward for their trouble, the very simplicity of their vanity should have made men lenient; and instead, what brutality of contempt has assailed them, and from all points. Swift, who loathed the vacuity of the women of fashion of his time, thought nothing but bad of them, and talks of

"Seeds long unknown to womankind—  
For manly bosoms worthy, fit—  
The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit;"

who complains that not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand could read or understand her own natural tongue, or be



judge of the easiest book that could be written in it, or read it without mangling the sense, or acquire the art of spelling all her life long; and who resents the utter want of interest in the poor soul for any rational conversation, turning, as she would do, from the instructive talk of men—*his* talk, perhaps—to consult with the woman that sits next her, on the last cargo of fans; Swift, whose only receipt against the nonsense and frippery of women is to advise every woman he cared for to renounce the companionship of her sex—with what a sledge-hammer does he descend on the women who, tired of this frippery, take a line of their own, and, instead of being mere listeners, attempt to be wise on their own account! “I know very well,” says he to his fair correspondent, “that those who are commonly called learned women have lost all manner of credit by their impertinent talkativeness and conceit of themselves; but there is an easy remedy for this, if you come to consider that, after all the pains you may be at, you can never arrive in point of learning to the perfection of a schoolboy.” But this is not so bad as the warning of sleeker moralists, who counselled women very seriously against any exercise of mind because men did not like it, and it stood in the way of their getting married. Any stain for woman’s pretty fingers but the stain of ink! was the cry of fifty years ago, and had been for a century at least. Clever women have had a sad time of it since literature was literature, and perhaps, for the reasons we have suggested, not without fault of their own. Singularity suits no one, and especially it does not suit women. Now we think progress has done this for them — cultivated cleverness no longer provokes to conceit or eccentricity. The whole sex has made intellectual advance. There must always be fools, but we know no *class* of simpletons to be addressed as “beauteous innocents,” and openly cajoled into piety by Fordyce’s argument, that never does a fine woman strike more deeply than when composed into pious recollection. At all times, by throwing off the reserve and retirement becoming their sex, women could both assert and prove their powers; but progress has relieved them from an enormous disadvantage. They can use them, and even

turn them to account now, naturally, quietly, and as a matter of course, without exciting injurious notice, without instilling such a sense of oddity and singularity as to affect the manner, and often more than the manner, detrimentally; either through conceit, or shyness, or effrontery, or simple awkwardness, and contempt for the graces of the sex—a contempt which comes to no woman by nature, but which has often been assumed, in hopeless defiance.

Not that critics have given up the subject of the nature and limits of women’s intellect. On the contrary, it sometimes would appear that Pope’s aphorism is reversed, and that the proper study of mankind is *woman*. We counted no fewer than three articles in a late number of a popular journal devoted to this one theme, and penned with a caustic earnestness of purpose that suggests a division of the sexes beyond the pale of ritualism. Nor have women themselves ceased to damage their own cause. All the folly, in fact, of both sexes has exercised itself on the position of women. Lecturers, male and female, discuss woman, her nature and her mission, as though she were some abstract animal, instead of being half the human race; while not a few transcendentalists despise a partnership of rights to assert an aptitude for universal dominion, and would reduce man to the servitude of which Cuddie Headrigg was so sensible, who had all his life been trodden down by women. “There was first my mither, then there was Leddy Margaret, did na let me ca’ my soul my ain; and now I hae gotten a wife, and she’s like to tak’ the guiding o’ me a’thegither.” Jenny only anticipates much feminine pretension of our age in her reply, “And amna I the best guide ever ye had in a’ your life?”

It is wonderful, indeed, that the clamorers for women’s rights, whether in America or at home, have not told more injuriously than they have upon the steady advance in power and position of rational feminine intellect; of clever women, who accept their powers for what they are, and turn them to domestic, social, and marketable account, as they would rank, fortune, or any other providential gift, and with no more spirit of bravado or fear of outraging convention than men experience.

It is within fifty years that a woman of unusual parts has been able to give her intellect its fullest development in its most appropriate field, and yet live in society without having her occupations treated as a bar of separation. This is a step indeed, and a greater approach to the equality of the sexes, so much talked of by transcendental ladies, than anything yet arrived at. It is a late triumph of womanhood that a woman should write as an habitual occupation, and yet have no sense of being a star or a special object of attention on that account. It is this class who form the real protection of their sex against the satire and cynicism which every attempt at intellectual advance has always awakened.

The world has never been without its authoresses; the impulse is too natural for absolute repression. But their position before this period was not an enviable one, unless backed by wealth and social position, which indorses everything; and they were so few in number, and so marked by circumstances—some which they could not help, and some of their own making—that quiet women, whatever their ability, shrank from connection with them. In his "Family Pen," Isaac Taylor notes it as an intellectual peculiarity of midland counties' Dissent that an authoress found an honorable and natural place among its members, and could retain her distinctly feminine character among them. Miss Austen so recoiled from the publicity which at her time was associated with authorship, that she rigidly declined using her success as an entrance to brilliant society, and refused to meet Madame de Staël, regarding such an encounter as a step out of the seclusion which she valued more than fame. Practically speaking, the only resource for intellectual and accomplished women, driven to do something for their support, was tuition; neither imagination nor experience had any other suggestion. The ordinary grievance attached to this solitary refuge is, that women are driven to it whose intellect is not equal to the demands of such a calling. These we pity very much; but it is so much in the nature of things that feebleness and incompetence should be at a nonplus when thrown upon their own

resources, that we can hardly look forward to a state of society when it shall be otherwise: nor do we consider the suggestion of "S. G. O." to all poor and helpless ladies to turn ladies'-maids, however plausible, a practical solution of the difficulty, as there are probably more incompetent governesses than there are fine ladies open to their services. But our present business is with a much smaller and more select class—with ladies who are not too stupid, but too clever and original, for governesses. All that approaches to genius and originality cannot be imparted—not even the faculty of analysis; while these innate powers constantly interfere both with aptitude and inclination for teaching, which is necessarily slow in its processes. A good scholar makes good scholars, and in lesser feminine degree, all accuracy and definiteness of knowledge can communicate itself. All that we term acquirement can be passed on, but qualities ingrain and special are in a main degree incommunicable. In a general sense, of course, it is elevating to live with superior minds, and an immense advantage to have free intercourse with them—that is, if there are kindred qualities in the recipient; but the position of a governess, bound by her contract to impart specific instruction, interferes with this indirect, accidental benefit. People must be absolutely free to choose their own methods, and they must be independent and master of the position, to influence others through their choicest, most individual gifts.

The master and mistress of a household ought to be the heads of it. A great deal of inevitable injustice follows where this is not the case, and clever subordinates find themselves kept down by inferior intelligences. In fact, the ideal governess ought not to be a student of character in any marked degree. None of us, if we knew it, would receive a stranger into our household to whom all our faults and weaknesses would soon be a printed book. Such misplaced discernment must be a source of suspicion and unhappiness to all parties. Nor should the governess occupy herself too sedulously with the characters of the children under her charge. The habit of reading character often tends to a sort of fatalism, and is opposed to that

passion for instilling and imparting and molding which constitute the born teacher. Yet these inconvenient qualities, exercised in an appropriate field, constitute the great charm and chief power of many a successful authoress, who is likely also to be a much more amiable character when her gifts bring her credit and fortune, than when they keep her, according to her temperament, in perpetual hot water or anxious mistrust.

We have been led into this train of thought by the reperusal of a little book once familiar to us which chance brought again in our way. It is dated forty years back, and contains an experience of governess-life of fifty or sixty years since. It bears the expressive title of "Dependence," and consists of a series of genuine letters detailing the feelings and events of a course of anxious years. There is a graphic power and an unmistakable reality about these letters which constitute them a piece of autobiography of no common merit. The impression we get of the writer from the book itself is confirmed by the mention we find of her in a short record of travel written several years later by an American Professor, who became acquainted with the lady as wife of his uncle, the clergyman to whom most of the letters in "Dependence" are addressed. He finds her the presiding genius of an English parsonage, every inmate of which charms him. Of her he says: "My aunt's powers of conversation were such as it has not been my good fortune to see surpassed. Her tender sympathy for suffering, her strong love of justice, her lofty scorn of oppression, at once flashed in her eye, glowed in her cheek, and trembled in her utterance. Though remarkable for that self-possession so common to all well-bred persons in England, the thrilling earnestness of her deeper tones reminded me of what I had read of the conversation of Mrs. Siddons." This is a picture of a remarkable woman, but not one best fitted for the only work the time found her to do. The letters, in fact, would be too painful in some of their humiliating details, but for the novel-like consummation, marriage—which is imminent as we close the page. We venture to illustrate our subject by some extracts from the book in

question, the more readily that it seems to have failed to excite attention at the time of its publication; though short extracts can never do justice to a flowing epistolary pen, especially when held by female hand. We learn that the writer is the daughter of a clergyman—a scholar, and with habits acquired by intercourse with persons of higher rank and wealth than his own—who, dying while his three daughters were scarcely more than children, left them wholly unprovided for, and without those accomplishments indispensable for the prizes of governess-life. We can all remember how Miss Austen's immortal Mrs. Elton discusses these prizes. "With your superior talents," she says to Jane Fairfax, "you have a right to move in the first circles. Your musical knowledge alone would entitle you to name your own terms and have as many rooms as you like, and mix in the family as much as you choose; that is—I do not know—if you knew the harp you might do all that, I am very sure. But you sing as well as play. Yes, I really believe you might, even without the harp, stipulate for what you choose. Of all houses in the kingdom, Mrs. Bragge's is the one I would most wish to see you in. Wax-candles in the schoolroom—you may imagine how desirable." It was the want of the harp, and the singing, and so forth, that condemned the lady before us to do without the wax-candles of governess-life. And we see it is inevitable. Her powers, such as they are, excite interest; but she could not supply a definite demand. Thus she writes of her first application, at the age, as we guess her at, of little more than twenty: "I could not honestly tell Mrs. Danvers [we supply a body to initial letters, which confuse the reader of the book itself] that I was competent in any way to the instruction of girls so far advanced as she represents her eldest daughters; but my ignorance of music was the bar she could not get over. The correspondence that I had with Mrs. Danvers prepossessed me very much in her favor. After writing her an account of myself, and all my wonderful perfections, she says—'I have perused and reperused your letter, with increased regret that such a mind should be rejected merely for the sake of frivolous

accomplishments.' " She is conscious of talent, but it never seems the right sort for the calling she is forced into. "What shall I do?" she asks. "Am I always destined to undertake things which I am incapable of performing? I am half inclined even now to write and tell Mrs. Venn all I know of my incapacities and deficiencies. I did not willingly deceive her, if I have done it. I am aware there is something about me which gives people a higher idea of my qualifications than they merit. I do, from the bottom of my heart, lament this; for I see no good in being able to impose upon people. It is a talent I possess in common with Miss Teach'em; there is only this difference—she does it from design; I never advance a syllable for the purpose."

The Miss Teach'em here mentioned is put before her as a model governess. Her able dissection of this character points out another vocation for the young aspirant, if such had been open to her.

"She spoke to me without reserve, and she seemed perfectly to understand the present state of things. 'Pretension is the order of the day,' she said, 'and those who cannot make any must not expect to succeed.' I am sure she is right. I need only look at that odious Miss Teach'em to be convinced of it. She is all pretension, and see how she succeeds in establishing her own importance! I see more of her than of anybody, I think. I believe it is Burns who complains somewhere, that if he happens to like a few persons they are scattered all over the world directly; whereas, if there be a miscreant that he hates heartily, he is sure to be pushed against him in one way or other all through life. I hope I shall not be pushed against Miss Teach'em all through life. I could hardly help smiling the other day when Mrs. Lane, in pure kindness, invited her here to bear me company in their absence. I found it quite impossible to convince her that I had much rather be alone. She told me I ought to derive so much benefit from the society of such a person, and so on.

"Well, I thought I would try to extract some good from her, as a sort of reward for the penance I was doomed to undergo in her society the whole day long. I thought she might perhaps be able to give me some hints on the best means of managing children. I would not learn her art of managing their parents if I could; and yet that, I believe, is the secret of her success. I tried in vain. She really can do nothing but talk; and all her talk is about herself and her plans, and what

people have said of them, and how wonderfully she had succeeded wherever she had been, and how anxious all parents were to have her. I sat silently wondering that she should think it worth while to pretend even before me; but long habit has made it her nature. What a labor and toil it must have been to her at first to *make believe* all the day long! It is well for her that the parents of her pupils are more easily induced to believe in the wonderful merits she lays claim to than I am. Education with her consists in learning a certain number of lessons and languages. I said something of the cultivation of the mind and improvement of the character, but she gave me to understand that a governess had nothing to do with these. I said I had thought they were of the first consequence. 'Oh, certainly;' but she assured me, and perhaps too truly, that parents always inquired more particularly about what accomplishments you could teach their children than what principles you would implant in them."

Tutors and governesses cannot help being unjust toward the parents. They assume, from the fact that principles are more important than accomplishments, that their own shortcomings should be excused on condition of implanting a higher tone of feeling; but parents naturally expect to infuse this through their own influence. It is in the technicalities of education that they want assistance. These technical deficiencies seem to have thrown the lady out of the beaten track of governess-life, and sometimes brought her into circumstances more favorable to the cultivation of a remarkable letter-writing talent, than to present ease and comfort. She never falls into commonplace situations or among commonplace people. The first family she engages herself to is Irish; fashionable and even elegant in manner, but disorderly and Irish to a typical and, we believe, obsolete degree; where an appeal to the maid for a window-blind is most complacently answered by a petticoat; where her missing clothes for the wash are found, after long search, transmuted by the servants into a pillow; and

"where, from the drawing-room to the kitchen, nothing is in order—everything is done by chance; and for our daily food we are at the mercy of a dirty-looking old Irish-woman, who presides in the kitchen in the quality of cook—and she resembles nothing I ever saw before in human shape. She might do duty for one of the witches in Macbeth, without any dressing but her ordinary attire.



Well, after two or three days, imagine me sitting at two o'clock waiting for the children's dinner to be sent up. The footman knows nothing about it, but calls to the kitchen. 'Sure, the mistress never ordered any!' 'Well, send up something.' 'But there is nothing.' At length, after a good deal of subterranean grumbling, the scraps of the day before are sent up. . . . But this is nothing to the want of fire. Twice in the first month of my being here we had no fire in the school-room, because the mistress had forgotten to order any coals, and there were not enough in the house to cook the dinner. Only imagine me wrapt up in shawls, and the poor children with benumbed fingers, and their mamma assuring them 'that being cold was all a fancy—young people ought to be warm;' and then asking if the carriage was ready; for somehow or other she never forgets to order *that*, however short her memory about other things."

And yet this mamma is so particular about the true Parisian accent that the children are not allowed to read French to their English governess. The book furnishes half-a-dozen effective openings for a lady's novel. There is the distinct portraiture of the central figures of the scene, set off by a felicitous choice of surrounding detail, never degenerating into that catalogue of inventory minuteness so often fatal to epistolary description: there is that fine confidence in the reading of a physiognomy so essential to the novelist, however undesirable as a practical guide; that eye for character, that passion for human nature under any trappings, that *aplomb* and decision of opinion, that general sharpness of definition and distinctness of view, whether into things or notions, which we see in the born author, and which contribute to make the pen a natural and at once familiar instrument to minds of this order, who can extract a flavor of romance and adventure out of the driest forms of life. However silent and solitary the hours passed by this wasted novelist in the evening seclusion of her schoolroom, the day has generally furnished her with some subject for the evening letter which is to hold her in communion and sympathy with her kind. Here is an episode. An Irish apple-woman at a stall round the corner excites her attention. The old woman presents an apple to the children of her compatriots, and refuses payment, because it does her heart good to see the ladies

step into their elegant carriage every day. This disinterestedness is enough to awaken our young friend's sympathy and curiosity. After a time she learns her history, which she amuses herself with reporting to her friend.

"I then asked her what I had long wished to know, how she came to leave a country that she loved so much, and to take up her abode here? She told me she was a widow with one son, and he left her to seek his fortune in London. She heard from him sometimes, and she had reason to fear he had formed some bad connections; so she sold all that she had, and came over with a good bit of money to take care of him. She found her son on the point of marriage with a very worthless woman that he had found in the streets. She tried to break off the match, but she could not. 'Mother,' said he, 'I love her; I love her even better than I do you.' 'Hard words these were for a mother to hear; but I made up my mind not to leave my poor lad, for I saw that he was ensnared past help. So he married her, and I lived with them, and kept my own money in my purse at the bottom of my box; and sometimes his wife would be a bit kind to him, and then my heart was all open to her; and then she would keep out all night with her bad friends, and my poor lad, when he came home, would lay his head down upon the table for hours together, and when he looked up he would say, 'Mother, don't look at me.' Sometimes he would say, 'I shall not bear this long,' for he felt within him that it could not last. I was always there when he came home from his work, and he did not sicken for the want of anything; but he pined away—his heart was broken within him.

"Just before he died his wife came in. She had been away for several days, for she never came home but when she wanted to get some money. She looked at him as he lay in bed, and she seemed to know how it was without asking, for she went to his clothes and felt in the pockets. He saw her, and he tried to speak, but the words died in his throat. She muttered a curse on my poor boy as he lay dying, because there was no money in his pockets, and she went out of the room. I did not heed where she went, nor could I, when the lad fixed his eyes on me, and grasped my hand and died. Well, I thought I would bury him decently, for I had still a bit of money in my purse; but when I came to look, neither purse nor money was there. She had gone to my box when she found no money in his pocket, and she had not left me sixpence. For all that, he had a decent burial; and I sold all that I could, and with the help of my friends I got this sitting, which I had set my heart upon because it is so near to the churchyard where

my boy lies; and every night, before I go home, I go down and look at his grave—it comforts my heart to see so much of him.”

The old woman's story goes on to say that she might return to her own country, for lately she had recognized a gentleman compromised in the Irish rebellion, who, to get her out of London, had offered to pay her expenses back; but “I could not leave my boy. Where his bones lie, there shall mine lie.”

“Now I hope,” the warm-hearted narrator goes on to say—“now I hope this story will touch you more than it did Mrs. O'Brien. I was quite full of it, and expected I should certainly do the poor creature some good by telling her. She heard me with listless apathy, and only ‘wondered how I could stop to talk to an old apple-woman in the street.’ ‘She is just at the door—at least just at the corner.’ ‘Oh yes; I know where she is. I am surprised that these kind of persons are suffered to set up their stalls in the street. She cannot expect much custom for her apples in such a neighborhood as this.’ ‘The churchyard is just at the bottom of the street, where her son—’ ‘Oh yes, I remember; and you are simple enough to believe her story.’ I said not another word. I *looked*, for I felt ashamed of myself; but it was at having made such a mistake as to tell my story to *her*. I could pledge my life on the truth of the old woman, and so would you if you had heard her tell the story herself.”

The girl who could write this story would be sure to tell it well; so that she might well wonder at Mrs. O'Brien's apathy; but still we see powers misapplied. Conversational gifts need an appropriate field. We have been told lately that nobody can tell a story well without the vantage-ground of position. We can hardly imagine eloquence of any kind more painfully deprived of its chances than in the position of an English governess. Not venturing across the seas with her Irish employer, we have further insight into the experience, so popular in fiction, so painful and often humiliating in real life, of seeking a new situation. A dependent's involuntary study of character imparts no courage, nor, in fact, any practical advantage. “I never see a cloud on any one's brow,” she somewhere says, “that I do not expect it to burst on my head.” This poor young thing trembles under the ordeal of interviews with cold un pitying strangers, and indemnifies her-

self for what she undergoes by the necessary relief of a narrative of looks, tones, and bargainings ending in disappointment. Her powers are recognized—but they only involve her in hard tasks. Relying upon them, a certain religious patroness betrays her into the family of a virago terrible to live with. The children are being brought up as heathens, though the father is a distinguished professor; and a religious profession with our young friend excites a reverence and admiration which often curiously clash with her irrepressible penetration. As she approaches her unknown sphere of action, oppressed with nervous fears, she exclaims, “Why should I tremble so much? Why should I have such a horror of the place? They are but human beings that I am about to encounter; and have I not been told on *very good authority* that the tone of my voice is sufficient to interest any one and subdue all things?” But her misgivings are prophetic. After a terrible journey by land and sea, she arrives late before a dismal house—“painted black, I thought.”

“The parlor-door was opened, and I saw my two pupils, who sat in mute amazement by the fire. Their mother then rose and pushed a chair toward me in a most awkward and ungracious manner. I had not been used to see such uncouthness: and not quite certain of her identity, I said, with a slight courtesy, ‘I presume I have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Sowerby.’ ‘Yes,’ she grumbled in an indistinct manner; but that was owing, perhaps, to the loss of her front teeth. I could not disguise from myself that my coming was very unwelcome to her, if I might interpret her most forbidding manner and looks. I sat for a few minutes in silence, most devoutly hoping that all my fancied skill in physiognomy might prove false; for if either I or Lavater have an atom of truth in our science, there never was a more unpropitious countenance for a poor dependent to contemplate.

“Finding she had taken up the poker to mend the fire, which wanted no such assistance, I fancied her silence might proceed from the mere awkwardness of a person unused to strangers; so I continued to hope Mr. Sowerby was well. ‘Yes, he is well enough. He ought to have been in the way, but he seldom is when he is wanted. He knew you were coming to-day, but he said the water would be so rough you could not cross.’ This was delivered with effort, and in a most ungracious manner; but it opened a subject for me to speak upon, so I told the horrors of my journey, to all of which she made little or no

reply. Almost in despair, I began to try my powers upon the children, but they were equally chilling and inaccessible. I had just settled it in my own mind that I had never seen such children before, and that both they and their mother were more disagreeable than anything I had ever imagined, when the door opened, and their father entered. He is a middle-aged man, of a most kind and benign aspect; his whole face was radiant with good-nature. Neither his mind nor his manners have had much cultivation. He has never, as he has since told me, been to any school; but he is well versed in the school of Christ. There he had learned to extend the hand of kindness and even welcome to a stranger. . . . I inquired about Mrs. St. Clair; and the only time that the lady of the house joined in the conversation was when she observed, with some eagerness, that she had been some days on the other side of the water, but *she* was afraid to cross in such weather—meaning evidently to infer that it was a most unfeminine thing in *me* to come; and she looked all manner of reproach at me. I could hardly help smiling, even in the very bitterness of my heart; but I said something of my inexperience of the water having made me courageous, perhaps from not knowing the danger. How shall I vegetate with such a woman? How came I here? Against her will, I must suppose; and how strange that seems! My position here is a most extraordinary one."

In fact, Mr. Sowerby and Mrs. St. Clair between them had smuggled a governess into the house; and she is instructed that it is her duty to stay so long as she feels she is doing good to the children. These children tell her that mamma says papa is a Methodist. "And what is a Methodist, my dear?" "I don't know," said the little creature; "but I think it is a naughty thing." "But you do not think your papa is naughty?" she repeated. "Mamma says he is a Methodist." I only answered, "Your papa is a good man."

Mr. Sowerby has a miserable time of it. But we should pity him the more but for one fact that comes out. She sits and wonders at first how such a marriage ever came about, but suppose he married her at an age when

"Folly and innocence are so alike;

The difference, though essential, fails to strike."

But adds, before long—

"I must tell you I have heard it said that he deserves the bitter cup he is drinking, for he threw away an affection that would have

NEW SERIES.—VOL. IX., No. 1.

made him happy. He met with this woman when there was some little difference between him and the other. She was a forsaken old maid, and her connections being higher than his own, he was pleased with the attentions they paid him. He was flattered by the advances she made, and her friends all helped to persuade him she was in love with him, for they had long found her a disagreeable burden upon their hands; so in an evil hour he married her. 'Oh what wretches [this to the lover] you men are, even the very best! I have thought a great deal of that faithful love which has induced the poor forsaken lady to remain single. I think if I could meet with her I should be tempted to let her know how amply she is avenged,'"

A fear of being thought changeable by her friends, and the horror of having to seek for a new home, induce her to remain while it is possible. She has friends in the neighborhood, spends the day at Christhouse, and Lady Bertram and the rest are so kind and cordial that she feels quite at ease, and, "as you would call it," has great success in talking. Her patroness addressing the young ladies about her—"Now you see the truth of what I have often told you, the great advantage of the society of clever and sensible men. Miss C. has had this advantage." And, in fact, Miss C. (our friend) owns to a liking for gentlemen's society. "Tell it not in the marketplace," she writes to Miss Dash, "but I like the conversation of men better than that of women. Besides, men do not so much ask what you know as what you are; and then they are so conveniently blind to all the faults of our sex but those of pedantry and dogmatism—they fancy themselves so quick-sighted in judging of character, and it is so amusing to see how easily they are deceived." The redoubtable Mrs. Sowerby in time becomes unbearable; so, greatly to the regret of the father of her pupils, she leaves. But her experience of the intolerable is to be further extended. Some very rich people living in a splendid house want a governess, she is recommended to them, and is invited to dine and to be looked at.

"About five o'clock on Monday I set out to walk through the snow to this splendid mansion. I was ushered into the drawing-room, where I found Mrs. Tempest a very pleasing woman. She received me with great kindness and cordiality. There was a timidity and nervous trepidation about her whole manner

which surprised me till I had seen her husband. I sat with her for some time alone; at length dinner was announced, and as I rose to accompany her, she said, 'I *do* hope you will agree with Mr. Tempest. I will do everything I can to make you comfortable.' I had begun to hope till I saw him, and then I soon understood that he was in very deed lord and master, and she was the very dust of the earth.

"He was already seated at the dinner-table, and desired us both to take our seats as quickly as possible, for he had waited long enough for his dinner. Now I thought that we had been waiting for *him*, and Mrs. Tempest ventured to say that he was later than usual in returning home, and she had been quite faint with staying so long. He was graciously pleased to wonder what business women who stayed at home and did nothing had to want any dinner! I thought I had never seen such a bear; however, I said to myself, 'Let me not judge hastily—he is hungry, and out of humor;' so, after eating voraciously, he began to be what he called agreeable. 'So, ma'am,' he said, addressing me, 'I hear you have determined to leave Mr. Sowerby. He is a good sort of man enough, but I understand she is a terrible tigress.' This was a subject on which I did not choose to converse; and as he seemed to expect an answer, I said that I left Mrs. Sowerby in about a month. 'So you don't choose to tell tales out of school. Well, I like you all the better for that; and, to tell you the truth, I don't want to hear them—quite enough to manage one's own wife; but this I *will* say, that if Mr. Sowerby would take a leaf out of my book, I'll venture to say he would soon cure his wife of all her devilry.'

"He went on in this way with very little interruption from either his meek and timid wife or myself. The children came to my relief. He took occasion to observe that they would have been very well if they had not been spoiled by the folly of their mother—'but all that you will correct,' he said. 'I wish them to be well educated, for they will all have very handsome fortunes, and I wish them to make a figure in the world.' After going on some time in a very magnificent way, thinking, I suppose, that he had sufficiently astonished my weak mind, he proceeded to 'my business,' as he called it—the pounds, shillings, and pence.

"Oh! it is impossible to give you any idea of his grossness. If he had been driving a bargain at Smithfield he could not have been worse. 'I tell you what, ma'am, I think your terms very high; you must lower them down to mine, and then I shall give you twenty pounds more than I ever meant to give, or than you have any right to expect.' I was perfectly calm and self-possessed; and as I had been preparing to come away, I said,

'Then, sir, I believe I have no occasion to trouble you any further. I wish you good evening.' 'What! you won't come down? Now take my advice—take a week to consider. No *woman* is capable of coming to a right judgment under a week.' His wife pressed near and said, 'Only consider, Mr. Tempest, how very little it is for our income.' I thought he would have knocked her down. 'Do you think I don't know what I am about, Mrs. Tempest? Don't you know that I can have a governess sent from town for half or quarter of what I propose—aye, many that would jump at such a chance? I am not going to be bamboozled, I promise you.' I made my parting courtesy, but he followed me into the hall, assuring me that I did not know what I was about, and repeating that he should expect to hear from me in a week, and 'then, if I am not mistaken, you will see your own interest, ma'am, too well to refuse.' I said 'I will have the pleasure of writing to Mrs. Tempest on Monday next,' and came away.'

These are trying encounters to have to report to a lover, longing, but as yet unable, to offer the independence of a home. But there are other themes for her correspondence. She has to give her views of young ladies—on their duties, and on feminine manner and sentiment generally—on which she has opinions as defined and mature as on everything else. We are allowed to gather that the young curate, to whom these letters are mainly addressed, is an attractive person to the ladies; and as it is thought expedient not to talk of an engagement which may be indefinite, our friend has evidently some uneasy moments, which lend a force to her contempt and abhorrence of all unfeminine display of interest in his direction. These were the days when defiance of propriety took the form of German sentiment instead of the fastness of modern manners. We are led to suppose, from the reflections we encounter here, that in the higher middle-class society of that day there was fully as much room for the strictures of thoughtful or severe judges of manner as now, though it is common among us to attribute an outpouring of giddy disregard to old-fashioned proprieties as a special token of modern degeneracy. Very much excellent sense is uttered in these pages of which the following sentence, worthy of Miss Edgeworth, may be taken as a specimen. She is commending a sister "who has very strong affections, but is quite free



from that sort of passionate disposition which would make her 'fall in love,' as the common phrase is. If you observe the female characters that fall in your way, you will find that a woman of strong passion has always a cold heart. I do not know if the rule is the same with the other sex, but I have never seen an exception to it in my own. A woman of fiery passions is happily a monster, and she is invariably destitute of natural affection." Our friend in the solitude of her school-room might well be anxious on this score for a lover in the world. What that solitude was, and the failure of all intellectual resource, is sometimes told with a force which accounts to us for the unpleasing traits so often connected with the conventional governess. It is not a training to make woman amiable, especially where there is no way out of the life visible even to hope. "I may talk upon paper," she says, "but I am now many hours, I might almost say days, without hearing the sound of my own voice. Who would take me for the same Miss C., who at Bath was not expected to be silent for five minutes?" Again: "This has been a trying summer to me. I have not, it is true, had my usual anxiety of seeking where to be, but I have tasted all the horrors of complete solitude. We never go beyond the garden; and I have sometimes felt that I should be afraid to go beyond its walls. The children are seldom with me except in school-hours, and there is not one single human being with whom I can exchange a word like conversation." At another time: "I sometimes see gay company, morning visitors or dinner company, walking below. I hear them talk and laugh, but I feel no wish to join them. I seem as if I had said, 'Of laughter, it is folly; and of mirth, what doeth it?' I remain still studying my book of arithmetic, and I close it sometimes, and cannot help sighing for a little society." The want of books oppresses her—a much more common ally to dulness than now. "I declare," she writes at one time, "I have never seen anything in the shape of a modern publication since I have been in the house, except 'A Treatise on that very prevalent Disease, a Scald Head.' As famished people will prey on garbage, I seized it with avidity, and actually read it through." A good

many people now-a-days may not read much more than when Murray's Grammar, Meditations for the Aged, and Blair's Sermons, were the only books to be found in an elegant drawing-room; but they secure an atmosphere of books by subscribing to a library and taking in a few serials. And it is just this atmosphere that our poor friend in the days we live in would have found it her vocation to help in forming, instead of drearily conning her multiplication table.

Holding firm to her decision in spite of Mr. Tempest's prophecies, she accepts a new situation in the country, frankly owning her regret that it is the country. "Yes, indeed, I do," she says to her romantic lover; "I am not sufficiently enamored of the banks of this romantic stream to wish for nothing else. I like the human face divine infinitely better. I dare say you are all amazement—shocked and disgusted. I insist upon it that you believe, notwithstanding, that I have just as much taste for the sublime and beautiful, and just as high a relish for the beauties of nature, as you your very self; and if I were independent, I should be just as sublime a character, and sigh as much after green fields and shady groves and falling floods; but being, as I am, kneaded into the common mass, obliged to conform to the humors and habits and tastes and caprices of everybody that I come near, not suffered even to think my own thoughts, I do confess that I had much rather see a variety of men and women than all the trees and floods and hills in the country."

Here she finds a fairly happy refuge in a valley of Forges, but so far removed from the outer world and its interests that only the vicar and the curate furnish external excitement. But there is a relaxation of that rule of solitude which secludes the governess of society proper. She is received with honor and estimated as a godsend. Within doors, however, the old nurse is the only portrait drawn with any elaborateness. Outside there are all sorts of clerical foibles to analyze: first, the vicar, a good man, but whose vanity and jealousy of his curates is a pretty piece of human nature; then the curates, whom, in the security of pre-engaged affections, she can lift off the pedestals on which the rest of the valley placed them. It is curious to see how

the veriest prig can make way, in spite of ridicule, into a position of importance where he is the only man. The letters have so much about this Mr. Mann that her correspondent does not quite like it; for this prig can preach, and has his real side; and she is not awed by the sanctimonious horror he shows of anything but hymn-singing, but boldly laughs at him, till she believes he thinks her the veriest heathen that ever was born, and calls her lively; pronouncing *lively* as if it included every sin in the decalogue. and, in the meanwhile, one of the "most pious and excellent girls I ever met with—she scarcely read anything but her Bible—is falling in love with this gentleman," and is read by our friend's formidable eyes. She uses her penetration, however, after a really friendly fashion.

"I have a very great objection to any one of my own sex falling very seriously in love, so I tried by all means to break the charm. She was not at all aware that I could see into the inner chamber of her heart; and I have been sometimes a little amused at her innocence, when she considered herself so very sly, and sure of her secret being undiscovered. She is naturally silent, and her secret consciousness kept her more so before the object of it; and I saw she thought I had a great advantage in the careless, unembarrassed manner in which I could talk to the man. She wondered that Mr. and Mrs. Brown should propose my having the eldest boy to educate in conjunction with this same curate. 'It was so very odd—it was bringing us so much together—and—' 'and what?' I asked, as she made a pause. 'Do you really, now, think I can be in any danger from *him*? No, no: he may do very well for you young misses who have seen nothing better; but I have been beyond the blue hills yonder, and I do assure you I shall not pull caps for Mr. Mann.'"

But illusions are not so easily dispelled; and, to her exasperation, our friend perceives that the gentleman is aware of the feeling he has excited, and takes it easily.

"He has already learned his power, and made her wretched several times, and I cannot for the life of me disturb him. I put all my powers forth the other night to make him believe that he had committed an unpardonable offence, and he went on eating his supper with all the composure in the world, only remarking, 'Well, Miss C., what a fuss you make about *nothing*! I shall settle it all in five minutes *when I have time*. Women have so many pretty fancies,' he said. 'Dear

creatures. As if a man had nothing else to do but to dance after them.'"

We gather that in the end such happiness as is compatible with spending a life with Mr. Mann is accorded to his fair admirer. The old nurse, who also has her say about curates, is more intelligent in her estimate of the race. This old woman's very relation to her employers is an old-world trait. Our friend finds her past active services, and admitted to the companionship of the family circle; full of the shrewd quaint humor which makes gossip attractive, and indulged in unlimited ill-humor when anything goes amiss.

"I have had no time to write, for in the midst of all our bustle and anxiety nurse was seized with the gout, and the task of nursing her was by common consent turned over to me. The servants had enough to do with the child and their mistress; besides, nurse was so exceedingly cross that nobody liked to go near her. I was alternately praised and abused. If the pain abated, I was the sweetest lady that ever walked, that I should give up my time to wait on *her*! Was there ever such a thing heard of? A paroxysm of pain would come, and then I suppose I heard the truth. She would rave and storm at me because I could not lift her very large person by myself. She should like to know what I was fit for. She would not give a halfpenny for a hundred such. The Lord help the poor man as did light on me!'"

The eloquent Mr. Mann is dismissed. His successor is of a different stamp—a sleepy, dull fellow. On returning from hearing his first sermon, somebody touched her arm. "It was nurse. 'A humming-bee in a pitcher,' she said, and passed on;" a judgment supplemented on longer experience by another oracular utterance—"Depend upon it, miss, our parson got him *chep out o' Yorkshire*." Yet nothing could keep curates under in this favored region. "You never in your life heard such nonsense as he preaches: and would you believe that the first thing he does when he comes in is to ask us, with evident self-complacency, what we think of his sermon? Mrs. Brown is the only person that attempts an answer; and he is not contented with a general one, but he goes on, 'And what did you think of such and such a passage?' 'I assure you, Miss,' he said, turning to me, 'I never preach anybody else's sermons; I

always make them all myself.' 'I am sure, sir, I never doubted it,' was the only answer I gave him. Mr. Brown turned to the window to laugh. Mrs. Brown scolded me after the man was gone for looking contemptuous. She insisted upon it that she was the only one who behaved properly. 'As for you, Mr. Brown, who talk so much about civility and kindness, I must say I admire you.' 'Yes, my dear, you always did,' he says, in his usual good-humored way." Only once have we anything to call self-portraiture in this page of bygone life. Our friend is carried off to the sea for a holiday by the Vicar and his wife. A spiteful religious professor, a widow, is of the party, and extremely resentful of the attention "a person in a dependent situation" could gain by her amusing powers.

"She is a person of at least thirty-five, and then I have the advantage of better society than her birth entitles her to claim. You see at once that she is illiterate and vulgar. Now I have youth on my side, and I love literature, and, if I may believe the judgment of others, I have what the Vicar calls a 'marvellous gift of speech,' so my vanity placed me above supposing that I could annoy Mrs. Smith by engrossing the few men that have come in my way. Yesterday at dinner the Vicar announced that he had accidentally met with a Cambridge man, Professor L., and that he would take tea with us. I made some little difference in my dress, which Mrs. S. remarked upon. I laughed, and said, 'Yes, I have been ornamenting my person with great care; I intend to smite the Professor at once; I am determined to give him no chance of escape.' As I gave utterance to this nonsense, I was seated in the window, which is very low, mending my glove, and as I lifted up my eyes to see who had knocked, I encountered the gaze of a very handsome, elegant-looking man, with a certain arch expression of countenance which convinced me that he had heard my badinage. In another moment he was introduced to us as the Professor. Very great was my surprise, for I had really expected to see an old man in a great wig. After I had recovered from the little embarrassment which the fear of his having heard my foolish speech occasioned, I joined in the conversation, or rather I was led to join in it by the address of the Professor. . . . But I was hardly aware that he had talked more to me than to the rest till he was gone. He had hardly closed the door before Mrs. Smith began. 'Well, ma'am, I hope you are satisfied.' 'By no means,' I said; 'I want the Professor to remain here as long as

we do; only think of his going to-morrow.' . . . She sat swelling with rage, and at supper the Vicar asked her why she was so silent. Then she burst forth, 'Oh, sir, let those talk who are so fond of it, and that you are so fond of hearing; I am sure you don't wish to hear anything such a plain person as I have got to say.'"

Our aim in this delineation has been to show some of the trials inseparable from the position of the clever woman of fifty years ago thrown upon her own resources. Unless a woman had an inexhaustible series of good novels in her head—unless, that is, she had genius of a high order—there was nothing for her but tuition—a noble calling or the merest drudgery, according to the degree of fitness for the work. No one can read the facile, picturesque style of these familiar letters without perceiving that literature in some branch would have been a more appropriate field for the writer's talents, and also that such a field would have been open to her now. Reading, and readers, and books, and authors, all mean something different from what they once did; they have lost the weight that used to attach to the words. It is vain to regret this. The fact cannot be controverted that there is an immense demand now for a certain class of writers whose business it seems to be to supply reading for persons who did not read at all fifty years ago. People have grown too lazy or too restless to develop in themselves or others the good talk that used to be the world's best refreshment, and they ask from literature a substitute. Our lighter periodical literature is this substitute, and a very appropriate one for female talent. And let no one say that this lighter literature has not a very important part to play, though in humbler field than that literature which is properly an art, though its productions are ephemeral, and the day a short one, and though its writers do not even pretend to any of that infallibility which once was attributed to all printed matter.

We need not say that we do not now allude to the more remarkable efforts of female genius. Our age can boast of not a few works composed by women which are marked by such grasp of thought, subtle depth of observation, and original force and grace of expression, as not

only rank them among the highest literature of the day, but must secure them a lasting reputation. But, short of this, wherever there is definiteness of aim, independence of thought, and freshness and accuracy of style—something to say, and the power of saying it attractively—a woman may find in these days employment for her pen. She may take her place and stand her chance among men similarly endowed. Especially does woman's naturally didactic turn find an appropriate field in the modern periodical literature designed for children and the poor, and for that vast mass of uncritical readers who do not range under either of these heads, but who yet require a literature adapted to an immature taste and judgment;—readers to whom well-worn truths in fact and morals are by no means trite or common place, who have no taste for the delicacies of criticism, and by whom the leaders of cultivated public opinion are neither appreciated nor understood. And this recognition of an unpretentious form of authorship as woman's work tells indirectly in another way on the position of women, as an influence for the diffusion and advance of female education, counteracting the long-standing family injustice of sacrificing daughters to sons. A boy's talents must be cultivated, because he can make something of them,—a girl marries just as well without any accuracy of knowledge as with; and the possibility of his daughters being dependent is too repugnant to English fathers to be provided against. Ever so modest a check from a publisher, or from the editor of a Society's periodical, produces a different impression. If women can receive them, their education may be worth some outlay. As a cheerful family event, coming, as a matter of course, with no publicity or parade, it is a marvellous reconciler to woman's work.

Our readers will understand that no part of our argument applies to writers of the strong sensational school. Ladies who have earned their laurels in this field commonly derive their knowledge of life from anything but its domestic aspect, or from its play in general society. The clever women we have in view, whether they talk or write, are still mindful of their catechism, and hold by old insular proprieties; as little drawn

toward transcendentalism, on the one hand, as to French or German sentiment on the other.

In France we gather from Mgr. Dupanloup's plea for the right of women—first, to a liberal education, and then to use their intellect as inclination and genius shall prompt them—that the employment of the pen is discountenanced among Frenchwomen. He boasts of the good done to religion by such writers as Mrs. Craven, Eugénie de Guérin, and others; but as to the modern Frenchwoman, he complains that she knows absolutely nothing. She can only talk about dress, fashions, and steeplechases. She knows all the famous actors and horses, and the best milliners and saddlers; but if you attempt to talk to her on the literature of her country, she is struck dumb; she can only entertain frivolous young men. Equally incapable of talking on business, art, politics, agriculture, or the sciences, she can neither converse with her father-in-law, her clergyman, nor any man of serious mind; and yet the *first talent of a woman is to be able to converse*. The fatal prejudice which forbids women to do more than *listen* to serious and useful conversation has much to do with this frivolity. The bishop, while appreciating this listening power as the first of the liberal arts, justly adds, If you forbid women to write or to talk about things that interest them, how can they even listen well? How can you suppose that they will have the courage to study, if they may not talk and write about what they know? There is an intrinsic fallacy in the permission to listen flanked with strong prohibitions to make use of what is heard. We can only hope that the *cours* which are being adopted in so many of the leading towns in France, in place of education in *pensions*, which has hitherto been the prevalent system, may produce a change for the better. M. Dupanloup is said to be strongly opposed to them, as removing education out of the hands of the Church; but he has declared himself too strenuously on the results of things as they are to be a very formidable opponent to experiments in a new line.

Our subject has not been education, but how women may use and apply such education and powers as they have; and we are happy to notice a relaxation of



prejudice on our side of the Channel which remains in full force on the other. Quiet, unpretending talent in women does not meet with the snubs here which it has to endure in France. Genius in women who disdain all restraints has made itself felt there even more emphatically than with us. But a body of intelligent women, quietly yet successfully employing their powers for the mutual benefit of their readers and themselves, are doing more for the intellectual advance of women than an erratic woman of genius can do by her most brilliant triumph. It has always been acknowledged that there are women of genius who do great things, but they are regarded as exceptions. The class we mean are not exceptions from the ordinary domestic type of women, and have no desire or temptation to be. They use their pen with such skill as they have on subjects especially open to feminine treatment, as skilful women of old spun gossamer thread, or made exquisite lace or embroidery, or exercised themselves in any other graceful art where delicate fingering, a soft touch, and quick perception found an appropriate field.

\*\*\*  
HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

#### CHAPTER VII.

MISS JEMIMA STANBURY, OF EXETER.

MISS JEMIMA STANBURY, the aunt of our friend Hugh, was a maiden lady, very much respected, indeed, in the city of Exeter. It is to be hoped that no readers of these pages will be so un-English as to be unable to appreciate the difference between county society and town society,—the society, that is, of a provincial town, or so ignorant as not to know also that there may be persons so privileged, that although they live distinctly within a provincial town, there is accorded to them, as though by brevet rank, all the merit of living in the county. In reference to persons so privileged, it is considered that they have been made free from the contamination of contiguous bricks and mortar by certain inner gifts, probably of birth, occasionally of profession, possibly of merit. It is very rarely, indeed, that money alone will bestow this acknowledged rank; and in Exeter,

which by the stringency and excellence of its well-defined rules on such matters, may perhaps be said to take the lead of all English provincial towns, money alone has never availed. Good blood, especially if it be blood good in Devonshire, is rarely rejected. Clergymen are allowed within the pale,—though by no means as certainly as used to be the case; and, indeed, in these days of literates, clergymen have to pass harder examinations than those ever imposed upon them by bishops' chaplains, before they are admitted *ad eundem* among the chosen ones of the city of Exeter. The wives and daughters of the old prebendaries see well to that. And, as has been said, special merit may prevail. Sir Peter Mancrudy, the great Exeter physician, has won his way in—not at all by being Sir Peter, which has stood in his way rather than otherwise—but by the acknowledged excellence of his book about saltzes. Sir Peter Mancrudy is supposed to have quite a metropolitan, almost a European reputation,—and therefore is acknowledged to belong to the county set, although he never dines out at any house beyond the limits of the city. Now, let it be known that no inhabitant of Exeter ever achieved a clearer right to be regarded as “county,” in opposition to “town,” than had Miss Jemima Stanbury. There was not a tradesman in Exeter who was not aware of it, and who did not touch his hat to her accordingly. The men who drove the flies, when summoned to take her out at night, would bring oats with them, knowing how probable it was that they might have to travel far. A distinct apology was made if she was asked to drink tea with people who were simply “town.” The Noels of Doddescombe Leigh, the Cliffords of Budleigh Salterton, the Powells of Haldon, the Cheritons of Alphington—all county persons, but very frequently in the city—were greeted by her, and greeted her, on terms of equality. Her most intimate friend was old Mrs. MacHugh, the widow of the last dean but two, who could not have stood higher had she been the widow of the last bishop. And then, although Miss Stanbury was intimate with the Frenches of Heavitree, with the Wrights of Northernhay, with the Apjohns of Helion Villa—a really magnificent house, two miles out of the city on the Crediton Road, and with the

Crumbies of Cronstadt House, Saint Ide's, —who would have been county people, if living in the country made the difference;—although she was intimate with all these families, her manner to them was not the same, nor was it expected to be the same, as with those of her own acknowledged set. These things are understood in Exeter so well!

Miss Stanbury belonged to the county set, but she lived in a large brick house, standing in the Close, almost behind the Cathedral. Indeed it was so close to the eastern end of the edifice that a carriage could not be brought quite up to her door. It was a large brick house, very old, with a door in the middle, and five steps ascending to it between high iron rails. On each side of the door there were two windows on the ground floor, and above that there were three tiers of five windows each, and the house was double throughout, having as many windows looking out behind into a gloomy courtyard. But the glory of the house consisted in this, that there was a garden attached to it, a garden with very high walls, over which the boughs of trees might be seen, giving to the otherwise gloomy abode a touch of freshness in the summer, and a look of space in the winter, which no doubt added something to the reputation even of Miss Stanbury. The fact—for it was a fact—that there was no gloomier or less attractive spot in the whole city than Miss Stanbury's garden, when seen inside, did not militate against this advantage. There were but half a dozen trees, and a few square yards of grass that was never green, and a damp ungravelled path on which no one ever walked. Seen from the inside the garden was not much; but, from the outside, it gave a distinct character to the house, and produced an unexpressed acknowledgment that the owner of it ought to belong to the county set.

The house and all that was in it belonged to Miss Stanbury herself, as did also many other houses in the neighborhood. She was the owner of the "Cock and Bottle," a very decent second-class inn on the other side of the Close, an inn supposed to have clerical tendencies, which made it quite suitable for a close. The choristers took their beer there, and the landlord was a retired verger. Nearly the whole of one side of a dark passage

leading out of the Close toward the High Street belonged to her; and though the passage be narrow and the houses dark, the locality is known to be good for trade. And she owned two large houses in the High Street, and a great warehouse at St. Thomas's, and had been bought out of land by the Railway at St. David's—much to her own dissatisfaction, as she was wont to express herself, but, undoubtedly, at a very high price. It will be understood, therefore, that Miss Stanbury was wealthy, and that she was bound to the city in which she lived by peculiar ties.

But Miss Stanbury had not been born to this wealth, nor can she be said to have inherited from her forefathers any of these high privileges which had been awarded to her. She had achieved them by the romance of her life and the manner in which she had carried herself amidst its vicissitudes. Her father had been vicar of Nuncombe Putney, a parish lying twenty miles west of Exeter, among the moors. And on her father's death, her brother, also now dead, had become vicar of the same parish—her brother, whose only son, Hugh Stanbury, we already know, working for the "D. R." up in London. When Miss Stanbury was twenty-one she became engaged to a certain Mr. Brooke Burgess, the eldest son of a banker in Exeter—or, it might, perhaps, be better said, a banker himself; for at the time Mr. Brooke Burgess was in the firm. It need not here be told how various misfortunes arose; how Mr. Burgess quarrelled with the Stanbury family, how Jenima quarrelled with her own family, how, when her father died, she went out from Nuncombe Putney parsonage, and lived on the smallest pittance in a city lodging; how her lover was untrue to her and did not marry her, and how at last he died and left her every shilling that he possessed.

The Devonshire people, at the time, had been much divided as to the merits of the Stanbury quarrel. There were many who said that the brother could not have acted otherwise than he did; and that Miss Stanbury, though by force of character and force of circumstances she had weathered the storm, had in truth been very indiscreet. The results, however, were as have been described. At the period of which we treat, Miss Stanbury was a very rich lady, living by

herself in Exeter, admitted, without question, to be one of the county set, and still at variance with her brother's family. Except to Hugh, she had never spoken a word to one of them since her brother's death. When the money came into her hands, she at that time being over forty and her nephew being then just ten years old, she had undertaken to educate him, and to start him in the world. We know how she had kept her word, and how and why she had withdrawn herself from any further responsibility in the matter.

And in regard to this business of starting the young man she had been careful to let it be known that she would do no more than start him. In the formal document, by means of which she had made the proposal to her brother, she had been careful to let it be understood that simple education was all that she intended to bestow upon him—"and that only," she had added, "in the event of my surviving till his education be completed." And to Hugh himself she had declared that any allowance which she made him after he was called to the Bar, was only made in order to give him room for his foot, a spot of ground from whence to make his first leap. We know how he made that leap, infinitely to the disgust of his aunt, who, when he refused obedience to her in the matter of withdrawing from the Daily Record, immediately withdrew from him, not only her patronage and assistance, but even her friendship and acquaintance. This was the letter which she wrote to him—

"I don't think that writing radical stuff for a penny newspaper is a respectable occupation for a gentleman, and I will have nothing to do with it. If you choose to do such work, I cannot help it; but it was not for such that I sent you to Harrow and Oxford, nor yet up to London and paid £100 a year to Mr. Lambert. I think you are treating me badly, but that is nothing to your bad treatment of yourself. You need not trouble yourself to answer this, unless you are prepared to say that you will not write any more stuff for that penny newspaper. Only I wish to be understood, I will have no connection that I can help, and no acquaintance at all, with radical scribblers and incendiaries.

"JEMIMA STANBURY.

"The Close, Exeter, April 15, 186—."

Hugh Stanbury had answered this, thanking his aunt for past favors, and explaining to her—or striving to do so—that he felt it to be his duty to earn his bread, as a means of earning it had come within his reach. He might as well have spared himself the trouble. She simply wrote a few words across his own letter in red ink:—"The bread of unworthiness should never be earned or eaten;" and then sent the letter back under a blank envelope to her nephew.

She was a thorough Tory of the old school. Had Hugh taken to writing for a newspaper that had cost sixpence, or even threepence, for its copies, she might have forgiven him. At any rate the offence would not have been so flagrant. And had the paper been conservative instead of liberal, she would have had some qualms of conscience before she gave him up. But to live by writing for a newspaper! and for a penny newspaper!! and for a penny radical newspaper!!! It was more than she could endure. Of what nature were the articles which he contributed it was impossible that she should have any idea, for no consideration would have induced her to look at a penny newspaper, or to admit it within her doors. She herself took in the John Bull and the Herald, and daily groaned deeply at the way in which those once great organs of true British public feeling were becoming demoralized and perverted. Had any reduction been made in the price of either of them, she would at once have stopped her subscription. In the matter of politics she had long since come to think that everything good was over. She hated the name of Reform so much that she could not bring herself to believe in Mr. Disraeli and his bill. For many years she had believed in Lord Derby. She would fain believe in him still if she could. It was the great desire of her heart to have some one in whom she believed. In the bishop of her diocese she did believe, and annually sent him some little comforting present from her own hand. And in two or three of the clergymen around her she believed, finding in them a flavor of the unascetic godliness of ancient days which was gratifying to her palate. But in politics

there was hardly a name remaining to which she could fix her faith and declare that there should be her guide. For awhile she thought she would cling to Mr. Lowe; but, when she made inquiry, she found that there was no base there of really well-formed conservative granite. The three gentlemen who had dis-severed themselves from Mr. Disraeli when Mr. Disraeli was passing his Reform bill, were doubtless very good in their way; but they were not big enough to fill her heart. She tried to make herself happy with General Peel, but General Peel was after all no more than a shade to her. But the untruth of others never made her untrue, and she still talked of the excellence of George III. and the glories of the subsequent reign. She had a bust of Lord Eldon, before which she was accustomed to stand with hands closed and to weep,—or to think that she wept.

She was a little woman, now nearly sixty years of age, with bright gray eyes, and a strong Roman nose, and thin lips, and a sharp-cut chin. She wore a head-gear that almost amounted to a mob-cap, and beneath it her gray hair was always frizzled with the greatest care. Her dress was invariably of black silk, and she had five gowns,—one for church, one for evening parties, one for driving out, and one for evenings at home, and one for mornings. The dress, when new, always went to church. Nothing, she was wont to say, was too good for the Lord's house. In the days of crinolines she had protested that she had never worn one—a protest, however, which was hardly true; and now, in these later days, her hatred was especially developed in reference to the head-dresses of young women. "Chignon" was a word that she had never been heard to pronounce. She would talk of "those bandboxes which the sluts wear behind their noddles;" for Miss Stanbury allowed herself the use of much strong language. She was very punctilious in all her habits, breakfasting ever at half-past eight, and dining always at six. Half-past five had been her time, till the bishop, who, on an occasion, was to be her guest, once signified to her that such an hour cut up the day and interfered with clerical work. Her lunch was always of bread and cheese, and they

who lunched with her either eat that or the bread without the cheese. An afternoon "tea" was a thing horrible to her imagination. Tea and buttered toast at half-past eight in the evening was the great luxury of her life. She was as strong as a horse, and had never hitherto known a day's illness. As a consequence of this, she did not believe in the illness of other people,—especially not in the illness of women. She did not like a girl who could not drink a glass of beer with her bread and cheese in the middle of the day, and she thought that a glass of port after dinner was good for everybody. Indeed, she had a thorough belief in port wine, thinking that it would go far to cure most miseries. But she could not put up with the idea that a woman, young or old, should want the stimulus of a glass of sherry to support her at any odd time of the day. Hot concoctions of strong drink at Christmas she would allow to everybody, and was very strong in recommending such comforts to ladies blessed, or about to be blessed with babies. She took the sacrament every month, and gave away exactly a tenth of her income to the poor. She believed that there was a special holiness in a tithe of a thing, and attributed the commencement of the downfall of the church of England to rent charges, and the commutation of clergymen's incomes. Since Judas, there had never been, to her thinking, a traitor so base, or an apostate so sinful, as Colenso; and yet, of the nature of Colenso's teaching she was as ignorant as the towers of the cathedral opposite to her.

She believed in Exeter, thinking that there was no other provincial town in England in which a maiden lady could live safely and decently. London to her was an abode of sin; and though, as we have seen, she delighted to call herself one of the county set, she did not love the fields and lanes. And in Exeter the only place for a lady was the Close. Southernhay and Northernhay might be very well, and there was doubtless a respectable neighborhood on the Heavitree side of the town; but for the new streets, and especially for the suburban villas, she had no endurance. She liked to deal at dear shops; but would leave any shop, either dear or cheap, in re-



gard to which a printed advertisement should reach her eye. She paid all her bills at the end of each six months, and almost took a delight in high prices. She would rejoice that bread should be cheap, and grieve that meat should be dear, because of the poor; but in regard to other matters no reduction in the cost of an article ever pleased her. She had houses as to which she was told by her agent that the rents should be raised; but she would not raise them. She had others which it was difficult to let without lowering the rents, but she would not lower them. All change was to her hateful and unnecessary.

She kept three maid-servants, and a man came in every day to clean the knives and boots. Service with her was well requited, and much labor was never exacted. But it was not every young woman who could live with her. A rigidity as to hours, as to religious exercises, and as to dress, was exacted, under which many poor girls altogether broke down; but they who could stand this rigidity came to know that their places were very valuable. No one belonging to them need want for aught, when once the good opinion of Miss Stanbury had been earned. When once she believed in her servant there was nobody like that servant. There was not a man in Exeter could clean a boot except Giles Hickbody—and if not in Exeter, then where else? And her own maid Martha, who had lived with her now for twenty years, and who had come with her to the brick house when she first inhabited it, was such a woman that no other servant anywhere was fit to hold a candle to her. But then Martha had great gifts;—was never ill, and really liked having sermons read to her.

Such was Miss Stanbury, who had now discarded her nephew Hugh. She had never been tenderly affectionate to Hugh, or she would hardly have asked him to live in London on a hundred a year. She had never really been kind to him since he was a boy, for although she had paid for him, she had been almost penurious in her manner of doing so, and had repeatedly given him to understand, that in the event of her death not a shilling would be left to him. Indeed, as to that matter of bequeathing her money, it was understood that it was her purpose

to let it all go back to the Burgess family. With the Burgess family she had kept up no sustained connection, it being quite understood that she was never to be asked to meet the only one of them now left in Exeter. Nor was it as yet known to any one in what manner the money was to go back, how it was to be divided, or who were to be the recipients.

But she had declared that it should go back, explaining that she had conceived it to be a duty to let her own relations know that they would not inherit her wealth at her death.

About a week after she had sent back poor Hugh's letter with the indorsement on it as to unworthy bread, she summoned Martha to the back parlor in which she was accustomed to write her letters. It was one of the theories of her life that different rooms should be used only for the purposes for which they were intended. She never allowed pens and ink up into the bed-rooms, and had she ever heard that any guest in her house was reading in bed, she would have made an instant personal attack upon that guest, whether male or female, which would have surprised that guest. Poor Hugh would have got on better with her had he not been discovered once smoking in the garden. Nor would she have writing materials in the drawing-room or dining-room. There was a chamber behind the dining-room in which there was an ink-bottle, and if there was a letter to be written, let the writer go there and write it. In the writing of many letters, however, she put no confidence, and regarded penny postage as one of the strongest evidence of the coming ruin.

"Martha," she said, "I want to speak to you. Sit down. I think I am going to do something." Martha sat down, but did not speak a word. There had been no question asked of her, and the time for speaking had not come. "I am writing to Mrs. Stanbury, at Nuncombe Putney; and what do you think I am saying to her?"

Now the question had been asked, and it was Martha's duty to reply.

"Writing to Mrs. Stanbury, ma'am?"

"Yes, to Mrs. Stanbury."

"It ain't possible for me to say, ma'am, unless it's to put Mr. Hugh from going on with the newspapers."

"When my nephew won't be controlled by me, I shan't go elsewhere to look for control over him; you may be sure of that, Martha. And remember, Martha, I don't want to have his name mentioned again in the house. You will tell them all so, if you please."

"He is a very nice gentleman, ma'am."

"Martha, I won't have it; and there's an end of it. I won't have it. Perhaps I know what goes to the making of a nice gentleman as well as you do."

"Mr. Hugh, ma'am, —"

"I won't have it, Martha. And when I say so, let there be an end of it." As she said this, she got up from her chair, and shook her head, and took a turn about the room. "If I'm not mistress here, I'm nobody."

"Of course you're mistress here, ma'am."

"And if I don't know what's fit to be done, and what's not fit, I'm too old to learn; and, what's more, I won't be taught. I'm not going to have my house crammed with radical incendiary stuff, printed with ink that stinks, on paper made out of straw. If I can't live without penny literature, at any rate I'll die without it. Now listen to me."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I have asked Mrs. Stanbury to send one of the girls over here."

"To live, ma'am?" Martha's tone as she asked the question, showed how deeply she felt its importance.

"Yes, Martha; to live."

"You'll never like it, ma'am."

"I don't suppose I shall."

"You'll never get on with it, ma'am; never. The young lady'll be out of the house in a week; or if she ain't, somebody else will."

"You mean yourself."

"I'm only a servant, ma'am, and it don't signify about me."

"You're a fool."

"That's true, ma'am, I don't doubt."

"I've sent for her, and we must do the best we can. Perhaps she won't come."

"She'll come fast enough," said Martha. "But whether she'll stay, that's a different thing. I don't see how it's possible she's to stay. I'm told they're feckless, idle young ladies. She'll be so soft, ma'am, and you —"

"Well; what of me?"

"You'll be so hard, ma'am!"

"I'm not a bit harder than you, Martha; nor yet so hard. I'll do my duty, or at least I'll try. Now you know all about it, and you may go away. There's the letter and I mean to go out and post it myself."

## CHAPTER VIII.

"I KNOW IT WILL DO."

MISS STANBURY carried her letter all the way to the chief post-office in the city, having no faith whatever in those little subsidiary receiving houses which are established in different parts of the city. As for the iron pillar boxes which had been erected of late years for the receipt of letters, one of which—a most hateful thing to her—stood almost close to her own hall door, she had not the faintest belief that any letter put into one of them would ever reach its destination. She could not understand why people should not walk with their letters to a respectable post-office instead of chucking them into an iron stump—as she called it—out in the middle of the street with nobody to look after it. Positive orders had been given that no letter from her house should ever be put into the iron post. Her epistle to her sister-in-law, of whom she never spoke otherwise than as Mrs. Stanbury, was as follows:—

"The Close, Exeter, 22d April, 186—

"MY DEAR SISTER STANBURY—Your son, Hugh, has taken to courses of which I do not approve, and therefore I have put an end to my connection with him. I shall be happy to entertain your daughter Dorothy in my house if you and she approve of such a plan. Should you agree to this, she will be welcome to receive you or her sister—not her brother—in my house any Wednesday morning between half-past nine and half-past twelve. I will endeavor to make my house pleasant to her and useful, and will make her an allowance of £25 per annum for her clothes as long as she may remain with me. I shall expect her to be regular at meals, to be constant in going to church, and not to read modern novels.

"I intend the arrangement to be permanent, but of course I must retain the power of closing it if, and when, I shall see fit. Its permanence must be contin-

gent on my life. I have no power of providing for any one *after my death*.

"Yours truly,

JEMIMA STANBURY.

"I hope the young lady does not have any false hair about her."

When this note was received at Nuncombe Putney the amazement which it occasioned was extreme. Mrs. Stanbury, the widow of the late vicar, lived in a little morsel of a cottage on the outskirts of the village, with her two daughters, Priscilla and Dorothy. Their whole income, out of which it was necessary that they should pay rent for their cottage, was less than £70 per annum. During the last few months a five-pound note now and again had found its way to Nuncombe Putney out of the coffers of the "D. R.;" but the ladies there were most unwilling to be so relieved, thinking that their brother's career was of infinitely more importance than their comforts or even than their living. They were very poor, but they were accustomed to poverty. The elder sister was older than Hugh, but Dorothy, the younger, to whom this strange invitation was now made, was two years younger than her brother, and was now nearly twenty-six. How they had lived, and dressed themselves, and had continued to be called ladies by the inhabitants of the village was, and is, and will be a mystery to those who have had the spending of much larger incomes, but have still been always poor. But they had lived, had gone to church every Sunday in decent apparel, and had kept up friendly relations with the family of the present vicar, and with one or two other neighbors.

When the letter had been read first by the mother, and then aloud, and then by each of them separately, in the little sitting-room in the cottage, there was silence among them—for neither of them desired to be the first to express an opinion. Nothing could be more natural than the proposed arrangement, had it not been made unnatural by a quarrel existing nearly throughout the whole life of the person most nearly concerned. Priscilla, the elder daughter, was the one of the family who was generally the ruler, and she at last expressed an opinion adverse to the arrangement. "My dear, you would never be able to bear it," said Priscilla.

"I suppose not," said Mrs. Stanbury, plaintively.

"I could try," said Dorothy.

"My dear, you don't know that woman," said Priscilla.

"Of course I don't know her," said Dorothy.

"She has always been very good to Hugh," said Mrs. Stanbury.

"I don't think she has been good to him at all," said Priscilla.

"But think what a saving it would be," said Dorothy. "And I could send home half of what Aunt Stanbury says she would give me."

"You must not think of that," said Priscilla, "because she expects you to be dressed."

"I should like to try," she said, before the morning was over—"if you and mamma don't think it would be wrong."

The conference that day ended in a written request to Aunt Stanbury that a week might be allowed for consideration—the letter being written by Priscilla, but signed with her mother's name—and with a very long epistle to Hugh, in which each of the ladies took a part, and in which advice and decision were demanded. It was very evident to Hugh that his mother and Dorothy were for compliance, and that Priscilla was for refusal. But he never doubted for a moment. "Of course she will go," he said in his answer to Priscilla; "and she must understand that Aunt Stanbury is a most excellent woman, as true as the sun, thoroughly honest, with no fault but this, that she likes her own way. Of course Dolly can go back again if she finds the house too hard for her." Then he sent another five-pound note, observing that Dolly's journey to Exeter would cost money, and that her wardrobe would want some improvement.

"I'm very glad that it isn't me," said Priscilla, who, however, did not attempt to oppose the decision of the man of the family. Dorothy was greatly gratified by the excitement of the proposed change in her life, and the following letter, the product of the wisdom of the family, was written by Mrs. Stanbury.

"Nuncombe Putney, 1st May, 186-.

"MY DEAR SISTER STANBURY—We are all very thankful for the kindness

of your offer, which my daughter Dorothy will accept with feelings of affectionate gratitude. I think you will find her docile, good-tempered, and amiable; but a mother, of course, speaks well of her own child. She will endeavor to comply with your wishes in all things reasonable. She, of course, understands that should the arrangement not suit, she will come back home on the expression of your wish that it should be so. And she will, of course, do the same, if she should find that living in Exeter does not suit herself." (This sentence was inserted at the instance of Priscilla, after much urgent expostulation.) "Dorothy will be ready to go to you on any day you may fix after the 7th of this month.

"Believe me to remain,

"Your affectionate sister-in-law,

"P. STANBURY."

"She is going to come," said Miss Stanbury to Martha, holding the letter in her hand.

"I never doubted her coming, ma'am," said Martha.

"And I mean her to stay, unless it's her own fault. She'll have the small room up-stairs, looking out front, next to mine. And you must go and fetch her."

"Go and fetch her, ma'am?"

"Yes. If you won't, I must."

"She ain't a child, ma'am. She's twenty-five years old, and surely she can come to Exeter by herself, with a railroad all the way from Lessboro."

"There's no place a young woman is insulted in so bad as those railway carriages, and I won't have her come by herself. If she is to live with me, she shall begin decently at any rate."

Martha argued the matter, but was of course beaten, and on the day fixed started early in the morning for Nuncombe Putney, and returned in the afternoon to the Close with her charge. By the time that she had reached the house, she had in some degree reconciled herself to the dangerous step that her mistress had taken, partly by perceiving that in face Dorothy Stanbury was very like her brother Hugh, and partly, perhaps, by finding that the young woman's manner to herself was both gentle and sprightly. She knew well that gentleness alone, without some backbone of strength under it, would

not long succeed with Miss Stanbury. "As far as I can judge, ma'am, she's a sweet young lady," said Martha, when she reported her arrival to her mistress, who had retired up-stairs to her own room, in order that she might thus hear a word of tidings from her lieutenant, before she showed herself on the field of action.

"Sweet! I hate your sweets," said Miss Stanbury.

"Then why did you send for her, ma'am?"

"Because I was an old fool. But I must go down and receive her, I suppose."

Then Miss Stanbury went down, almost trembling as she went. The matter to her was one of vital importance. She was going to change the whole tenor of her life for the sake—as she told herself—of doing her duty by a relative whom she did not even know. But we may fairly suppose that there had been in truth a feeling beyond that, which taught her to desire to have some one near her to whom she might not only do her duty as guardian, but whom she might also love. She had tried this with her nephew; but her nephew had been too strong for her, too far from her, too unlike to herself. When he came to see her he had smoked a short pipe—which had been shocking to her—and he had spoken of Reform, and Trades Unions, and meetings in the parks, as though they had not been Devil's ordinances. And he was very shy of going to church—utterly refusing to be taken there twice on the same Sunday. And he had told his aunt that owing to a peculiar and unfortunate weakness he could not listen to the reading of sermons. And then she was almost certain that he had once kissed one of the maids! She had found it impossible to manage him in any way; and when he positively declared himself as permanently devoted to the degrading iniquities of penny newspapers, she had thought it best to cast him off altogether. Now, thus late in life, she was going to make another venture; to try an altogether new mode of living—in order, as she said to herself, that she might be of some use to somebody—but, no doubt, with a further unexpressed hope in her bosom, that the solitude



of her life might be relieved by the companionship of some one whom she might love. She had arrayed herself in a clean cap and her evening gown, and she went down stairs looking sternly, with a fully-developed idea that she must initiate her new duties by assuming a mastery at once. But inwardly she trembled, and was intensely anxious as to the first appearance of her niece. Of course there would be a little morsel of a bonnet. She hated those vile patches, —dirty flat daubs of millinery as she called them; but they had become too general for her to refuse admittance for such a thing within her doors. But a chignon—a bandbox behind the noddle, —she would not endure. And then there were other details of feminine gear, which shall not be specified, as to which she was painfully anxious—almost forgetting in her anxiety that the dress of this young woman whom she was about to see must have been regulated by the closest possible economy.

The first thing she saw on entering the room was a dark straw hat, a straw hat with a strong penthouse flap to it, and her heart was immediately softened.

"My dear," she said, "I am glad to see you."

Dorothy, who, on her part, was trembling also, whose position was one to justify most intense anxiety, murmured some reply.

"Take off your hat," said the aunt, "and let me give you a kiss."

The hat was taken off and the kiss was given. There was certainly no chignon there. Dorothy Stanbury was light-haired, with almost flaxen ringlets, worn after the old-fashioned way which we used to think so pretty when we were young. She had very soft gray eyes, which ever seemed to beseech you to do something when they looked at you, and her mouth was a beseeching mouth. There are women who, even amidst their strongest efforts at giving assistance to others, always look as though they were asking aid themselves, and such a one was Dorothy Stanbury. Her complexion was pale, but there was always present in it a tint of pink running here and there, changing with every word she spoke, changing indeed with every pulse of her heart. Nothing ever was softer than her cheek; but her

hands were thin and hard, and almost fibrous with the working of the thread upon them. She was rather tall than otherwise, but that extreme look of feminine dependence which always accompanied her, took away something even from the appearance of her height.

"These are all real, at any rate," said her aunt, taking hold of the curls, "and won't be hurt by a little cold water."

Dorothy smiled but said nothing, and was then taken up to her bed-room. Indeed, when the aunt and niece sat down to dinner together, Dorothy had hardly spoken. But Miss Stanbury had spoken, and things upon the whole had gone very well.

"I hope you like roast chicken, my dear?" said Miss Stanbury.

"Oh, thank you."

"And bread sauce? Jane, I do hope the bread sauce is hot."

If the reader thinks that Miss Stanbury was indifferent to considerations of the table, the reader is altogether ignorant of Miss Stanbury's character. When Miss Stanbury gave her niece the liverwing, and picked out from the attendant sausages one that had been well browned and properly broken in the frying, she meant to do a real kindness.

"And now, my dear, there are mashed potatoes and bread sauce. As for green vegetables, I don't know what has become of them. They tell me I may have green peas from France at a shilling a quart; but if I can't have English green peas, I won't have any."

Miss Stanbury was standing up as she said this—as she always did on such occasions, liking to have a full mastery over the dish.

"I hope you like it, my dear?"

"Everything is so very nice."

"That's right. I like to see a young woman with an appetite. Remember that God sends the good things for us to eat; and as long as we don't take more than our share, and give away something to those who haven't a fair share of their own, I for one think it quite right to enjoy my victuals. Jane, this bread sauce isn't hot. It never is hot. Don't tell me; I know what hot is!"

Dorothy thought that her aunt was very angry; but Jane knew Miss Stanbury better, and bore the scolding without shaking in her shoes.

"And now, my dear, you must take a glass of port wine. It will do you good after your journey."

Dorothy attempted to explain that she never did drink any wine, but her aunt talked down her scruples at once.

"One glass of port wine never did anybody any harm, and as there is port wine, it must be intended that somebody should drink it."

Miss Stanbury, as she sipped hers out very slowly, seemed to enjoy it much. Although May had come, there was a fire in the grate, and she sat with her toes on the fender, and her silk dress folded up above her knees. She sat quite silent in this position for a quarter of an hour, every now and then raising her glass to her lips. Dorothy sat silent also. To her, in the newness of her condition, speech was impossible.

"I think it will do," said Miss Stanbury at last.

As Dorothy had no idea what would do, she could make no reply to this.

"I'm sure it will do," said Miss Stanbury, after another short interval. "You're as like my poor sister as two eggs. You don't have headaches, do you."

Dorothy said that she was not ordinarily affected in that way.

"When girls have headaches it comes from tight-lacing, and not walking enough, and carrying all manner of nasty smells about with them. I know what headaches mean. How is a woman not to have a headache, when she carries a thing on the back of her poll as big as a gardener's wheel-barrow? Come, it's a fine evening, and we'll go out and look at the towers. You've never even seen them yet, I suppose?"

So they went out, and finding the verger at the Cathedral door, he being a great friend of Miss Stanbury, they walked up and down the aisles, and Dorothy was instructed as to what would be expected from her in regard to the outward forms of religion. She was to go to the Cathedral service on the morning of every week-day, and on Sundays in the afternoon. On Sunday mornings she was to attend the little church of St. Margaret. On Sunday evenings it was the practice of Miss Stanbury to read a sermon in the dining-room to all of whom her household con-

sisted. Did Dorothy like daily services? Dorothy, who was more patient than her brother, and whose life had been much less energetic, said that she had no objection to going to church every day when there was not too much to do.

"There never need be too much to do to attend the Lord's house," said Miss Stanbury, somewhat angrily.

"Only if you've got to make the beds," said Dorothy.

"My dear, I beg your pardon," said Miss Stanbury. "I beg your pardon, heartily. I'm a thoughtless old woman, I know. Never mind. Now, we'll go in."

Later in the evening, when she gave her niece a candlestick to go to bed, she repeated what she had said before.

"It'll do very well, my dear. I'm sure it'll do. But if you read in bed either night or morning, I'll never forgive you."

This last caution was uttered with so much energy, that Dorothy gave a little jump as she promised obedience.

## CHAPTER IX.

### SHOWING HOW THE QUARREL PROGRESSED AGAIN.

ON one Sunday morning, when the month of May was nearly over, Hugh Stanbury met Colonel Osborne in Curzon street, not many yards from Trevelyan's door. Colonel Osborne had just come from the house, and Stanbury was going to it. Hugh had not spoken to Osborne since the day, now a fortnight since, on which both of them had witnessed the scene in the park; but on that occasion they had been left together, and it had been impossible for them not to say a few words about their mutual friends. Osborne had expressed his sorrow that there should be any misunderstanding, and had called Trevelyan a "confounded fool." Stanbury had suggested that there was something in it which they two probably did not understand, and that matters would be sure to come all right. "The truth is Trevelyan bullies her," said Osborne; "and if he goes on with that he'll be sure to get the worst of it." Now—on this present occasion—Stanbury asked

whether he would find the ladies at home. "Yes, they are both there," said Osborne. "Trevelyan has just gone out in a huff. She'll never be able to go on living with him. Anybody can see that with half an eye." Then he had passed on, and Hugh Stanbury knocked at the door.

He was shown up into the drawing-room, and found both the sisters there; but he could see that Mrs. Trevelyan had been in tears. The avowed purpose of his visit—that is, the purpose which he had avowed to himself—was to talk about his sister Dorothy. He had told Miss Rowley, while walking in the park with her, how Dorothy had been invited over to Exeter by her aunt, and how he had counselled his sister to accept the invitation. Nora had expressed herself very interested as to Dorothy's fate, and had said how much she wished that she knew Dorothy. We all understand how sweet it is, when two such persons as Hugh Stanbury and Nora Rowley cannot speak of their love for each other, to say these tender things in regard to some one else. Nora had been quite anxious to know how Dorothy had been received by that old conservative warrior, as Hugh Stanbury had called his aunt, and Hugh had now come to Curzon street with a letter from Dorothy in his pocket. But when he saw that there had been some cause for trouble, he hardly knew how to introduce his subject.

"Trevelyan is not at home?" he asked.

"No," said Emily, with her face turned away. "He went out and left us a quarter of an hour since. Did you meet Colonel Osborne?"

"I was speaking to him in the street not a moment since." As he answered he could see that Nora was making some sign to her sister. Nora was most anxious that Emily should not speak of what had just occurred, but her signs were all thrown away. "Somebody must tell him," said Mrs. Trevelyan, "and I don't know who can do so better than so old a friend as Mr. Stanbury."

"Tell what, and to whom?" he asked.

"No, no, no," said Nora.

"Then I must tell him myself," said she, "that is all. As for standing this kind of life, it is out of the question. I

should either destroy myself or go mad."

"If I could do any good I should be so happy," said Stanbury.

"Nobody can do any good between a man and his wife," said Nora.

Then Mrs. Trevelyan began to tell her story, putting aside, with an impatient motion of her hands, the efforts which her sister made to stop her. She was very angry, and as she told it, standing up, all trace of sobbing soon disappeared from her voice. "The fact is," she said, "he does not know his own mind, or what to fear or what not to fear. He told me that I was never to see Colonel Osborne again."

"What is the use, Emily, of your repeating that to Mr. Stanbury?"

"Why should I not repeat it? Colonel Osborne is papa's oldest friend, and mine too. He is a man I like very much—who is a real friend to me. As he is old enough to be my father, one would have thought that my husband could have found no objection."

"I don't know much about his age," said Stanbury.

"It does make a difference. It must make a difference. I should not think of becoming so intimate with a younger man. But, however, when my husband told me that I was to see him no more—though the insult nearly killed me—I determined to obey him. An order was given that Colonel Osborne should not be admitted. You may imagine how painful it was; but it was given, and I was prepared to bear it."

"But he had been lunching with you on that Sunday."

"Yes; that is just it. As soon as it was given Louis would rescind it, because he was ashamed of what he had done. He was so jealous that he did not want me to see the man; and yet he was so afraid that it should be known that he ordered me see him. He ordered him into the house at last, and I—I went away up-stairs."

"That was on the Sunday that we met you in the park?" asked Stanbury.

"What is the use of going back to all that?" said Nora.

"Then I met by chance in the park," continued Mrs. Trevelyan, "and because he said a word which I knew would anger my husband, I left him abruptly."

Since that my husband has begged that things might go on as they were before. He could not bear that Colonel Osborne himself should think that he was jealous. Well; I gave way, and the man has been here as before. And now there has been a scene which has been disgraceful to us all. I cannot stand it, and I won't. If he does not behave himself with more manliness—I will leave him."

"But what can I do?"

"Nothing, Mr. Stanbury," said Nora.

"Yes; you can do this. You can go to him from me, and can tell him that I have chosen you as a messenger because you are his friend. You can tell him that I am willing to obey him in anything. If he chooses, I will consent that Colonel Osborne shall be asked never to come into my presence again. It will be very absurd; but if he chooses, I will consent. Or I will let things go on as they are, and continue to receive my father's old friend when he comes. But if I do, I will not put up with an imputation on my conduct because he does not like the way in which the gentleman thinks fit to address me. I take upon myself to say that if any man alive spoke to me as he ought not to speak, I should know how to resent it myself. But I cannot fly into a passion with an old gentleman for calling me by my Christian name, when he has done so habitually for years."

From all this it will appear that the great godsend of a rich marriage, with all manner of attendant comforts, which had come in the way of the Rowley family as they were living at the Mandarins, had not turned out to be an un-mixed blessing. In the matter of the quarrel, as it had hitherto progressed, the husband had perhaps been more in the wrong than his wife; but the wife, in spite of all her promises of perfect obedience, had proved herself to be a woman very hard to manage. Had she been earnest in her desire to please her lord and master in this matter of Colonel Osborne's visits—to please him even after he had so vacillated in his behests—she might probably have so received the man as to have quelled all feeling of jealousy in her husband's bosom. But instead of doing so she had told herself that as she was innocent, and as her innocence had been acknowledged,

and as she had been specially instructed to receive this man whom she had before been specially instructed not to receive, she would now fall back exactly into her old manner with him. She had told Colonel Osborne never to allude to that meeting in the park, and to ask no creature as to what had occasioned her conduct on that Sunday; thus having a mystery with him, which of course he understood as well as she did. And then she had again taken to writing notes to him and receiving notes from him—none of which she showed to her husband. She was more intimate with him than ever, and yet she hardly ever mentioned his name to her husband. Trevelyan, acknowledging to himself that he had done no good by his former interference, feeling that he had put himself in the wrong on that occasion, and that his wife had got the better of him, had borne with all this, with soreness and a moody savageness of general conduct, but still without further words of anger with reference to the man himself. But now, on this Sunday, when his wife had been closeted with Colonel Osborne in the back drawing-room, leaving him with his sister-in-law, his temper had become too hot for him, and he had suddenly left the house, declaring that he would not walk with the two women on that day. "Why not, Louis?" his wife had said, coming up to him. "Never mind why not, but I shall not," he had answered; and then he left the room.

"What is the matter with him?" Colonel Osborne had asked.

"It is impossible to say what is the matter with him," Mrs. Trevelyan had replied. After that she had at once gone up-stairs to her child, telling herself that she was doing all that the strictest propriety could require in leaving the man's society as soon as her husband was gone. Then there was an awkward minute or two between Nora and Colonel Osborne, and he took his leave.

Stanbury at last promised that he would see Trevelyan, repeating, however, very frequently that often-used assertion, that no task is so hopeless as that of interfering between a man and his wife. Nevertheless he promised, and undertook to look for Trevelyan at the Acrobats on that afternoon. At last he got a moment in which to produce the



letter from his sister, and was able to turn the conversation for a few minutes to his own affairs. Dorothy's letter was read and discussed by both the ladies with much zeal. "It is quite a strange world to me," said Dorothy, "but I am beginning to find myself more at my ease than I was at first. Aunt Stanbury is very good-natured, and when I know what she wants, I think I shall be able to please her. What you said of her disposition is not so bad to me, as of course a girl in my position does not expect to have her own way."

"Why shouldn't she have her share of her own way as well as anybody else?" said Mrs. Trevelyan.

"Poor Dorothy would never want to have her own way," said Hugh.

"She ought to want it," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

"She has spirit enough to turn if she's trodden on," said Hugh.

"That's more than what most women have," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

Then he went on with the letter. "She is very generous, and has given me £6 5s. in advance of my allowance. When I said I would send part of it home to mamma, she seemed to be angry, and said that she wanted me always to look nice about my clothes. She told me afterward to do as I pleased, and that I might try my own way for the first quarter. So I was frightened, and only sent thirty shillings. We went out the other evening to drink tea with Mrs. MacHugh, an old lady whose husband was once dean. I had to go, and it was all very nice. There were a great many clergymen there, but many of them were young men." "Poor Dorothy," exclaimed Nora. "One of them was the minor canon who chants the service every morning. He is a bachelor——" "Then there is a hope for her," said Nora—"and he always talks a little as though he were singing the Litany." "That's very bad," said Nora; "fancy having a husband to sing the Litany to you always." "Better that, perhaps, than having him always singing something else," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

It was decided between them that Dorothy's state might on the whole be considered as flourishing, but that Hugh was bound as a brother to go down to Exeter and look after her. He explain-

ed, however, that he was expressly debarred from calling on his sister, even between the hours of half-past nine and half-past twelve on Wednesday mornings, and that he could not see her at all unless he did so surreptitiously.

"If I were you I would see my sister in spite of all the old viragoes in Exeter," said Mrs. Trevelyan. "I have no idea of anybody taking so much upon themselves."

"You must remember, Mrs. Trevelyan, that she has taken upon herself much also in the way of kindness, in doing what, perhaps, I ought to call charity. I wonder what I should have been doing now if it were not for my Aunt Stanbury."

He took his leave, and went at once from Curzon street to Trevelyan's club, and found that Trevelyan had not been there as yet. In another hour he called again, and was about to give it up, when he met the man whom he was seeking on the steps.

"I was looking for you," he said.

"Well, here I am."

It was impossible not to see in the look of Trevelyan's face, and not to hear in the tone of his voice, that he was, at the moment, in an angry and unhappy frame of mind. He did not move as though he were willing to accompany his friend, and seemed almost to know beforehand that the approaching interview was to be an unpleasant one.

"I want to speak to you, and perhaps you wouldn't mind taking a turn with me," said Stanbury.

But Trevelyan objected to this, and led the way into the club waiting-room. A club waiting-room is always a gloomy, unpromising place for a confidential conversation, and so Stanbury felt it to be on the present occasion. But he had no alternative. There they were together, and he must do as he had promised. Trevelyan kept on his hat and did not sit down, and looked very gloomy. Stanbury having to commence without any assistance from outward auxiliaries, almost forgot what it was that he had promised to do.

"I have just come from Curzon street," he said.

"Well!"

"At least I was there about two hours ago."

"It doesn't matter, I suppose, whether it was two hours or two minutes," said Trevelyan.

"Not in the least. The fact is this; I happened to come upon the two girls there, when they were very unhappy, and your wife asked me to come and say a word or two to you."

"Was Colonel Osborne there?"

"No; I had met him in the street a minute or two before."

"Well, now; look here, Stanbury. If you'll take my advice, you'll keep your hands out of this. It is not but that I regard you as being as good a friend as I have in the world; but, to own the truth, I cannot put up with interference between myself and my wife."

"Of course you understand that I only come as a messenger."

"You had better not be a messenger in such a cause. If she has anything to say she can say it to myself."

"Am I to understand that you will not listen to me?"

"I had rather not."

"I think you are wrong," said Stanbury.

"In that matter you must allow me to judge for myself. I can easily understand that a young woman like her, especially with her sister to back her, should induce such a one as you to take her part."

"I am taking nobody's part. You wrong your wife, and you especially wrong Miss Rowley."

"If you please, Stanbury, we will say nothing more about it." This Trevelyan said holding the door of the room half open in his hand, so that the other was obliged to pass out through it.

"Good evening," said Stanbury, with much anger.

"Good evening," said Trevelyan, with an assumption of indifference.

Stanbury went away in absolute wrath, though the trouble which he had had in the interview was much less than he had anticipated, and the result quite as favorable. He had known that no good would come of his visit. And yet he was now full of anger against Trevelyan, and had become a partisan in the matter,—which was exactly that which he had resolutely determined that he would not become. "I believe that no woman on earth could live with him," he said to

himself as he walked away. "It was always the same with him—a desire for mastery, which he did not know how to use when he had obtained it. If it were Nora, instead of the other sister, he would break her sweet heart within a month."

Trevelyan dined at his club, and hardly spoke a word to any one during the evening. At about eleven he started to walk home, but went by no means straight thither, taking a long turn through St. James's Park, and by Pimlico. It was necessary that he should make up his mind as to what he would do. He had sternly refused the interference of a friend, and he must be prepared to act on his own responsibility. He knew well that he could not begin again with his wife on the next day, as though nothing had happened. Stanbury's visit to him, if it had done nothing else, had made this impossible. He determined that he would not go to her room to-night, but would see her as early as possible in the morning; and would then talk to her with all the wisdom of which he was master.

How many husbands have come to the same resolution; and how few of them have found the words of wisdom to be efficacious!

(To be continued.)

#### ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS.

THE origin of that art of writing, which, in its various shapes and forms, is of such every day use amongst all civilized nations, that we can hardly imagine a time when it was totally unknown, is nevertheless one of those interesting problems which perhaps may never be completely solved.

The early Christians—especially St. Clement of Alexandria, and St. Augustine, and, in later days, many eminent bibliographers, as Gale, Horne, and Dr. Clarke—held that the knowledge of alphabetical characters was revealed by God himself to Moses when the Ten Commandments were given on Mount Sinai.

Many no less erudite authors have rigorously combated this theory; and the celebrated Astle, in his elaborate work on the *Origin and Progress of Writing*, has tried to prove that it was

an invention of human civilization, and not divine revelation.

In the Book of Job, which work itself is generally considered to have been written before the time of Moses, there are many allusions to writing, which would imply its being tolerably familiar—as, for instance, when Job (xix. 23) exclaims: “Oh, that my words were now written! That they were graven with an iron pen!” &c.; and also in Exodus xvii. 14, *before* the delivery of the Law from Mount Sinai, when Moses was commanded to write the narrative of the journey from Egypt. From these and other expressions, writing would certainly appear to have a much earlier origin than the time of the great Israelitish lawgiver.

Whatever may have been the origin of alphabetical characters, the Hebrew, Samaritan, the Syriac, and after these the Greek, seem to have had but one author, their letters following nearly the same order, having the same numeral as well as vocal powers, and being called by similar names. Of these, the Samaritan is considered the oldest; the Ten Commandments were probably written in this language, and the Sacred Name embossed on the mitre of the high-priests. Under the name of Phœnician, Samaritan is the parent stock of most of the alphabets now in use, if not of all of them. The Jews used it till the time of Ezra, when the Chaldee or present Hebrew supplanted it, and the separation between the Samaritans and the Jews became complete.

The first writings of which we have any certain knowledge are the Ten Commandments, delivered to Moses on Mount Sinai; these were inscribed on slabs of stone.

The laws of Greece were engraved on triangular tablets of brass, which were called *cyrtes*; the laws of Rome, called the Laws of the Twelve Tables, were written on twelve slabs of brass, ivory, or wood, and exposed to the public view in the principal towns.

The ancient archives of France were written on silver plates; and Gibbon relates that, in 1444, eight brass tablets were dug up near Cortona, inscribed with very ancient Etruscan and Pelagian characters.

Montfaucon, the great archæologist, saw a book in the Palazzo Strozzi at Rome, made of marble cut wonderfully thin, so that the leaves might be turned over with ease.

Cleanthes, the poor but diligent pupil of the philosopher Zeno, recorded the precepts of his master on shells and the bones of oxen; and in the early days of the false prophet Mohammed, his disciples were so poor that they wrote the first portions of the Koran on the shoulder-bones of mutton, and then placed them in the domestic chest of one of his wives. The Mohammed of the nineteenth century affirmed that his precious *Book of Mormon* was written on golden plates; and that costly metal has really sometimes been used for purposes of writing, for Captain Percival, in his account of Ceylon, relates that when Raja Sing, king of Kandy sent an embassy to the Dutch governor of Pulicat in 1636, their credentials were written in Arabic on plates of gold.

Pliny, the father of encyclopædists, informs us that one of the most ancient methods of writing was on palm-leaves or the bark of trees, both which materials are still in use in India and Ceylon.

The Burmese write most elegantly on white palmyra leaves, the characters being gilded or enamelled, and the margins richly ornamented with flowers and birds gorgeously painted.

Lead was also in very common use, perhaps even so far back as the days of Job. Montfaucon says that in 1699 he bought a book in Rome, four inches long by three wide, of which every portion, the six leaves, the hinges, the nails in them, and the wire which held the leaves together, was entirely of lead. The contents were Egyptian Gnostic figures and unintelligible writing.

One curious use of lead is recorded in Drummond's *Herculanensia*. Thin plates beaten with a hammer till they were exceedingly pliable, were sewed up between the soles of a slave's shoes; the slave was then dispatched to his master's correspondent, who, while he slept, unsewed the leather, read the letters, replaced others; and in the morning, the messenger returned, being thus kept in entire ignorance of his master's secrets, and therefore perfectly unable to betray him.

Aulus Gellius tells us that the laws of Solon, preserved at Athens, were cut on long, square bars of wood, which revolved on their axes, so that all four sides could be read in their turn, and from whence they were called "Axones." These laws were written in the mode called boustrophedon, or "turning like oxen," because the lines were read from left to right, and right to left alternately, as oxen yoked to the plough go up and down the furrows of a field. Although this curious mode of writing was disused by the Greeks about 457 B. C., it was at one time used by the Irish, and called by them "Cionn fa eite."

The ancient Britons used these "Axones;" and at this day they are still in use as calendars in some of the islands of the Baltic and the isles of Ruhn and Mohn. Two curious specimens are in the Collegiate Library of Manchester.

Skins of fishes were sometimes used for writing; and in the great fire of Constantinople in the fifth century, which destroyed nearly the whole city, and its splendid library of twenty thousand volumes, there perished a relic of antiquity which was probably unique. This was a copy of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, written on the intestines of a serpent, in letters of gold, forming a roll of one hundred feet in length.

It has been supposed that several of the sacred prophetic books of the Old Testament were written on tablets of wood. They were certainly in use amongst the Romans; and in 485, during the reign of the Emperor Zeno, the remains of St. Barnabas are said to have been found near Salamis, with a Hebrew copy of the gospel of St. Matthew laid on his breast, written with his own hand on tablets of the rare and sweet-smelling wood called Thyia. Wooden tablets fastened together and made into a book were called "codex," or "caudex," from their resemblance to the trunk of a tree sawed up into planks.

The instruments used for writing varied according to the substance on which they were to be employed. The iron needle called a style was used from very early times for the purpose of writing on tablets covered with a thin coating of colored wax, which was easily

scored in the desired manner by the sharp end of the style; and a flat blunt end of the instrument served to efface the writing. But these iron styles were on many occasions turned into daggers, and the use of them in the public courts was therefore prohibited, and bone or ivory substituted.

Cassianus, a Christian schoolmaster at Imola, near Ravenna, in Italy, was surrendered by the Emperor Julian, in 365, to the rage of his scholars, who murdered him with their styles.

Suetonius says that Cæsar, grasping the arm of one of his murderers, pierced it with his style; and the same author relates that the Emperor Claudius was so afraid of assassination in this manner, that he would not allow the public writers to enter his presence without leaving their iron styles in charge of his guards. Herodotus, five hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, says that sheep-skins and goat-skins were inscribed with the archives of the ancient Ionians. Some authors have thought that Moses wrote the copy of the Law kept in the Ark on preserved skins. In Exodus xxvi., we are told that ram-skins dyed red, made part of the tabernacle covering; and thence it is curious that Dr. Claudius Buchanan, in 1806, obtained from a synagogue of the Black Jews in India a very ancient manuscript containing the Hebrew Scriptures on red goat-skins. The Cabul Jews, who travel annually into the interior of China, say that there, too, red ram or goat-skins are the usual material for the Law-books in the synagogue.

To Eumenes, king of Pergamus, has usually been attributed the invention of parchment, made from sheep-skins, and vellum, made from calves' hides. But although the word parchment is a corruption of Pergamenum, it seems to have been known much earlier than the time of Eumenes, for Josephus states that the copy of the Law presented by the Seventy Elders to Ptolemy Philadelphus, 277 B.C., was written in golden letters on the most exquisite vellum. The real reason of its receiving the name Pergamenum was, that Ptolemy, from a wish to keep all the great libraries in Egypt, and to spoil the collections of rival monarchs, prohibited the export of papyrus; and the seat of the



rival manufacture of vellum was at Pergamus.

Of the durability of vellum and parchment there can be no doubt; they seem to suffer from no internal liability to decay, as do wood and iron—the Virgil in the Vatican has lasted since the third century, and might last as much longer. In the Imperial Library of Paris is a Prudentius of about the same date; and in nearly every public library in Europe are manuscripts of ages varying from eight to thirteen hundred years. It is curious, in fact, to reflect, that while many noble monasteries are in ruins, and some even hardly to be identified except by most zealous antiquaries—manuscripts which were ancient before the abbeys rose from the level of the ground, are now in good preservation.

We might, indeed, so far as the durability of parchment and vellum is concerned, have been at this day in possession of the entire works of those authors of antiquity whom we now only know by a few fragments. But during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, parchment became excessively scarce and dear; great estates were sometimes passed from one owner to another by a mere verbal agreement, and the delivery of earth and stone before witnesses. In 1124, the abbot of a monastery in Suffolk could procure no parchment for illuminating a copy of the Bible; and the Bishop of Winton, in 1226, expended five shillings on a *small* quantity of parchment, at a time when wheat was only two shillings for eight bushels, and the following short entry was made in the accounts of Dunstable Priory: "In July we sold our slave William Pyke, and received 13 sh: and 4 pence from the buyer."

This dearth of material led to the wholesale obliteration of the writing on ancient manuscripts, by boiling them in water, by the use of quick lime, by erasing, or by any other process which they could devise. Montfaucon declares, that "if all the books of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries are examined, there will appear to be as many written on erased as on new parchment. I am convinced that very many authors extant in the time of Porphyrogenitus were destroyed by this plague among

books, which began in the twelfth, and continued through the fourteenth century. The Greek writers erased valuable works for the sake of substituting either their own inane productions, or else works of which there was no scarcity." The church interposed to stop this practice, so destructive to the cause of letters, for we find a canon to the effect that "they who sell copies of the Bible or the holy doctors to the 'depravers of books,' or apothecaries, shall be excommunicated for one year."

In the place of the finest authors of antiquity—poets, philosophers, and historians—these wretched "Librarii" gave to posterity lying tales of saints, monkish chronicles, and puerile doggerel rhymes. In Germany, the use of erased parchment became so common, that in order to check it, a clause was always inserted in the patents by which imperial notaries were created, "that they shall only employ virgin parchment." These doubly written books were called either "rescripts or palimpsests;"\* and the original writing of them has sometimes been, by great labor and patience, deciphered." In this way, one most valuable manuscript of St. John's Gospel, another of St. Matthew, the prophet Isaiah, and some works of the Fathers of the church, have been happily rescued.

The nearest approach to modern paper used in very ancient times was the texture formed from the Egyptian reed papyrus, from which our word paper is derived. This plant grew in vast quantities on the swampy ground and in the stagnant pools formed by the inundations of the Nile. It consisted of a single stem, twenty feet high or under, tapering from the root, and ending in a tuft. The stem is fibrous, the pith sweet and juicy. Every part of this their national plant was put to some use by the Egyptians. Of the roots they made cups and useful household articles; the stalk made ribs for their smaller boats; the pith was used for food: the fibres of the stem made cloth, sails, ropes, shoes, and other strong things; while the inner fibre made their celebrated writing material.

\*For further information on palimpsests, the reader is referred to that article in Chambers's *Encyclopædia*.

Layers of this thin fibre were laid across one another on a block, and being moistened with Nile water, were heavily beaten with broad mallets, dried in the sun, and then polished with a shell. The result was a firm, tough substance, which would carry ink, and could be rolled up without fear of breaking, though by age it became more brittle. The Romans brought this manufacture to great perfection, and the papyrus trade was, until the possession of Egypt by the Saracens, a source of great wealth; some of the manuscripts, written on papyrus in the fourth century, and even earlier, found in the outer bandages of mummies, are still legible. In the ruins of Herculaneum, which was destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius, 79 A.D., manuscripts written on papyrus have been discovered, but so calcined by the melted lava that they are almost destroyed.

The next stage in the manufacture of paper is the *Charta Bombycina*, or cotton-paper, which Casiri states to have been invented by the Arab Joseph Amru, in 706, and first made in Bucharia.

Our present linen-paper is generally supposed to be an eastern invention, but the exact date and the individual inventor are matters of mere conjecture. One of the earliest specimens is in the University Library of Rinteln, Germany: it is a document dated 1239, signed by Adolphus Count Schaumburg, and sealed with his arms. Casiri, the oriental scholar, says that in the glorious but little explored library of the Escorial, manuscripts written on linen-paper are preserved, dating from the twelfth century. It was early introduced into England, for a deed of John Cranden, Prior of Ely, dated the fourteenth year of Edward II. (1320), and some of the Cotton Manuscripts in the British Museum, dated 1335, are in this material, although the first paper-mill was established at Dartford so late as 1588.

The practice of illuminating manuscripts with paintings and other decorations is of very remote antiquity. In the British Museum is a papyrus roll taken by Sir William Hamilton from a mummy at Thebes, having a drawing on each of the five columns, representing objects of Egyptian adoration; and

some of the Hebrew manuscripts of the Law written before the Christian era were illuminated in gold and colors. But it was during the early ages of the Christian church that some of the very finest illuminations were produced. St. Jerome, in the fourth century, mentions copies of the Scriptures written on purple vellum, in the largest gold and silver letters. In the Imperial Library of Vienna there is a famous copy of St. Luke's Gospel, more than fourteen hundred and fifty years old, on purple vellum, in letters of gold, consisting of twenty-six leaves, enriched with forty-eight most elaborate water-color pictures. Among the Harleian Manuscripts in the British Museum is a splendid copy of the four Gospels in capital letters of gold, dated in the eighth century, every page divided into two columns, inclosed in a magnificent border. The pictures of the Evangelists with their emblems are exquisitely painted in the front of their respective Gospels; the initial letter of each is richly illuminated, and occupies one entire page. The time and patience bestowed on these glorious specimens of art are astonishing—fifty years were sometimes given to one single volume. At the sale of Sir W. Burrell's library in 1796, was a manuscript Bible on vellum, richly decorated, which had taken the writer, Guido de Jars, more than half a century, as appears by his autograph at the beginning. He began it in his fortieth year, and had completed his ninetieth year (1294 A.D.) before the book was finished.

The imperial purple was the color generally used for the ground of the most costly books, from its displaying the gold and silver characters to the greatest advantage.

This celebrated color, from which the Greek emperors took the title of *Porphyrogenitus*, or "born in the purple," was of the color of dark bull's blood, and had a strong smell from the dye. It was called also the Sacred Encaustic, and was restricted "to the palace and person of the emperor," and to assume it was in reality to usurp the power of the empire. While such was the splendor of the writing and illuminated paintings inside the ancient Bibles and ecclesiastical books, the exteriors were often no less costly.

King Ina, who appears, if all reported

is true, to have given immense property to the abbey of Glastonbury—as, for instance, two thousand six hundred and forty pounds of silver for a shrine, and two hundred and sixty-four pounds of gold for the altar—caused the Gospels to be covered in the most gorgeous manner with precious stones, at the cost of twenty pounds of gold.

The Irish abbot of Enniskillen, Dagæus, who died in 587, was celebrated for his skill in binding books in covers of gold and precious stones. In these prosaic ages we have no idea of the rude magnificence of our ancestors. Childebert the Frank, in one of his victories over the Goths, found amongst the treasures of the church twenty boxes of pure gold, ornamented with jewels, for the purpose of holding the sacred Gospels. Surely no amount of ritualistic enthusiasm will ever venture to furnish a church throughout on this magnificent scale of expense.

Persons of the very highest rank did not disdain to copy in letters of gold and silver, books which struck their fancy, or which, from their sacred contents, they wished to honor. The Emperor Theodosius wrote the Gospels in gold letters with his own hand. Montfaucon asserts that many of the nobles of the Greek empire followed his example, and founded their own private libraries by transcribing the works in the public ones. It was common at one time for noblemen and princes to keep copyists at work in the midst of the two hundred thousand volumes of Pergamus, or the seven hundred thousand at Alexandria, both libraries, alas! doomed to be nearly totally destroyed.

But from the fourth century downward, it was from the houses of religious orders that the great supply of books proceeded. The spark of learning which shone faintly during the turbulence of the dark ages was kept alive by them; much harm they may have done by the odious system of obliterating one work to write another on the same material; still, if it had not been for the shelter of their libraries, and the labors of their hands, we should probably have at this day but poor ideas of the glories of Greek and Roman literature, even if we had preserved the text of the sacred writings themselves.

In every great abbey there was a *scriptorium*, where the monks transcribed the

works set before them in perfect silence. Many precautions were taken to prevent the least errors, though too often they crept in from the pernicious habit, in later days, when the sale of books became an article of monastic revenue, of employing a "Dictator" to read to a whole roomful of scribes at once. Adjurations were placed by authors at the end of their works, as that of Irenæus: "I adjure thee, by our Lord Jesus Christ, and by his glorious coming to judge the quick and the dead, that thou compare what thou transcribest, and correct it, and annex a copy of this adjuration to what thou hast written." Particular estates were sometimes given to establish *scriptoria* in certain abbeys. A Norman baron gave in 1086 large sums to the abbey of St. Albans for this purpose; another was endowed by a literary noble with two mills; and in 1171, a whole rectory was devoted to St. Swithin's convent in Winton *ad libros transcribendos*. Nor were the monks behind hand in obeying the wishes of these munificent patrons.

In the abbey of Glastonbury, during the rule of one abbot who died in 1300, fifty-eight volumes had been transcribed and illuminated; and when the library belonging to the splendid abbey of Croyland was burned by accident in 1091, seven hundred volumes were destroyed, of which the major portion had been copied within the walls.

The celebrated Bruno, founder of the Carthusian order, who died in 1101, commanded an almost perpetual silence amongst his monks, and allowed them no employment except the services of the church and the transcription of books. Notwithstanding the extreme austerity of their rules, this order at one time possessed one hundred and seventy-two convents, in all of which, at a certain hour, the sacristan delivered to the monks pen, ink, parchment, and books to be copied, for, said one of their number: "Books should be preserved by us, as the everlasting food of our souls; and since we preach not the word of God by our mouths, we do it by our hands, for the books which we transcribe are so many sermons of truth which we deliver."

## THE MANCINIS: OR CARDINAL MAZARIN.

## AN ITALIAN EPISODE IN FRENCH HISTORY.

MORE than once in their history Frenchmen have seen, with jealous hatred, an Italian invasion of their court, and dark indeed are the colors in which the foreign favorites are invariably depicted. Battle, murder, and sudden death follow in their train; poison and witchcraft are their constant weapons of offence and defence, sometimes employed at the bidding of their royal masters and mistresses, sometimes treacherously turned against them; for when was the Italian supposed to be other than subtle, wily, fawning, and treacherous in the popular belief of nations less versatile or less gifted with the art of pleasing? This feeling of hatred to the foreigner it was that, in the wars and tumults of the Fronde, made *bourgeois*, courtiers, nobles and princes of the 'blood rally alike to the cry of "Point de Mazarin!"' whom Anne of Austria had made absolute master of France and of herself. The history of that stormy time, is it not written by the pen of one who fought and intrigued through it all against his brother cardinal with every malicious wile that restless vanity and fierce ambition could suggest, and by many other memoir-writers besides Paul de Gondi? Its main feature and its results are all familiar; but the personal biographies of that family which the successful churchman sought to found and endow with his enormous wealth, and the varied and powerful alliances which he formed, are less well known, though they make a truly curious chapter in the chronicle of the *siècle* Louis XIV. The obscure birth of the cardinal, we find, is a fertile theme for the authors of the Mazarinades, as the scurrilous pamphlets and epigrams of the Frondeurs were called, nor are any contemporary notices more flattering. Looking down from the lofty empyrean of his own far-descended line, St. Simon gravely but contemptuously remarks: 'Jamais on n'a pu remonter plus haut que le père de cette trop fameuse Éminence, ni savior où elle est née, ni quoi que ce soit de sa première jeunesse. On sait seulement qu'ils étaient de Sicile.' The great Condé speaks of his enemy as "ce gredin de Sicile," and 'Sicileu' becomes at once the *mot d'*

*ordre* with the rhymesters of the party. The Val de Mazare in Sicily was supposed to have given a name to the nameless peasant his father, of whom Scarron and De Retz speak as a bankrupt tradesman in Rome, but who nevertheless we know rose high enough in the social scale to marry an heiress of the great Orsini family. In modern days, M. Léon Laborde thinks he has discovered proofs of the great statesman's patrician birth and aristocratic training, but they are far from conclusive; and if we are to consider a certain manuscript found in the royal library at Turin in 1855, as a genuine production (of which there seems to be no reasonable doubt), we now possess an authentic history of the birth and parentage of Giulio Mazarino, from the pen of an early friend and schoolfellow. This anonymous writer, whose work is apparently addressed to some member of the royal house of Savoy, about the year 1657, when, in the person of Prince Eugène of Savoy-Carignan, Conte de Soissons, it had allied itself with the cardinal's niece Olympia, tells us that Pietro, father of Giulio, was born in a Sicilian village called Mazarino, and thence took his surname. He came to seek a fortune in Rome, on the strength of the proverb, that to no one does the mistress of the world ever prove a stepmother, and there he entered the service of the Constable Colonna, and became his chamberlain. There he married Ortensia Bufalini, with, says the biographer, "a *dot* more than suitable to the birth and station of the bridegroom, and largely dowered besides with beauty and virtue." They had a numerous family, but Pietro became intendant of the extensive domains of the constable, and did not lack means to educate them with more than ordinary care. In Rome, in the Rione di Trevi, in the year 1602, Giulio, his famous son, first saw light; and under the instruction of the Jesuits he developed into an infant prodigy, reciting short sermons in public with fluency and appropriate gestures at five years old. The Order of Jesus continued to superintend his education till, at seventeen, he went to Spain in the suite of the Abbé Colonna, when even his admiring biographer admits that he learnt other arts and sciences than those imparted in the schools of



Alcala and Salamanca. Love and dice had charms so strong that his father, in great uneasiness about his future career, recalled him to Rome. His uniform success through life at all games of hazard, was indeed too remarkable to escape invidious comment, and "*escroc*" was a word too often applied by his ill-wishers to one who may either have been born under a lucky star, or have acquired by practice and observation skill beyond his rivals; so at least pleads his anonymous apologist. But our concern at present is not with the cardinal's road to wealth, power, and fame—how he served in the papal army, and won the patronage of the Barberini Pope by his diplomatic talents, discarding then his sword and armor for a nuncio's hat and robes. Before he left Rome as the pope's viceroy to France, in 1634, he established his two sisters in very excellent marriages. The eldest married Girolamo Martinozzi, and the younger, Lorenzo Mancini, a Roman baron; while their father, for some time past a widower, found favor in the eyes of Portia Orsini, whose family were, we must suppose, so far influenced by the position achieved by his distinguished son, that they did not reject the alliance. We pass on now, over some fourteen years of Mazarin's life and of French history, till we find him cardinal and prime minister of France, sole confidant of the regent, Anne of Austria—some say her lover (others whisper her husband)—enormously wealthy, engaged in building and decorating the magnificent Palais Mazarin, and beginning to contemplate the advisability of sending for some of his sisters' children. Though the Palais Mazarin was in course of construction, the cardinal lodged in the Palais Royal, where he had greater facility of constant access to his royal mistress; and here were summoned the eldest of Madame Martinozzi's daughters, the two elder Mancini demoiselles, and their brother, whose ages in 1647, ranged from seven to thirteen: here they were brought up along with the royal children. Madame de Motteville describes their arrival on the 11th of September, and their appearance. Mlle. Martinozzi was blonde, with fine features and gentle eyes; she gave promise of real beauty. Laure, the eldest Mancini, was an agreeable bru-

nette of twelve or thirteen; the second, Olympia, was very dark, with a long pointed chin, and bright, though small, black eyes. Madame de Nogent was sent to meet them at Fontainebleau. The queen received them the same evening, thought them pretty, caressed them in private, and showed them next day to the court, where the curious courtiers crowded so eagerly round the new arrivals, that there seemed some danger of their being suffocated by the press, while their uncle affected hardly to notice them. There is perhaps no stronger proof of the queen's entire devotion to him than the manner in which she occupied herself with these girls. Madame de Senécé, ex-gouvernante to the young king, was appointed to superintend their education; but Anne herself, true Spaniard, always *dévot*e if sometimes *galante*, instructed them in religion, and treated them with the same tenderness as her own children. The courtly Madame de Motteville, who never believes that her royal mistress can do wrong, makes small comment on the strangeness of these proceedings, little as she loved the cardinal. 'Il avait le don de plaire, et il était impossible de ne pas se laisser charmer par ses douceurs,' she says; but not from her do we hear of the whispers against the fair fame of Anne, however much she may privately have shared the fears of Madame de Senécé and Mlle. de Hautefort, who were bold enough to remonstrate with the queen on the imprudence of her conduct with her minister. Madame de Brienne, too, ventured to repeat to her majesty some of the calumnies to which she exposed herself, and was met by the most solemn assurances from the queen that her preference for the cardinal was purely intellectual, and that their lengthened conferences were entirely confined to "*affaires de l'État*." Unfortunately, the letters which exist on both sides are so familiar and so indiscreet, that it is hard even for the dispassionate student of this century to believe the queen's assertion; though perhaps they are not inconsistent with the theory of a private marriage, if—which seems an unsettled point—Mazarin was never actually in priest's orders. This idea is frequently to be met with in the pam-

phlets of the day; and Madame la Palatine says in her memoirs, speaking of the queen regent, "she did worse than love Mazarin: she married him." No real evidence on the subject, however, exists; and the Palatine, whose gossip is always coarse and seldom good natured, in this instance evidently inclines to take what she considers far the darkest view of the case. But to return to the Mancinis. We find that the nephew Paul was placed at the college at Clermont, along with the Prince de Conti, while his two sisters and Anne Martinuzzi shared the studies and the amusements of Louis XIV., and of Monsieur, till the Frondeurs obliged court and cardinal to retire to St. Germain's, and leave them in charge of the nuns of Val de Grâce; for Madame de Senécé had joined Madame de Longueville, and gone into opposition. The peace of Ruel restored the court and its ruling spirit for a season to Paris, though Condé was little disposed to submission; for, with a shrewd prevision of the part they were in future to play, he made it then a stipulation that his eminence must promise on no account to arrange any marriage for the nieces without his consent. The hollow truce could not last long, and it was broken on a day when the haughty soldier addressed to the cardinal a letter bearing on its cover the insulting words, "All' Illustrissimo Signor Facchino," &c. The regent ordered the prince to be arrested; but seeing the Duke of Orleans and the parliament both declared against him, Mazarin judged it prudent to withdraw across the frontier till the storm should have blown over. His nieces joined him at Péronne. Their flight was sudden and secret, for they already shared the odium which attached to the favorite.

Then the Frondeurs sang pæans of triumph over his discomfiture and disappearance, and the list even of the pieces in prose and verse that flowed from the pens of their scribes and rhymesters in the spring of 1651 would fill pages. No abuse, no insinuation, no accusation was too dark to heap upon le Mazarin, and on every member, known or unknown, of his family: unprofitable reading now as then, with hardly any precious grain of truth to be found in

it worth wading through such a mire of filth and scurrility, pungent though the wit thereof may sometimes be, and significant too of an entirely new era in French literature and French thought. The language at this time takes quite a new form in the brilliant pages of De Retz, of Scarron, and of Madame de Sévigné: it is a new weapon, keen, subtle, and ready-forged for the hands of Voltaire and his brethren, to be used with such terrible effect against the *ancien régime* and all that had previous to the Fronde been considered most sacred. Then for the first time throne and altar were both roughly handled, and the demon of mockery was roused in men's breasts at the spectacle of a devout Spanish queen, regent of the kingdom, altogether in the power of an upstart cardinal minister, a foreigner who robbed the nation to the extent of millions: it is strange, too, that some other sights, not uncommon then, should elicit such slight notice as they do in the literature of the day; but here and there, instead of comedy, we find records like the following:

"1651. At Rheims, Châlons, Rethel, &c., everywhere famine, death, bodies unburied. The faces of the survivors are black with hunger; they are phantoms scarcely human. They eat lizards, dead dogs a week old. In Lorraine the starving nuns leave their convents to beg. In Picardy there are five hundred orphan children under seven years old."

But Mazarin, when he went into exile, was rich enough to raise an army from his private fortune to oppose Condé, and he won Turenne to his side; so the fighting and lampooning go on, and the people perish by hunger and by the sword, and there seems none to pity them. Only one name shines out from the dark record with the lustre of purest charity—a name that continues to succor the sick and the afflicted of our own day—that of Vincent de Paul, who then first sent out his emissaries among the starving population of France. The ex-minister, who was still Anne's minister *de facto*, had selected Bruhl as his residence in the spring of 1651: from thence he continued to direct all her actions, and to correspond with her in the constant exchange of letters filled with expressions of the most ardent devotion; here too he

managed to conclude the marriage of his eldest niece, Laure Mancini. Laure was the first to marry, the first also to quit the scene altogether; and if it be true, that whom the gods love die young, we feel it doubly so when a nature like hers, pure, candid, holy, and loving, is taken away from the unutterable corruptions of such a society. Though only one of the pawns in the game then being played, she was fortunate in attracting the love of the husband to whom she was destined. When she was fifteen overtures for her hand had been made by the Cardinal Barberini, in behalf of one of the Colonnas, but Mazarin paused. It was thought that he had cast his eyes on the gay and irresistible Duc de Caudale, the heir of the d'Épernons, who would probably have made a very indifferent husband, and whose sudden death quenched so many bright eyes in tears, though Laure's were not among them. The Duc de Mercœur, brother of "le roi des Halles," son of M. de Vendôme, and a grandson of Henri IV. and la belle Gabrielle, would be an invaluable partisan for the cardinal; he was an unexceptionable *parti* for Laure, for, unlike his turbulent race, he was gentle and pious, and having been betrothed to Mademoiselle Mancini before the flight to Bruhl, he exhibited the rare spectacle of fidelity to his engagements, in spite of ridicule and threats from the Prince of Condé at whose hands he underwent a rough and angry examination on the subject before the parliament of Paris. There he mildly but firmly declared himself the husband of Mademoiselle Mancini, and set off immediately for Bruhl to claim his bride, although strictly forbidden to bring her into the kingdom. M. de Vendôme did not oppose the proceeding; possibly he foresaw the speedy return to power of the cardinal, and the benefits he might reap from such an alliance. Some months later they came in the shape of places and governments. He received the government of Bretagne and the admiralty, while Jean Doucet, as De Retz contemptuously nicknamed the young husband, was entrusted with Provence and with a division of the cardinal's army, with which he subdued some of the towns that Condé had seduced from obedience.

While he was in the field, Laure led a peaceful life at Anêt with the Duchesse de Vendôme, her mother-in-law, a saintly lady, who practised devotion and charity. When she appeared at court, she was beautiful enough to be admired, too modest and retiring to excite envy or hatred. Before any shadow had fallen on her happiness, she died suddenly from the consequences of her third confinement: her powerful uncle is said to have wept real tears by her deathbed, and the blow to the Duc de Mercœur was so severe, that after a period of entire seclusion, he took orders. Laure's two elder sons are known in history as the celebrated Duc and Grand Prieur de Vendôme, names that were to become infamous even in the days of the Regent Orleans and Dubois, for those who bore them inherited none of the virtues of their parents. The military successes of the eldest brother, however, warranted him in making the boast that he inherited from an earlier and a royal progenitor his undoubtedly brilliant talents. It is curious that the Duc de Vendôme's great opponent in the field should have been his first cousin, for Prince Eugène was the son of his mother's sister, Olympia, Comtesse de Soissons.

On his return from his second exile, more firmly established in power than ever, and incomparably the richest subject in Europe, Mazarin found suitors in plenty for the hands of his nieces as they reached marriageable age. Anne Martinozzi and Olympia Mancini were both sixteen, but the gentle blonde attracted more admirers than her cousin, who had little pretension of beauty, and who saw with the bitterest envy the marriage of Anne to the Prince de Conti, and a little later that of Laure Martinozzi to the reigning Duke of Modena, alliances which raised them both to royal rank. Armand de Conti, who was slightly deformed and originally destined by his warrior brother for the Church, had resisted the imposition of hands ecclesiastical, though he received as his appanage many rich abbacies. Always under the influence of his sister, Madame de Longueville, he joined the Fronde, and fought and gambled passionately but unsuccessfully through the first years of manhood, till her conversion brought

about his, and the remainder of his life passed away in the strangest alternations between fits of extravagant devotion and penitence and the wildest excesses. His position had become a humiliating one, for his fortune was nearly all gone, when Sarrazin, his secretary, suggested to him the expediency of attaching himself to the absolute dispenser of place, power and wealth, by allying the blood of the Bourbons with that of the Mazarin. He was not perhaps a very attractive husband for Mademoiselle Martinozzi, who would undoubtedly have preferred accepting the homage of "le beau Caudale," and perhaps she had the further mortification of knowing that the prince expressed the most entire indifference as to which of the nieces it was who should become Princesse de Conti, since it was the cardinal he meant to espouse. Mazarin signified his wish that it should be Anne, and De Caudale at once withdrew his pretensions with equally mortifying indifference. The betrothal took place on February 21, 1654, at Compiègne; on the following day the marriage was celebrated with royal pomp, and the Prince de Conti received a bride whose beauty and goodness gave him every reason to think himself a fortunate man even without the lavish dowry, the government of Guienne, or the sumptuous new Hôtel Conti, which the cardinal, in a generous mood, bestowed along with her.

Certainly the careers and characters of his two elder nieces were wonderfully different from those of the younger, whether nature or the training of Val de Grâce be responsible for it. Michelet says the others were led astray by the evil example of Queen Christina of Sweden, when she visited the French court, and fascinated these young ladies with her coarse wit and her damsel errant propensities; a suggestion which may be true to a certain extent. But it may also be conjectured that when they were summoned to Paris, they came, not the innocent children that Laure and Anne had been, but prepared, by the knowledge of their relative's great power and influence, to play conspicuous parts in a court, where the age of the young king and his brother, just verging on manhood, held out every temptation to intrigue, and where lovers and husbands,

coronets and *fauteuils*, diamonds and equipages, not whips, hoops, or childish toys, were the prizes to be striven for. The Conti marriage proved a happy one, in spite of occasional fits of jealousy on his part, for which Anne, whose piety grew year by year more austere, gave him not the shadow of a cause, and spite of relapses of his which only made her redouble her prayers. If we are to believe Bussy, it was after his marriage that Conti tried ineffectually to *poser* as the adorer of Madame de Sévigné, that charming but icy marquise, who had so long withstood all attempts to win a warmer regard than that of the Rabutin tie of blood from Bussy himself. But in the retirement of Guienne the prince became daily more under the influence of wife and sister, both devout mystics; one, like himself, penitent and seeking to expiate the sins and follies of a stormy past, the other stainless, but pressing on ever nearer to the light. He left her a widow at twenty-nine, and the union between her and Madame de Longueville was only drawn the closer. Anne was Jansenist in her opinions, and became the protector and patroness of Port Royal, using her influence with the king in behalf of the brethren, as well as for all the weak and oppressed whom she could benefit. She stripped herself of at least two-thirds of the wealth with which her uncle had endowed her; and the inscription on her tomb, in St. André-des-Arts, sets forth, that in the famine of 1662, she sold all her jewels to feed the starving poor of Berri, of Champagne and Picardy. Death, when it came ten years later (1672), in the shape of a sudden apopleptic seizure, could not come unawares or unwelcome to one who had so communed with the Unseen. Who does not remember Madame de Sévigné's description of that death-chamber?—the moans of the expiring princess as the physicians tried to torture her back to consciousness, the overwhelming grief of her family, the extravagant and feigned sorrow of the ladies who screamed and fainted till they were expelled, "qui prouve trop, ne prouve rien," the *éloge* pronounced by the king, all vividly brought before us by the pen of the lively writer, who says in conclusion, "Il y a de belles réflexions à faire sur cette mort," but leaves it to Madame de



Grignan and to us to make them. The two sons of Anne Martinozzi were left to the charge of Madame de Longueville; the eldest died in youth, the other survived to be the brightest ornament of his house.

A second detachment of the cardinal's family had arrived from Rome in March 1653. Of nieces to marry there was no lack, nor stint of dowers to give them; the cry was still "they come."

Les Mancinis, les Martinosses,  
Illustres matières de noces.

sang the poets of the Fronde, who had now tuned their lyres to notes of praise of these Roman beauties.

Paul Mancini, the eldest nephew, was dead; two other brothers remained: Philippe, afterward created Duc de Nevers, and Alphonse, who died at college, where his fellow-pupils, on one unlucky day, tossing him in a blanket, he fell to the ground on his head and broke his neck. The Duc de Nevers' eccentric life is associated with his four brilliant sisters—Olympia, Marie, Hortense, and Marie-Anne; but before proceeding to the history of that group, a short notice of the remaining Martinozzi will not be out of place here. She was but a bird of passage at the French court. Very soon after her arrival there, proposals for her hand were made by the Duke of Modena, through Prince Eugène of Savoy Carignan (afterward Comte de Soissons, and husband of Olympia Mancini), and accepted. The marriage was celebrated by proxy at Compiègne, Prince Eugène representing the Duke of Modena in the gorgeous ceremonial, which was precisely the same in all respects as if the bride had been a daughter of France. Immediately after, Laure was conducted by her mother to Modena, where her husband, Alphonse d'Este, and a home under her native Italian sky, awaited her. Seven years of marriage, during which her husband fought the battles of France, then we find her regent of Modena, governing that little state with firmness (*virile donna*, her biographer calls her), renowned for her just dealings and her piety; in politics, always faithful to France and to the *grand monarque*, when Mazarin had passed away. In 1673 she made a journey to Paris to marry her daughter,

Marie Beatrice, to James, Duke of York. So the grand-niece of the cardinal sat for a time on the English throne, and but for the Revolution of '88 his blood (unless we credit the warming-pan legend of the first Pretender's birth, once an article of Whig and Hanoverian faith), might have continued to flow in our rulers' veins.

Some one has remarked of the English nation that we are the only people on the face of the globe that uses its sacred writings as horn-books, and we have often been inclined to wish that the same irreverence did not characterize our treatment of many a classic besides. The "Farewell Horace whom I hated so, not for thy faults but mine," of Lord Byron, finds an echo in many breasts; just now our thoughts revert to the period of our youth, when our preceptors used to give us lessons in French dictation from Madame de Sévigné's letters. Our knowledge of the time and of the society being limited to the rudiments of Mrs. Markham's History, imperfectly acquired, we remember feeling precisely the same bewilderment about the marquise's friends, her anecdotes of "*Quanto*," and all manner of exalted, and to us unknown, personages, as some country cousin might experience who suddenly found herself listening to the talk and scandal of half a dozen fine ladies. It was tantalizing not to know who all this good company with whom she is so familiar might be, about whom there are so many good stories, of which, from our ignorance, we lose the point. There was a pleasure in trying to guess, which occupied us more perhaps than orthography or punctuation; and as to making Madame's style a model for our own, which we were told was the object of the lesson, we mentally postponed that idea till we too should go to court and be able to relate to our friends how we fared there. No doubt it was a symptom of incipient worldliness, that in those days we much preferred, unintelligible to us though they were, extracts from her Paris letters to those that bore the dates of Livry or les Rochers, where her reflections on the treatise of "*le bonhomme Nicole*," preparatory to "*mes Pâques*," or her extravagant expressions of fond anxiety for her daughter, used to weary us pro-

foundly. So the penalty of becoming a classic letter writer two hundred years ago is that now, listless school boys and girls yawn over greasy slates, on which they have copied, with equal indifference, the finest jests and the saddest tragedies, or such passionate words from a mother's heart as these: "Que Dieu me fasse la grâce de l'aimer un jour, comme je vous aime, ma fille." In her society we often find a M. de Nevers appearing; always charming—certainly eccentric. There is much excitement at court in 1670 about his marriage, for the bride is no other than "cette belle Diane," Mlle. de Thianges, niece of Madame de Montespan, then the reigning favorite; and "ce M. de Nevers si difficile à ferrer, ce M. de Nevers si extraordinaire, qui glisse des mains alors qu'on y pense le moins," this M. de Nevers is Philippe Mancini, the only surviving nephew of the cardinal. It is rather significant of the fact that the last male of his family was no favorite with him, that when he created a Duc de Mazarin to carry on his name, that title was given not to Philippe but to Armand de la Porte, the husband of Hortense Mancini, a selection where for once his sagacity singularly failed. He was probably, however, correct enough in his estimate of his nephew, as one not likely ever to concern himself with policy or ambition. Brilliant, fantastic, accomplished, all things by fits and starts, and nothing long, he was the delight of society, but would apply himself to no duty and no pursuit. Fits of poetical abstraction were no recommendation in the eyes of so practical a genius as his uncle, whose displeasure he also early incurred by his share in a scandal, which Madame de Motteville and Bussy relate, of some young courtiers who thought fit to keep the holy week at Roissi in a series of profane orgies of the maddest kind. For a time, in consequence, he was banished from court, but afterward received a commission in Louis XIV.'s own regiment of guards and the title of Duc de Nevers. At the cardinal's death he found himself in possession of great estates in both France and Italy, and of one-half of the Palais Mazarin, with its rich contents of pictures and statues, far better bestowed on him than on the eccentric devotee who, in his zeal for religion and decency, traversed his gal-

leries, hammer in hand, and is calculated to have destroyed pictures and marbles to the value of four hundred thousand francs. To her brother's half of the palace the luckless Hortense often fled to escape the persecutions of her *Barbe-bleue*, and his satirical muse was employed in her service to ridicule the extravagances of the Duc de Mazarin, while he assisted her to escape from so intolerable a companion.

The marriage made no difference in the restless habits of M. de Nevers, who spent most of his time travelling between Paris and Rome, where, on Monte Cavallo, he owned another superb palace. He was slightly jealous of his beautiful Diane, and carried her with him, sometimes so unexpectedly that Mlle. de Montpensier says, "Madame de Nevers has known what it was to get into her carriage for a short drive and to hear Monsieur give the order to the coachman, "*à Rome*," from which there was no appeal and no delay. But they seem to have continued excellent friends. Twenty years later we find their names constantly appearing in the Sévigné, Grignan, and Coulanges correspondence, always spoken of as the most charming, the most agreeable, the wittiest, and the most eagerly sought guests. The *précieuse* Madame de Grignan is ever keenly anxious to possess the last satire or epigram from M. de Nevers' pen. "I am never surprised that you should be loved and welcomed," writes Madame de Sévigné to De Coulanges at Rome, "but I admire your good fortune in being so by the Nevers." He, in return, describes the delights of their society, in which he found

Toujours de jolis vers,  
Toujours une table  
De peu de couverts.

The last item is a sign that they understood the first essential of social enjoyment, but the poetic vein of M. de Nevers, though then considered by the best judges as "*d'un goût si relevé et si singulier*," strikes us as meagre enough; nor have we any intention of transcribing specimens of it here. His reputation as a poet and satirist led him into a war of epigrams with Racine and Boileau, when at the instigation of the Duchesse de Bouillon and her salon, he espoused the cause of the *Déshoulières* and the

Pradons to crush the *Phèdre* of Racine, on whichever side at the time, the victory in the war of wits may have been supposed to rest, it is unfortunate for the Duc de Nevers that his name should go down to posterity as enlisted on the side of the mediocrities. But to fame of any kind through life or beyond it, he was sincerely and truly indifferent; his only ambition was to please for the moment, and nature had bestowed on him just those gifts and graces which made it impossible he should ever do otherwise.

In the meantime Olympia, perhaps the central figure of the whole group, waits for us to ravel out the tangled web of her checkered fortunes. She was the least beautiful of the sisters, but her age, which was nearest that of Louis, gave her in childhood the earliest claims as his favorite playmate. Her quickness and tact were remarkable even then; even then she never forgot that her play-fellow was a king whose favor was to be won; a possible lover whose homage was to be secured. For some years she had no rival in his boyish preference, till as manhood approached, fairer faces attracted him. Courtiers, following the lead of the outspoken Queen Christina, who told the cardinal that it would be a thousand pities not at once to marry two young people so much attached to each other as the king and Olympia, had paid her obsequious attentions till they observed the monarch's wandering glances. She was not slow to perceive, either, that as the highest place was not for her, her only chance of power lay in a great establishment and the most distinguished marriage that the wealth and influence of her uncle could obtain for her. Here we know she had the mortification of seeing her cousins preferred by the Prince of Conti and the Duke of Modena. The cardinal offered her to Armand de la Meilleraye, but the vision of Hortense's young loveliness had dazzled him, and he gravely objected that he wished to marry "pour faire son salut," and that as he felt an inconceivable aversion to Olympia, the consequence of marrying her would be "justement le grand chemin de la damnation." Not flattering, certainly; but consolation was at hand. The Princess of Carignan-Savoie had a son to marry: the Prince Eugène, and for him she made pressing offers to

Mazarin for his niece's hand. There was a little hesitation; was it yet possible that a king's heart might be caught in the rebound, and a consort's crown be placed on that ambitious head? Such ideas were not unwelcome to his eminence. He sought the astrologers and soothsayers in his doubts, says Madame Lafayette; but the royal diadem was not to be found in any horoscope drawn for Olympia, so she accepted the Prince of Carignan, in recognition of whose Bourbon blood, the title of Comte de Soissons, with the rank of a prince of the blood royal, was revived in February, 1657. The experiment answered in all respects. The Comte de Soissons proved an indulgent husband; a brave soldier, the companion in arms of Turenne, his absences from the court were long and frequent. When there he adored his wife, and enacted principally the part of *personnage muet* on that brilliant stage, though Molière is supposed to have once overheard him express the naïf sentiment of astonishment which the great comedian has put into the mouth of M. Jourdain, that he had all his life spoken prose without knowing it. The king took her marriage in excellent part. His cheerful looks at the ceremony caused the queen-mother, who had had some pangs of uneasiness on the subject, to whisper to Madame de Motteville, "You see, I told you there was nothing to fear from this *liaison*." It became a habit with Louis to visit the Hôtel de Soissons daily, and Olympia, smiling, and satisfied with the prestige of royal favor, rapidly took her place as the brilliant, intriguing, great lady that nature intended her to be. We are very familiar with a full-length portrait of Olympia Mancini that now adorns the collection of a Scottish noble, a wonderful piece of painting by the hand of a great master, Philippe de Champaigne, which evidently dates from these prosperous days. And as we look at her glowing out from the canvas, dressed in the rich colors that suit her dark Roman tints, covered with magnificent Venetian point-lace, a feather fan in her perfect hand; her black hair worn short, and curling closely round the olive oval face whose black eyes almost dazzle us with their lustre, we feel in spite of her want of regular beauty, that the mistress of the Hôtel de Soissons must have pos-

essed charm and fascination, as well as talent, and as restless a heart as ever beat in a woman's breast. Speaking of the loves of Louis XIV. for the Mancini ladies, Michelet commits the error of calling Marie the elder, whereas she was Olympia's junior by two years, and came to France six years later. The astrologer who predicted to the dying Madame Mancini that her daughter Marie would be the cause of great sorrows and calamities to mankind, would seem, too, to have mistaken the sisters' identity, for that prediction might more safely have been applied to the unscrupulous, self-seeking Olympia, than to Marie, whose stars had bestowed on her those gifts of head and heart which just enable women oftenest to make shipwreck of their own lives. It was in the year following the marriage of Madame de Soissons that the young king's desperate illness occurred, when his physicians having pronounced the case hopeless and his end very near, all the courtiers hastened to worship the rising sun in the person of Monsieur, and only Marie Mancini, fresh from her convent, wept and watched in uncontrollable grief near his chamber. From the hour of his recovery hers was the influence that, to the dismay of Olympia, and in truth of the cardinal also, continued to hold him in sway, and that not through the worse, but through the nobler instincts of his nature. Mazarin always felt that Olympia was a useful ally or tool, but something in the disposition of Marie caused him to dislike and fear her, and though in his subsequent opposition to her marriage with her royal lover he was suspected of double-dealing and of affected humility in declining such an honor for one of his family, we are inclined to believe that, besides the impossibility of bringing the queen mother to consent, he was really sincere in his aversion to the project, and resolute in sending her into banishment as the wife of the Constable Colonna. In the early days of their passion the lovers are described by Madame de Soissons in a curious letter to her uncle, preserved by the Société de l'Histoire de France, which is very little known. In it the jealous displeasure of the elder sister shows in the contemptuous terms in which she speaks of her younger rival.

The jealous Marie had exacted from the

king that all intimacy with her sister should cease, nor was it resumed till Marie had vanished altogether, and he had become the husband of the Infanta Marie-Thérèse. In the letters of Bartet, one of the cardinal's confidential agents, we see how anxious Mazarin was to re-establish the influence of the Hôtel de Soissons. Every sign of returning favor on the part of the king is chronicled from day to day: good advice is given to Olympia, and she is exhorted to give more care and application than ever to keep his majesty in good humor. These counsels were successful, and gained for her the post of surintendante of the queen's household. "Nothing," says St. Simon, "could exceed the splendor of Madame de Soissons: she was the mistress of the court and of all its fêtes." With a very evil eye she saw that the attachment of Louis to the gentle La Vallière was becoming serious and likely to withdraw him from the ballets, the masques, the perpetual carnival of her salon, and presently we find her mixed up in a plot with her lover, the notorious De Vardes, Madame (Henriette), and her adorer the Comte de Guiche, to ruin the obnoxious rival by betraying her to the queen. A letter in Spanish was dropped in Marie-Thérèse's apartment informing her of the king's infidelities, but it missed its destination and was carried instead to the king himself, who failed at the moment to discover the real culprits. Before long, De Vardes, the very incarnation of treachery, transferred his homage to Madame and obtained the disgrace of De Guiche: Olympia, jealous and outraged beyond measure, ran to reproach Henriette. Very soon the latter hears that De Vardes has been speaking lightly of her, and she complains to the king, who already suspects him, and orders him to the Bastille. Then both ladies confront one another before Louis, and their violent and mutual recriminations reveal all the secrets of the double intrigue. De Vardes is exiled for life, though we know that, unlike Lauzan, he did not find his master continue implacable, and the Soissons are ordered to retire to his government of Champagne. In a few months Olympia returned to her magnificent existence at court, but her personal influence over Louis was at an end. De Vardes had many successors, and though the



*métier* of *femme galante* did not particularly discredit any one in those days, darker accusations, especially after the death of her husband, began to circulate about Madame de Soissons. She had been brought up in a creed of astrologers and horoscopes, and it was the fashion of the day to frequent the houses of the fortune tellers: on some such foolish errand she most probably had, along with her sister the Duchesse de Bouillon, visited the too celebrated La Voisin. The readiness to believe in poisoning was a terrible sign either of the imperfection of medical diagnosis then, or of the character of the age; yet now we find Michélet accepting it in the case of Henriette d'Orléans, and not altogether disposed to deny it in the early death of the young Queen of Spain. Has not the long contemplation of the human tragedy of past centuries colored his thoughts too darkly? Is there not truth in the saying of Voltaire, "that mankind would indeed be miserable were it as easy or as common to commit horrid crimes as it is to believe in them?" That Olympia's name appeared in the trial of La Voisin proved perhaps not much: her flight condemned her, and she had two powerful and implacable enemies in Madame de Montespan and Louvois. The former coveted and obtained her post in the queen's household, the other persecuted her even in exile with untiring malignity. But the most dangerous of all was doubtless the highest personage in the realm. Had she appeared before any tribunal, her real offences, the having visited and consulted the wretches who affected to practise sorceries, if they did not sell poisons, and the having with them plotted the ruin of La Vallère by magic, and sought for spells with which to regain her own lost power to charm, would have entailed the public discussion of royal frailties that would not bear the light. She was warned to fly.

The incomparable pen of Madame de Sévigné gives us the scene of Olympia's last evening at the Hotel de Soissons, when the warning being given, she withdrew from the card tables, collected her jewels and money in haste, sought her mother-in-law the Princesse de Carignan, to whom with tears she protested her innocence, and left Paris before daybreak, with two of her children and a tolerably

numerous suite. The fugitive met with a terrible reception in some of the towns through which she passed. Witch and poisoner were henceforth epithets forever associated with her name. Louvois, it was said, had sent on orders to the hotels in the large towns not to receive her. She had the greatest difficulty in finding lodgings, and had to seek shelter in churches and convents from the insults of the vilest of the populace. At Brussels she found refuge, and even presently drew around her a little court under the protection of the Prince of Parma, the governor of the Low Countries. Such was the beginning of an exile which lasted for the remainder of her life, a period of nearly thirty years. She had eight children, the greater number of whom were left in France, under the care of their grandmother. Favor and fortune had deserted them, and their mother's disgrace and evil reputation fell as a blight on their lives. Louvois too was their enemy for her sake. Only one of them sought and found a glorious career, but it was not in the service of France. Eugène, the fourth son, had been destined for the church, but he early showed a preference for drums and fifes over mass-books, bell and candle. He ventured to ask to be allowed to serve, but Louvois refused him and the king laughed at the small insignificant figure of "le petit abbé." After the peace of Nimègue, when the Contis and some other warlike spirits went campaigning on the Danube against the Turks, Eugène volunteered with them, and when orders came from the court at home insisting on their return, he alone refused to obey, replying that in future he renounced France. "Ne trouvez-vous pas que j'aie fait là une grande perte?" said Louis, smiling to his courtiers. It was perhaps the greatest he ever made: with that one man more in his armies, the close of his reign might have seen not a series of hopeless disasters and bloody defeats, but one of strategic triumphs and brilliant victories. The life of Prince Eugène is 'still to be written in our language,\* and the archives of Vienna must we think one day furnish a military historian with the materials for a biography that would possess great

\* There is a Memoir in three volumes, in German, by Herr Arneth.

interest not only for those who study war, but for the general reader. Like Wellington and Pitt, it is true that the private character of Eugène seems almost wholly merged in his life of constant public service; but in an age of so much corruption to have left a name untainted by any scandal public or private, to have won the devoted attachment of his troops, the friendship and admiration of those with whom he served, and of the men of letters and science with whom his later years were passed, all argues that "le petit abbé," with his cold grave manner, possessed the characteristics of a true hero. But we have not yet done with the Comtesse de Soissons. Though there is no connected history of her proceedings abroad, we find her playing a prominent part once more in 1688, in the Spanish court, where again suspicion of the most horrible kind attaches to her. Those who accept St. Simon as an authority believe, as he did implicitly, that the young queen died from poison administered by Madame de Soissons. He brought the tale from Spain thirty years after the event, and it was circumstantial; but it is only fair to add that though many inclined to suspect poison in the mysterious death of Marie-Louise, St. Simon—whose hatred of Le Mazarin and all his race is undying—is the only historian of any weight who attributes it to Olympia. If poison it were, there were other parties in the court whose interests the queen's death might have served. Louise d'Orléans had never lost her love for France, which made her look on the Spanish throne as a cruel banishment, and this predilection made her eagerly seek the acquaintance of Madame de Soissons when she arrived in Madrid with her son Prince Eugène. It was said she sought to establish him and another of her sons in marriage there. Her movements were attentively watched by the French ambassador and reported to his master, for it was shrewdly suspected that she was now no friend to French interests, and her influence and intrigues were therefore to be feared. The picture he draws of her society is a cruel contrast to the salons of the Hôtel de Soissons of other days.

He goes on to speak of long *tête-à-tête* interviews with the queen, then of the umbrage taken by Charles II., into whose

brain had entered the idea that Madame de Soissons, once accused of magic, might have thrown over him and his consort a malignant spell by reason of which their union was still, and in spite of many prayers, a barren one. In the relation of the sad death of the queen by the ambassador, Madame de Soissons' name does not appear; so whether she had quitted Madrid before or immediately after that event, we do not know. She resumed her life at Brussels, and identified herself with the interests of her illustrious son. If her heart was very bitter against the country to which she was never permitted to return, she lived to see it receive from him the severest humiliation. Her death took place in the autumn of 1708, just after he had won his laurels on the fields of Oudenarde and Malplaquet. She was a worthless woman, if judged by any moral standard, and her sole claim to be remembered consists in her having been the mother of a hero, though she possessed, it is true, much of the peculiar talent of her uncle, with all his ambition and unscrupulousness. Whether it is that even clever and artful women always lack the coolness and the long patience, as well as foresight, necessary to work out their combinations, she was a failure; perhaps she would have said the fault lay in the stars, which she so often and fruitlessly consulted.

Marie Mancini was a woman of another stamp, for in her, generous emotions and a certain exaltation of mind and intelligence, redeemed an otherwise faulty character. She came to France at fifteen, and spent one year at the court with her sister and the young king; a tall, awkward, silent girl then, her face was very sallow, her features irregular, almost expressionless. The next two years she passed under the care of the nuns at Chaillot. Here she studied with great application. She passionately loved the works of the poets of her own country, and had all a Roman's natural taste and enthusiasm for the fine arts. History, politics, nothing could be indifferent to a restless intelligence like hers, eagerly seeking for knowledge. We have seen what was the incident which, on her return to court, first attracted Louis to the shy and retiring demoiselle whom he had

hitherto overlooked. When he looked, he found that those two years had worked wonders, for she was no longer a raw unformed girl, but a graceful and accomplished woman, almost a beautiful one, and her empire over him soon became absolute. She loved him, and the task she set herself was to educate him, for Marie was too proud a woman to endure that the man she loved should make her blush, as poor Louis at twenty often did by his ignorant blunders. Up to this moment, whether from the policy of the cardinal or his own disinclination to learn, his mind was totally uncultivated. He had learnt to dance, but did not dream of any other kingly attainment. On council days he gave his bodily presence, yawning piteously; it was impossible to be more passive or more indifferent, consequently more absolutely the puppet of Mazarin. But when Marie spoke to him of glory, of the power he had over men, of the place he might gain for France among the nations; when she had taught him to read with her what other kings and heroes had been and done in the world, she woke a new soul within him. That Louis XIV. did not sink altogether to the level of Louis XV., is perhaps owing to the love of Marie Mancini in the critical years of his youth—the only ennobling female influence that ever approached him, for we are unable to consider the decorous bigotry and prudent hypocrisies of her who, in the evening of life, urged him to expiate his pleasant vices by the torture and persecution of his Huguenot subjects, in that light. That Marie should incite him to govern for himself was, however, no part of Cardinal Mazarin's design. Her influence and her uncle's became plainly antagonistic, and very soon the queen-mother and her counsellor decided that projects for a royal marriage must be set on foot, and a negotiation for the hand of the Princess Marguerite of Savoy was commenced. It was agreed that the two courts should meet at Lyons to discuss the alliance and permit the king to see his intended bride. The journey was undertaken near the end of November. Louis treated it as a party of pleasure, showed unwonted spirits and independence, rode most of the way on horseback, and Mlle. Mancini rode con-

stantly beside him. At first he expressed himself much pleased with the appearance of Princess Marguerite, then he rapidly cooled, and finally, to the anger and mortification of the royal house of Savoy, declined the marriage. It was not wonderful, considering who was his companion; what is inexplicable is, that she should have been allowed to accompany him. The queen-mother, however, had a still dearer wish for her son, and fate seemed likely to gratify it; for during the visit to Lyons she received a proposal from the Spanish court offering her niece Marie-Thérèse to the young king of France. She saw the rejection of the Princess of Savoy with something more than indifference under these circumstances; she even permitted herself to speak very slightly of her and of her mother, and to say, "*qu'elle étoit fort aise d'être dé faite de ce monde-là*;" but for the moment she kept her hopes and designs secret, and while the court lingered on at Lyons till the end of January, there was nothing to disturb the felicity of Mlle. Mancini and the king, who had become more inseparable than ever. The appearance of Don John of Austria in Paris, with proposals of peace and marriage from Spain, however, boded the separation of the lovers, and then it was that Louis found courage to speak openly to Cardinal Mazarin of his wish to marry his niece, and was met by a refusal. It is possible that had Marie shown more pliability and more consideration for her powerful relative, he might have taken a different view of the king's wishes, but with the confident rashness of youth, she had been foolish enough to make her uncle the object of her constant sarcasms. Believing herself so secure in the affection of her royal lover that she need fear no one, she had yet to verify the experience of him who said, "Put not your trust in princes," and to learn how inexorable was the will she had defied. Mazarin, on the point of starting for the Pyrenees, to conclude the treaty with Spain which should secure peace to the nation and a royal bride for Louis XIV., gave orders that his niece should quit Paris and repair, under the chaperonage of Madame de Venelle, to Brouage, near St. Jean d'Angely. Louis, it is said went on his knees before his mother and

the cardinal in vain. When the moment of separation came, Marie uttered the famous words, "Vous m'aimez, vous êtes roi, et je pars," words generally supposed to express that, because he was a king and loved her, she was leaving him for his own sake to a worthier destiny. Perhaps she was capable of such proud and loving self-abnegation, though we might read them, too, as a last appeal: "You love me, you are a king, and I go; since you love me and are a king, why permit it?" for when she saw that the king had no answer but tears, she passionately exclaimed, "Ah! je suis abandonnée." Absorbed as he was in negotiation, Mazarin did not fail to learn that, though separated, the king and Marie were carrying on a constant correspondence, and to the former he addressed the most vehement remonstrances on the folly of his conduct. There is one letter of more than ten pages, in which he draws a most unfavorable picture of his niece's real character, and protests that if there is anything in the world capable of killing him with vexation, it would be that one of his blood should do France and the king such an injury, by persuading him to an unworthy marriage. The tone of the whole letter is as haughty as if it came from a Richelieu, and it succeeded in its object. The marriage treaty for the infant too advanced, and Marie saw that the moment for her to retire was come. She said she would correspond no more with her wavering lover, and this resolution drew from her uncle an approving letter to Madame de Venelle, in which he desired his niece to feel confidence in his affection for her, and in his intention to establish her well in marriage, and recommended the perusal of Seneca to console her under her present disappointment. When, next year, he accepted for her the proposals of the Constable Colonna, the greatest of Roman nobles, neither this alliance, nor, we fear, the study of Seneca, afforded any balm to a proud and wounded spirit; especially when the king, by acquiescing in the cardinal's project, condemned her to honorable banishment. So violent was her grief, that it was almost thought she would die on her journey to Italy. The memoirs which relate her subsequent career are

mostly spurious; but here and there in contemporary writings we meet with passing notices of romantic incidents enough—jealousies, flights, threatened incarceration in convents—then she sinks into obscurity. That her marriage was unhappy goes, as the French say, without saying. Madame de Grignan writes of her landing in Provence, when with the Duchesse de Mazarin she fled from Rome, embarking at Civita Vecchia in an open boat dressed in man's attire, carrying "peu de linge mais force pierres." They were arrested at Aix on suspicion, then released by the king's orders. Hortense took refuge in Savoy; Marie approached Paris and wrote supplicating letters to Louis and to Colbert, entreating to be allowed to remain in France; the constable wrote peremptory ones insisting on his wife being restored to him. She, forbidden by the king to come within fifty leagues, and fearing some cruel Italian vengeance from her angry husband, wandered to Savoy, thence to Spain. She was forty years old now. Madame de Villars speaks of her with admiration and pity. Those who had known her in France at twenty, found her not less, but more beautiful. "Elle est toujours dans son couvent, dont elle s'ennuie fort," says Madame de Villars. "C'est vraiment un caractère original qu'on ne peut assez admirer quand on le voit de près comme je le vois. C'est la meilleure femme du monde, à cela près qu'il n'est pas au pouvoir humain du lui faire prendre les meilleurs partis ni de résister à tout ce qui lui passe dans la fantaisie. Si je n'avois pas autant compati à son malheur, je n'aurois pu assez me divertir à l'entendre parler comme elle fait. Elle a de l'esprit." A portrait evidently drawn from the life, and that only too well explains the fate of the original. She survived her husband, and consequently, after nearly all the convents in Spain had in turn been her prison, she must have regained her liberty; but this woman, who was once so near a throne, has left absolutely no trace of her later days, nor of how nor when she finally made her exit from the troubled stage of life.

Our space will now only allow us a short notice of the two remaining Mancini ladies—Hortense, Duchesse de Mazarin, and Marianne, Duchesse de Bouillon.



Hortense eut du ciel en partage  
La grâce, la beauté, l'esprit.

So sings La Fontaine of the cardinal's favorite niece, the heiress of his millions, whom, after twice refusing for her Charles II. of England, the heir of Portugal, and the Duke of Savoy, he bestowed with all the millions and his name on Armand de la Porte, Marquis de la Meilleraye, then young, handsome, well-spoken of, a favorite with the king, grand master of the artillery, and governor of more than one province. Fortune's richest gifts were showered upon him, but some fatal germ of insanity there must have been lurking in his temperament, which, under the influence of conjugal jealousy and religious fervor, changed him before long into an Orgon and a Bluebeard, a seer of visions; only not mad enough to be sequestered, because the king found his inexhaustible purse too convenient for him to borrow from. He was the most ridiculous and at the same time tyrannical, of husbands; and if Hortense was no blameless wife, her contemporary, the witty marquise whom we have so often quoted, was not inclined to be very severe on her, for she says, "Les règles ordinaires n'étoient pas faites, pour elle, et sa justification étoit écrite sur la figure de M. de Mazarin." She has left to the world another and more elaborate one in her own memoirs, compiled under her direction, if not absolutely from her dictation, by the Abbé St. Réal; while in St. Évremond, the friend and constant companion of her later years, she possesses an ardent admirer and apologist. The eccentricities of M. de Mazarin were soon matter of public notoriety; the mutilation of his statues as an offering to decency, his refusal to allow his people to interfere with the will of God by trying to extinguish the fire that had broken out in his palace, his method of drawing lots for his servants, celebrated by Voltaire:

Le sort, d'un postillon faisoit un secrétaire;  
Son cocher étonné devint homme d'affaire;  
Un docteur hibernois, son tres-digne aumônier,  
Rendit grâce au destin qui le fit cuisinier.

Notorious, too, were the persecutions and the scenes of jealous rage which often sent Hortense weeping and dishevelled to seek protection from her brother, till at last, when he had taken her diamonds, she felt that the limit of wifely

endurance was reached, and she left him, refusing to return. M. de Mazarin, whom Louis never seems to have been willing to affront, obtained an order to shut his Duchess up in the convent of the Filles de Sainte-Marie, where she found a companion in misfortune of very similar disposition in Madame de Courcelles. These two giddy offenders relieved their *ennui* by playing such pranks on the nuns that they begged the king to have the penitents removed; and La Chelles, of which M. de Mazarin's aunt was abbess, next received them. The abbess, however, became the partisan of her niece, and refused admittance to the husband when he came to claim her. Foreseeing that the suit which he had commenced against her was likely to be decided in his favor, and perfectly resolved never again to endure the yoke, Hortense, with the consent of her brother and the assistance of the Chevalier di Rohan, fled to Italy to the protection of the Colonnas. We have seen her romantic adventure in Provence with her sister; but the danger of arrest was too great for her to remain on French territory, so she sought refuge at the court of Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, who had formerly been a pretender to her hand. Her beauty and the favor she found in his eyes caused terrible jealousy to his duchess, though St. Évremond describes the three years she spent there as passed in retirement and study. At the end of that time her admirer died, and Turin, with his widow as sovereign, was no longer a pleasant residence; so she turned her thoughts toward England, where she possessed an old lover in Charles II. and a cousin in Mary of Modena, Duchess of York. Her arrival at Whitehall made a great sensation, and the star of "la belle Quéroutailes" paled before her; but if Charles was inconstant, the *caprices* of Hortense were not less so, and by exhibiting a weakness for the Prince of Monaco she soon lost her ascendancy over the monarch, who, however, treated her generously by allowing her apartments in St. James's, and, in return for aid formerly received from the cardinal, giving her a pension. The pension was very insufficient for her needs, since, as St. Évremond says in his *éloge* of her, "sa mauvaise fortune l'a réduite à n'avoir

rien, et, magnifique sans biens, elle a vécu plus honorablement que les plus opulents ne savaient faire;" that is, with a noble disregard of debt. Gaming, too, was a passion that increased with years. Up to the time of the Revolution, her society was really a brilliant one; wits, men of letters, as well as courtiers, both French and English, surrounded her. St. Evremond basked in her smiles, while he ate luxurious dinners at her table; and he has left descriptions of her charms at fifty that sound almost fabulous. The events which drove James II. and his consort into exile were a sad blow to Madame de Mazarin, for William of Orange was not likely to prove friendly; her pension ceased, and her debts were so great that it was impossible for her to leave England. Her husband replied to the representations made to him of her destitute condition, while he was piously squandering her fortune, that there was no necessity for her to pay creditors who were heretics; she had only to be declared bankrupt, and then return to the conjugal happiness which he still offered her. Hard pressed as she was, her answer was always the old war-cry of the Fronde, "Point de Mazarin!"

She died at Chelsea in 1699, and M. de Mazarin went to law with her creditors to recover her body. So it was her strange fate to fall in death into the hands of the man whose pursuit she had defied and eluded for more than thirty years.

It may be said with truth that his connection with the family of the great cardinal cost Louis XIV. an infinity of trouble and vexation both at home and abroad. The youngest of them, Marianne, Duchesse de Bouillon, a very proud great lady, was only an offender in a minor degree, and her offence was receiving and encouraging in her salon poets (it must be admitted of the second order) who conspired against the court poets. Marianne was beautiful and witty, and of a very independent spirit; no favorite with the king, before whom she used to arrive (says St. Simon) holding her head high and talking so loud that you heard her voice two rooms off. Her audacity and her perfect good understanding with her husband, who himself conducted her before the judges when she was examined on the trial of

La Voisin, as to whether she had not sought for spells or poison to murder him, carried her triumphantly through so odious an ordeal. To La Reynie's interrogatory if she had ever seen the devil, she answered, "I see him now; he is old, ugly, and disguised as a Conseiller d'Etat." On rising to leave, she said aloud, with a charming air of *naïveté*, "Really, I never could have believed that wise men could ask so many silly questions." Her friends gave her a perfect ovation. She had her share of courtly disgrace, consequent on these and other adventures, but bore it lightly.

Madame de Bouillon had several sons, who all embraced the profession of arms; and the eldest, the Prince de Turenne, would have been celebrated, were not the memory of his smaller achievements unfortunately merged in that of the illustrious soldier whose name he bore. But the line died out. M. Amédée Renée,\* from whose entertaining pages we have gathered many of the facts related above, remarks how little good fortune the blood of the cardinal brought to the noble houses that sought his alliance and his treasures. After the second, or at most the third generation, his descendants ceased to carry on the race of the Stuarts, the Estes, the Vendômes, the Contis, the Bouillons, or the Soissons; and while the sensitive consciences of some of his heirs caused them to rid themselves of his ill-gotten wealth, the extravagance of others dissipated it with such rapidity that in less than half a century after his death the name and the vast fortune of Giulio Mazarino had alike passed away. His palace, the great block of building between the Rue Richelieu and the Rue Vivienne, abutting on the Rue Neuve des Petit Champs, tenanted in succession by the Nevers, the notorious John Law, the India Company, and the Bourse, received the royal library of Louis XV. and the collection of medals and antiques from Versailles, and is now known as "La Bibliothèque Royale." One monument, however, bearing his name he has left to men of letters in the library collected by himself with such care and pains. The Bibliothèque Mazarine, consisting of a hundred and fifty

\* *Les Nièces de Mazarin*, par Amédée Renée. Paris, 1858.

thousand volumes and many precious manuscripts, is lodged in the Collège des Quatre Nations, which he founded, and which is now the Institute of France.

#### THE WORLD'S SYMPATHY.

THE capriciousness with which sympathy is bestowed upon people in trouble is one of many signs how little systematic attention is paid to the principles of the high and difficult art of living. There is a conventional understanding that for some kinds of affliction a man is entitled to claim profound condolence from all who know him, while many other kinds are left out of all account, and any sympathy given on their behalf is to be considered as something thrown in of the nature of a gratuity, on which nobody has any right to reckon as a matter of course. That the current scale of sympathy has been constructed on a principle of some sort or other is sufficiently certain; few, if any, matters of established social observance are without a reasonable explanation. The principle seems to be an assumption that those troubles which may, under certain circumstances, be the most distressing that can befall a man, are always so. Bereavement, for example, always commands more loud and ample condolence than any other source of sorrow, and this is because the loss of a friend may be, and often is, one of the most dreadful calamities to which a human being can be subjected, and it is moreover absolutely irreparable. It is the one affliction for which there is no hope of remedy. Ill-health is a tremendous misfortune, but there are not many invalids, even of the most confirmed sort, who have not a lurking fancy that, after all, things may take a turn with them, and that the peccant organ or nerve may recover the soundness and vigor of perfect health. And while there is the possibility of hope, the case is not looked on by the comparatively cool by-stander as extreme, or demanding much more than courteous inquiry; the sympathy is mainly from the teeth outward. The ordinary standard of trouble, therefore, seems to rest upon the very valid considerations of its possible extremity, and of irreparableness.

As a standard this may be well

enough, but, like all other standards, it demands a good deal of elasticity and mobility in its application to the very elastic and changeable circumstances of human life. For, practically, it is neither the most irreparable nor the most extreme sources of distress that contribute the largest quantities to the sum of that vexation which every human creature has as certainly to endure as he has certainly to eat a peck of dirt before he dies. Even in the exceptional and peculiar case of bereavement, it is not the loss of everybody who stands in a relation of what may be called official closeness to us that falls most heavily. As the deceased person's nearness may have been rather official than anything else, so one's depression may be in the same manner rather official than anything else, and our claim to sympathy as well. Society, however, that is to say outside people, can only recognize official relationships and official griefs; it cannot examine a man's irregularities in the way of feeling, whether in the direction of attachment or aversion. If he loses his wife, then the world expects him to be deeply sorry, and treats him as if he were deeply sorry, even though, instead of being a helpmate, the dear departed had been no better than a torment and a hindrance to him ever since the honeymoon. In the same way, on the other side, in the case of a person who has no officially admitted right to your affections, even intimate friends usually have a difficulty in believing that bereavement falls as weightily as if there had been some recognized and formal tie. But, apart from the accidental misapplication of the standard in special circumstances of this kind, there is something very wonderful in the misinterpretation of burdens of a less decisive and immoveable nature than those which death alone can lay upon us. Take money, for example. Vexations about money seldom gain for a man a particle of honest and sincere sympathy, any more than certain bodily ailments—like toothache or boils, for instance. There is felt to be something sordid, small, non-tragic about both money troubles and toothache. You express a decorous regret that your friend has lost money, or failed to make money, or is short of money, just as you decorously regret that

he should be enduring horrid pangs and thrusts and shoots among his gums; but you leave his presence, in one case as in the other, without any profound intensity of grief, knowing—or confidently believing, which comes to much the same thing for one's own comfort—that at the next meeting the money will somehow have come right, or the tooth will have been well extracted.

Yet money makes frightful havoc with human happiness; if it were possible to make a nice estimate of the mutilation of purpose, energy, aspiration, performance due to anxieties under this head, it would probably be found that, as a matter of fact, the result infinitely exceeded the amount of crippling misery due to bereavement. Some question about money presents itself to most people in a forcible and pressing manner about once a month, on an average, whether one has too little or too much of it. The professional man, pinching at every turn to send his boys to good schools, envies the great merchant to whom the difference between spending a hundred pounds and spending a thousand is as nothing; but the weight of their respective anxieties is about the same. The poor parson looks on the rich squire as a man who has a great well of gold under his lawn, out of which the blessed owner has only to shovel out a wheelbarrowful of new sovereigns at discretion, and when he will. In reality the difference between the two in point of anxiety is only one of proportion. For rich people don't keep their money in wells, to be drawn upon when they choose; it is generally as tightly locked up and as inaccessible as if it were not their own. The glorious madman who should live upon his principal does not exist in our wise and civilized society. Hence people who have money are often as much worried what to do with it as those who have it not are worried what to do without it. In these days of fraudulent joint-stock companies and insolvent railways, people who are supposed to have independent sources of income are liable to as many pinches, terrors, and wrongs as their neighbors, who are accustomed to think themselves very unlucky because their only way of living is to use their own heads and hands. Yet one may admit that the

difference in proportion is a very momentous difference indeed. The shape in which the ogre visits men is very much to the point. Does he come as a spectre, possibly involving a diminution of profits from five per cent. to four and five-eighths, and therefore a curtailment of the fringe of luxuries? or does he come as a wall of flint between a man's children and their dinner or their schooling? Does shortness of money mean keeping four horses instead of six, or does it mean going with half a coat a year instead of a whole one? When want of pence comes so close to a man as this, let it be granted that we owe him condolence; yet it is a debt which we do not often pay. In a rich country, it is probably inevitable that to be really short of money should be of the nature of an offence, and that a certain austere justice should be measured out to those who fall short of virtue in this respect. Where there is so much wealth in the air there is a feeling that it must be somewhat of a man's own fault if he cannot contrive to bring a share of it his own way. This is perhaps a reasonable consideration, but it is well worth while to remember, on the other hand, that the fact of all this wealth being in the air raises the standard and multiplies the necessities of expenditure. Desires rise, and what were luxuries become needful comforts. Even if a man has enough sobriety of nature to resist these temptations to imitate at ever so humble a distance friends and neighbors with twenty times as big an income as his own, still the mere fact of being constantly called on to make this resistance is itself a trial of a kind. It is a real and legitimate vexation to have to deny yourself books, excursions, pleasant society, which are accessible to men who were at college with you. If they were fools, and grossly and obviously inferior, then the vexation is trifling or does not exist, because the consciousness of personal superiority amply recompenses anybody worth his salt for accidental and extrinsic advantages. It is when the man was a rival, and in the way of being an equal, apart from his advantages and charms, that the latter, by coming in to turn the scale, mortify the spirit of the man who has not got them. Of course, the difference between a philoso-



pher and a fool is that the former overcomes such mortification, while the latter succumbs to it. But it needs an effort, and the world, assuming with strange coolness that because such effort is right, therefore it is easy and a matter of course, is not wont to give any sympathy or credit for making it. And men very constantly get into the way of looking at their own conduct from the world's point of view, with results not by any means wholly satisfactory or successful. For, like the world, taking the effort in this and similar cases for granted, they presume that it can be accomplished readily, and, mistaking the presumption for the actual accomplishment, there they stop—the real work of self-control never being done at all, because they never associated any honor or glory or sympathy with its being done. It would not be bad policy in society to invest as many as possible of these small trials and calls for effort with a mild halo of glory. It comes easier to many natures to do great things than small, and a little sympathy is well laid out in persuading people that what you want them to do is really something considerable in the way of heroism.

Another case of the general rule that the world does not care very nicely to proportion its sympathy to the amount of suffering is the scanty heed it pays to the woes of parted lovers. Whether the scission be effected by the cruel wisdom of parental serpents, or by the changed feelings of one of the cooing doves, under either circumstance people outside survey the desolation that follows with wonderful self-possession. There is true cynicism in the fun which people make of love's young dream, alike in its prosperous and its sombre hour. If all goes well and the lovers are happy, wicked men laugh at a folly which the future will infallibly expose in all its dimensions; while, if the course is running the reverse of smooth, they laugh equally at so great a fuss over so small a catastrophe. Yet to be crossed in love has made good men and women smart very sore before now. The sum of the matter has a stoical tinge. If the world's sympathy is so grievously misplaced, as it certainly is, so out of proportion and moral keeping, so habitually

bestowed where it is neither needed nor desired, and so habitually omitted where it ought justly to be brought into play, perhaps it will be a wise thing to learn to wrap one's self in the cloak of one's own virtue and heroism, and face distresses without turning so much as the glance of an eye to the world. To a man who can do this all the sympathy he gets is so much more than he bargained for, and therefore is so much pure gain.

#### SOME NEW FACTS IN THE HISTORY OF QUEEN MARY.

BY PAUL FRIEDMANN.

In the Report which Mr. Duffus Hardy presented to the Master of the Rolls on his return from a mission to inspect the different repositories of State papers at Venice, we read the following paragraph:—"Preserved in the Archives of the Frari is a volume containing the dispatches of Michiel, the Venetian Ambassador at the court of Queen Mary. Of these, about one-sixth part is written in a cipher that has hitherto baffled the skill of every one who has attempted to explain it. Several of these letters are only partially written in these secret characters; the remaining portion is in the ordinary writing of the period. The context shows that many of the secret passages evidently relate to the release of the Earl of Devonshire from the Tower, and of the Princess Elizabeth from Woodstock. I should recommend that copies or photographs of these letters be sent to England in order that steps may be instantly taken to decipher them, which will in all probability throw light on the events of the reign of Queen Mary. That they are matters of great secrecy may be inferred from the fact that the dispatches in cipher of the Venetian Ambassador from England are of very rare occurrence."\*

This recommendation had its effect, and the Lords of the Treasury sanctioned Mr. Hardy's proposal. Accordingly, in the month of June following, Mr. Rawdon Brown, the editor of the Venetian State paper calendars, was commissioned to have the necessary photographs taken and sent to England.

\*Report to the Right Hon. the Master of the Rolls, &c. By T. D. Hardy. London. 1866.

Several arrived in the month of September of the same year (1868), and were deposited at the Record Office, but all endeavors to have them deciphered for the English Government have hitherto proved unavailing.

But though these steps produced no direct result, they excited the curiosity of those who take an interest in the history of Queen Mary's reign; and thus it came to pass that whilst staying last April at Venice, I was led to examine the Michiel correspondence. I soon arrived at the conviction that the cipher was not one of extraordinary difficulty, that it was not always used with sufficient care, and that with a little labor the sense might be discovered. Accordingly, I set to work; and was soon able to form a key by which I succeeded in reading the ciphered passages. This key consists of 374 signs, each formed by a combination of a letter of the alphabet with a number. The signs represent letters, syllables, entire words, and even phrases, and they lead to the conclusion that it is one of the characteristics of Venetian cipher of that period that all the signs have a signification.

Having read the ciphered dispatches of Michiel, we ought to be able to judge whether Mr. Hardy's assumption is or is not correct, and whether they are really of very great interest. But here a difficulty arises as to the standard measure of the interest and value of an historical document. Ought it to be compared with the total sum of materials existing for the history of the period and country in question, accessible to historians but hitherto ignored by them? In that case, if we compare Michiel's correspondence with that of Philip and Charles V. of Noailles (of whose letters only a fourth part has been published), of Renart (who is in the same category), of Ruy Gomes, Erasso, Alba, Pole, Paget, or Gardiner, we must say that it forms only a small, and, in many respects, unimportant part of this extensive documentary evidence. But if, on the contrary, the documents be compared with such materials only as have been used for writing the history of the time, and have produced a certain impression, too often of an incorrect and incomplete nature, Michiel's correspondence is of considerable value. It will redress many

errors, and fill many a gap in the narratives of Dr. Lingard and Mr. Froude, and in the calendar and reports of the Record Office. We may, therefore, venture to give an account of its contents.

Giovanni Michiel came to England at a most critical period in public affairs. His predecessor, Soranzo, afraid, perhaps, of any augmentation of the power of Philip and Charles, had from the beginning spoken openly against the Spanish match. The ministers of Charles complained at Brussels, and also at Venice, of the conduct of Soranzo, and accordingly it was not countenanced by the Signory. But whether it was that he had secret instructions, or that his own passion carried him too far, it is certain that when the rebellion of Wyatt broke out, Soranzo assumed a decidedly hostile position toward the Queen. A Venetian carrack lay at anchor at that time at the mouth of the Thames, and furnished Wyatt's men with artillery and ammunition—with the consent, most probably, if not by the order, of the ambassador, who was again in London, condemning the folly of the Queen and prophesying success to the rebels: Such a course awoke the resentment of Charles, who complained in strong terms of the behavior of the Venetian ambassador; and the Republic, once more giving way, recalled Soranzo and appointed Michiel in his place. Francesco de Vargas, the imperial ambassador at Venice, describes him as a man of small experience in the affairs of England, who would be guided by his secretary, and who, being at heart as much a French partisan as his predecessor, might follow in his track. As, with a few unimportant exceptions, Michiel's correspondence during the first eight months of his stay in England has been lost, we cannot say whether Vargas' description was then just. At a later period, however, we find that François and Gilles de Noailles accused him of being a violent imperialist, but the Noailles were themselves so violent that their evidence is not to be accepted without reserve, the more so as, shortly after this accusation, François gave an account of a certain quarrel between Michiel and the Privy Council, in which the energy and firmness of the former triumphed over the determination of the latter.

It was in the summer of 1556. The Queen and Council, yielding to the importunities of the English merchants, who saw in prohibitive tariffs and regulations a gain to their trade, had issued an order forbidding foreign vessels to unload wine in London. A Venetian carrack, the captain of which did not know of this prohibition, had appeared at the mouth of the Thames, laden with Malmsey for England's annual supply. In accordance with the royal decree, the ship was ordered back to Southampton to unload there, but as the wind was blowing from that quarter it was found impossible to return. Michiel remonstrated with the Council and asked to have the prohibitions removed for once. But he met with a refusal; and a renewed application having no better success, he became so irritated that he declared the ship should discharge its cargo in Flanders, and sent the necessary order to the captain. The members of the Council do not seem to have reckoned upon such a step. To have no Malmsey, or to have it only at a great expense, was a consideration which weighed much with them. The prohibition was cancelled, and a swift ship was sent in all haste to recall the Venetian carrack, which returned and sailed triumphantly up the Thames. Such behavior shows that Michiel was no absolute dependent of Spain. Nor does the tone of Michiel's letters show any violence or partiality. Their style is simple, the narrative is not interrupted by outbursts of passion, and the information, though sometimes incorrect, does not seem to have been purposely distorted. Michiel, we think, was a fair and impartial observer. Seeing and reporting the defects and errors of both sides, and disapproving of their violence, he was disliked both by the extreme imperialists and the extreme partisans of France. It is true that he was not always well informed. As ambassador of a secondary power in a country which had but few relations with Venice, he was not often a party to the negotiations that were carried on; and it seldom occurred that he was thought of sufficient consequence to be made acquainted with what was passing in secret. Nor was it his paramount duty to report upon the internal affairs of England, since, except so far as they might affect

Philip's position, they had no interest for Venice. Hence he never speaks, as did the Spanish and French ministers, from personal knowledge. Whatever information he got was second-hand, and concerning secret affairs he is too often incorrect or deficient. But his very difficulties give a particular character to his reports. He had to weigh and criticise his information; and in order to do this, he had to acquaint himself with the character and views of the different actors on the political stage, with their wishes and aspirations, with those of the people of England, and, in short, with a number of details, which, in order to corroborate the information he sent to the Doge, he sometimes added to it. These little scraps of observation furnish us with curious particulars as to the persons of the Queen, Philip, Pole, and others, and form, we think, one of the most valuable features of his correspondence. This merit it will retain even when the publication of the letters of other statesmen throws the scanty information of Michiel into the shade. But at present, in addition to its other merits, Michiel's correspondence has that of correcting many current errors. Thus, for instance, it is generally believed that Elizabeth's removal from Woodstock to Hampton Court was a release from prison. Mr. Froude, we do not know upon what authority, puts this removal at the end of June, 1555, after all hope of Mary's having a child had died away. From that moment, Mr. Froude states, Elizabeth was the rightful heir apparent, and would have only a few years to wait for her inheritance. It was not probable, therefore, that she would endanger it by any inconsiderate step. Her further detention, under such circumstances, would have been both unnecessary and odious to the English people, who henceforward saw in her their future sovereign. What really occurred, however, was just the reverse. The removal of Elizabeth took place not in June, but at the end of April, at the very moment when the Queen was expected to be confined; and it took place on that very account. It was not a liberation from prison, but removal to a more secure incarceration. The reason of this is obvious enough. When the news spread through England that the queen was *enceinte*, and when

these reports became so positive that those who had doubted at first were convinced, a feeling of depression entered the hearts of all such patriots as hated the interference of the Spaniards in the affairs of England. The Spanish match had not been accepted without a struggle. The people had done their best to weaken its consequences by reducing Philip's power almost to nothing. They had still a well-founded hope that the marriage would prove sterile; that after a short time even this small influence of the stranger would cease, and England return to a purely national government. The birth of a child to Philip and Mary would have destroyed this hope. If a line of Austro-Spanish princes had sat on the throne of England, the Spanish influence would have endured forever, and perhaps have grown from year to year. This prospect exasperated the people. Riots became frequent. At Cambridge a violent outbreak was prepared, and was only discovered just in time to prevent it. Another rising was to have taken place in Hampshire. Edward Courtenay and Elizabeth were to have been proclaimed king and queen. The whole country was agitated, the Council was perplexed and divided, the Government in danger. To quiet the people, it was thought prudent to release a number of prisoners of small importance, while others were to be sent to Flanders or Italy, so as to be out of the way during the next few critical weeks. The most marked of these was Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, who after the rebellion of Wyatt had been sent prisoner to Fotheringhay. A hint was probably thrown out to him that he might obtain his liberty. Accordingly he addressed a letter to Philip, in which he declared his devotion to him, and expressing a wish to enter either his or the Emperor's service, he implored his intercession with the Queen. When this letter was presented by a friend of Courtenay, Philip, perceiving that it was written in English, returned it to the bearer. "Tell the Earl," he said, "that if his petition contains any secret he does not wish to be known to an interpreter, he must write another letter in French or Latin, and we will then read it without confiding its contents to any one." The earl complied. A few

days later another letter, in French, was delivered and graciously received; and on the 18th of April Michiel reported that Courtenay had been set free. The aspect of things, however was so threatening, that it was not thought safe to allow the earl to stay long at Court, especially as it had already been decided in the month of March that the Princess Elizabeth should be removed to Hampton Court. At the moment when the Court thought it necessary to order the loyal lords secretly to call in and quarter their retainers near the royal residence; when cannon was brought up at night to the palace; when Pembroke, who had been ordered to go to Calais, was recalled in order to take the command of the forces in case of any outbreak, the presence of the two chief pretenders to the crown at one and the same place was dangerous in the extreme. Besides, the Queen had scruples about propriety. When Courtenay and Elizabeth were to be proclaimed by the conspirators, it was stated that they were secretly married. Under such circumstances it would have been revolting to Mary to permit them to stay at Court together. Courtenay was, therefore, informed that Philip and Charles had accepted his services, and that he must depart for Brussels, in order, if war should break out again, to serve in the imperial army. The day of his departure being fixed, Elizabeth received orders to proceed under a strong escort to Hampton Court. On the 29th of April, Michiel wrote to the Doge about this affair, in the following terms:—"Your serenity must know that to-day or to-morrow she (Elizabeth) will certainly be here at Court with their Majesties, whence for good reasons she will not depart before the Queen's delivery. For it is said that in case of the death of the Queen (which God forbid), the safety and security of the King would depend more on her than on any other person. He might hope, with the help of many of the nobility, won over by his presents and favors, to marry her (Elizabeth) again, and thus succeed to the crown, the more so, as she, being informed of his character and conduct, might feel some inclination toward him. If this, however, should prove impossible in consequence of her resistance, or that of the



English people, he would at all events have her in his power, and thus be secure against any revolt which otherwise might endanger his life or the lives of his retainers. Holding her in his power, he could depart safely and without peril."

We cannot say whether Michiel is or is not correct in the first part of his conjecture, viz. that in 1555 Philip was already meditating a marriage with his wife's sister. We have no corroborative authority for it, and, so far as we know, nothing of the kind is mentioned in the papers of 1555 preserved at Simancas or Brussels. Still it is interesting to see that such a course seemed probable to Michiel, and that the possibility of a favorable result was admitted by so shrewd an observer. But as to the second part of his supposition, Michiel is certainly right. The King and Queen had Elizabeth brought over from Woodstock, not with the intention of setting her at liberty, but in order to have her in their power. After the royal forces had been concentrated around Hampton Court, Woodstock was considered too far away. In case of an outbreak it might at any moment be cut off and attacked by a party of insurgents, in which contingency the fidelity of the garrison could not be depended upon. Thus Elizabeth was brought to Court, not, as Mr. Froude says, to be received by Lord William Howard and other courtiers, but to be led without seeing anybody to the apartment vacant by the departure of the Duke of Alba. There she remained for some time in close confinement. Only a few servants were allowed her, and she was not permitted either to leave her rooms or to receive any visitors except the Queen, who, as Michiel pretends, saw her secretly from time to time. It was not before the beginning of June that the Princess, though she did not even then appear in public, was allowed to see her servants, and a few gentlemen of the Court; who, however, according to Michiel, availed themselves but sparingly of that permission. At last, in the month of July, all restrictions were removed, and Elizabeth set entirely at liberty.

Michiel's letters are full of accounts of frequent riots, insurrections and conspiracies. Of one of the most interest-

ing of these he writes, on the 1st of July, 1555, to the Doge:—"Since the Court came hither, many brawls and fights have taken place between the Spaniards and English, in which, on both sides, several persons were killed or wounded—the English generally getting the worst. Thus, a few days ago, on the day of the feast of Corpus Domini, a riot took place which nearly produced serious results. For the English, infuriated on account of certain wounds which one of them had received, though he certainly deserved them, all but entered the church where all the Spaniards and the nobility were assembled for the procession. They intended to maltreat them, and make a kind of Sicilian Vespers. At one time, so many of the English were collected before the church, that they were more than twice as numerous as the Spaniards. Their fury was only with great difficulty allayed by some of their number, who were less violent and more discreet than the others. In consequence of this occurrence, the king, who wishes to prevent all occasion for future brawls, published two days ago a proclamation to the effect that any Spaniard, who should dare to lay his hand on his sword, should have his hand cut off. At the same time he forbade them, under heavy penalties, whether on foot or on horseback, to carry arquebusses of any kind; and ordered that any one who, even in his defence, cried "Spain to the rescue!" should be hanged by the neck. He does not wish that even in their defence, as is nearly always the case, they should engage in any fight out of which a riot or revolt may result; but rather insists on their submitting, as they do, to all insolence and persecution."\*

The same letter contains a ludicrous account of the reception of the Polish ambassador, who had been sent to condole with the King and Queen on account of the death of Queen Juana of Castile, and to congratulate them on the birth of their child, which it was thought would have happened at the time of his arrival. During the whole journey he had studied a Latin oration, drawn up for the purpose. When he arrived in

\* Michiel to the Doge of Venice, July 1, 1555, cipher. Venice. Ingleterra, vol. i. p. 107.

England, and was ushered into the royal presence, he forgot that no child had been born, and, with the greatest gravity, delivered the whole of his speech. The courtiers could not suppress their laughter, and all the more, perhaps, because they might have seen in it an involuntary irony upon those expectations which had been forever blighted.

Many similar anecdotes may be gathered from Michiel's letters, and many errors of detail may be corrected by them. But this, as we have already remarked, is only a secondary merit—the principal consists in the delineations of character, which he gives unconsciously, and which are quite unlike the studied portraits of the report he read in the Senate. It is true that they must be gathered from little remarks here and there, but it is just because they are given without forethought and intention that we may rely upon their exactitude.

To the opinion of Mr. Froude that, in happier times, Mary might have been a worthy queen, Michiel would hardly have subscribed in his private letters. It has hitherto been the lot of this queen to have had her history written by party writers only, or by such as had gathered all their information from the works of partisans. Consequently, she comes out either as a saint, or as a cruel and wicked monster, if not as so strange a mixture of both, that to explain her behavior she is declared to have been mad. In the eyes of the writers of the Catholic party, she is the last Catholic queen of England, the zealous champion of their faith. They therefore extol and magnify her virtues; they gloss over her faults, and depict things in as bright colors as possible. Whenever a fact cannot be explained away, they throw the blame on her councillors, or on that universal scapegoat, Philip II. The ultra-Protestants, on the contrary, see in her nothing but the persecutor of their brethren, who burnt 280 Dissenters during her reign, and the indignation raised thereby in their breasts is so strong as to make them blind to anything else. They forget the sufferings of the nation at large. As to the impartial, but ill-informed historians, they mix up both accounts, rebuking her for her fanaticism and cruelty; and yet, finding the praises of her honesty, zeal for justice, tender-

ness of heart, application to her duties, her learning and capacity nowhere sufficiently contradicted, they credit her with all these virtues.

These different portraits are equally false. When stripped of her imaginary qualities she is neither the bloody Mary of Foxe, nor the saintly Mary of Lingard, nor the madwoman of Froude. She was a woman of a small capacity and intelligence, with scarcely any judgment, and great violence of temper. She had, moreover, been brought up in a strange fashion, and under unfavorable circumstances. Nearly from her childhood she had lived in an unnatural position, stigmatized by her father as a bastard, and yet recognized as his heiress. After his death, she was in constant opposition to the government of her brother. At last, at the age of thirty-seven, she became Queen of England. Like most persons of feeble intellect, who know that they are heirs to a crown, but are studiously debarred from the transaction of business, she had created in her mind an imaginary world. She had for many a year cherished plans which she thought to realize after her accession, without being aware of the means to be employed, or the difficulties to be encountered. Headstrong and violent, she plunged into a course beset with dangers, of which she became aware only when it was too late to avoid them. The violent measures on which she was bent would have necessitated courage, application, decision, and clear judgment. She had none of these qualities; above all, she had not the habit of business. She had constant scruples about the legality of the means she employed. She was slow to understand the arguments of her councillors, and whilst feeling, very naturally, a strong distrust toward her former enemies, she too often refused to listen to their good advice. When she ascended the throne, circumstances were most favorable to her and to the ends she had in view. The restoration of England to the Catholic faith, her one great object, took place, we may say, in spite of her interference, and that of her friends. But with that strange want of judgment which characterized her, she thought that because all the English Lords had at one time or other been conniving at the heresies of

her predecessors, she ought not to marry any of them, lest the kingdom should by their influence revert to its former errors.\* Having made up her mind to marry a foreign prince, she set her heart upon Philip, who of all his contemporaries had the least chance of assisting her effectually in what she was bent on carrying out. His power, and the well-known ambition of the Emperor, his father, awakened a natural suspicion in the English mind that he sought to marry the Queen for no other purpose than to annex England to Spain, as Milan and Navarre had been, and as Portugal was to be. That the opposition would be violent, Mary, who was not a child, might have known, and before making her intention public, she ought to have provided the means of subduing it at once. That she was in a position to do so, can scarcely be doubted by any one who knows how tired the great mass of the people was of incessant revolts. They longed for a firm and regular government. Mary was not unpopular at the beginning of her reign. Relying on the loyalty of the country, she might, with a little energy and talent, have ruled her Council instead of being ruled by them. She might have formed—what never existed during her reign—a body of trustworthy and obedient counsellors and officials, who would have relieved her from the necessity of relying on those who had their personal ends constantly in view. She might have re-organized her guards, who were in a deplorable condition, and have drilled, disciplined, and augmented her army under the pretext of the danger of a war with France and Scotland. Thus she might have gained the power necessary to overawe the opposition, have carried out her plans, and vanquished her enemies. Happily for England, she was incapable of following such a course. Her small administrative capacity, her want of application, or of foresight and discretion, prevented her wielding her power when she was in a position to do so. Utterly unprepared for the emergency, she nevertheless disclosed her intentions, and thereby roused the jealousy of the Lords and of the rest of her people ere she was well seated

on the throne. Thus her reign was a series of unavailing struggles which caused both her and her subjects the most cruel misery. Mary's greatest fault was certainly not her persecution of the Reformers, however great that may have been. Such persecutions were in harmony with the spirit of the age: under every government in every country heretics were then burnt. Mary only did what Henry VIII. or Edward VI. had done, though, under strong provocation, she repeated it oftener. What distinguished her reign from those of her predecessors was not that a few hundred persons suffered death at the stake, but that the whole people—her most loyal servants not excepted—were almost ruined. The Lords of her Council and Parliament refused her the means of forming a strong government, from a fear that she would misuse it for installing Philip on the English throne, and thus she was deprived of the power to establish an effective police and to punish robbers and brigands. England was kept in a state of anarchy and continual unrest. The country swarmed with robbers, the roads were unsafe, trade rendered nearly impossible. So, for instance, Noailles reckons it a great feat to have gone with about thirty servants clad in good steel harness and well armed, from London to the fair at Cambridge. He had to swim several rivers, the bridges being broken, and did not find his escort superfluous; for only the day before, twenty-two London merchants, who with their servants had travelled the same road, were waylaid, several of them killed, and the rest robbed of 1,000*l*.<sup>\*</sup> During the whole summer London itself was not safe. The citizens, to meet the danger, organized an extraordinary watch which after dark patrolled the streets, but so great was the number of reckless people who flocked together in the hope of rapine and spoil that it proved insufficient.† Murder and theft were common, and houses were from time to time entered by force and sacked. At sea things were as bad as on land. The refugees had in

\* Antoine de Noailles to François de Noailles. Paris. *Aff. Estr. Registres Angleterre*, vol. xi. p. 1020.

† Michiel to the Doge of Venice, April 20, 1555. *cipher. Venice. Inghilterra*, vol. i. fol 49.

\* François de Noailles to the King, Sept. 15, 1556. Paris. *Aff. Estr. Reg. Angleterre*, vol. xix. NEW SERIES.—VOL. IX., No. 1.

great numbers taken to piracy. They were favored by France. Cruising in the Channel, they plundered the Flemish and Spanish vessels. But soon these nice distinctions of hostile flags were abandoned, and they began to attack English ships as well. Thus the Killebrews, when finally brought up by Winter's squadron, had taken a good number of English ships, and even plundered the French, who were their secret allies. The English trade of course suffered under this insecurity, and the wealth of the country diminished more and more.

Had Mary not continued to feel the jealousy of the people by incessant attempts to have Philip crowned and Elizabeth put out of the way at a time when all chance of attaining her ends had vanished, something would have been done to end this intolerable state of things. Sometimes, indeed, robbers and pirates were hanged by scores, but the action of the Government soon stopped, and robbery began afresh. Moreover, there was a bad harvest. The summer of 1555 had been particularly wet, the corn was destroyed in the fields, a maldy broke out amongst the sheep, and fodder was scarce for the portion which survived.\* The rents of houses had risen on account of the great influx of strangers; and though this was advantageous to the rich, it added to the misery of the poor.† Philip understood long before the Queen how little hope he had of gaining a footing in England. He had, more than she did, taken to heart the unhappy state of the realm. As his presence could no longer be of use, after a year's stay he departed. Whilst he lived with the Queen he had exerted a wholesome influence upon her, checking her violence, and rousing her from apathy. When he was gone her temper grew worse every day; the leading feature of her character became extreme jealousy, and she was seized with a violent desire to see her husband again. That this was unreasonable is clear enough. When the marriage took place the Queen had made secret promises which were never fulfilled. Philip, she said, notwithstanding the treaty, would be King, as she

would obey him in everything, and see that he should be obeyed by her subjects.\* Though she may not have intended to deceive him, she was never able to redeem her promise. Philip remained titular King, with little influence and power, opposed even by the Queen's ministers. When all hope of his marriage producing issue had died away, was it still his duty to remain with the Queen, exposed to the insults of her subjects, and in constant fear of his life? Was it not rather his duty to govern those countries of which he really was the sovereign—Spain, and the Low Countries, Naples, and Milan? We think the Queen was wrong in not understanding this, and we think the same of all those who accuse Phillip of having treated Mary with neglect and harshness. It was rather she who was not of an amiable temper. On one occasion, having received a dilatory answer to an impatient request for Philip's return, her fury rose to such a point that she ran to the room where his portrait was hanging, and flying at it scratched the face with her nails. So violent was her language, so gross the abuse she lavished in such moments upon her husband, that Gilles de Noailles hinted to the French King the possibility of persuading her to a divorce, and of making her an irreconcilable enemy of Spain. At other moments when she thought Philip in danger or trouble, love and intense anxiety for his welfare drove her into opposite courses equally violent. In the month of June, 1556, for instance, the Queen had received news that Philip was ill. She sent over one Master Kemp, a confidential servant of hers, to make an exact report of the state of her husband's health. Whether from his negligence, or that contrary winds kept back the courier, for ten days no news came. The Queen grew alarmed, and visions of her husband dying for want of care were constantly floating before her mind. Philip, when crossing to Flanders, had left an old physician of his behind, because the poor man could not well bear the journey. Upon him the Queen pounced at once. What was he doing in London when his master was ill? He must go to Brussels with all

\* Michiel to the Doge of Venice. Oct. 27, 1555. Venice. *Inglaterra*, vol. i. p. 159.

† Michiel to the Doge of Venice, June 11, 1555. Venice. *Inglaterra*, vol. i. p. 89.

\* Charles V. to Philip, January 19, 1554. *Simancas*. *Est. Leg.* 508, fol. 14.



haste. Vainly did the poor doctor represent that there was no certainty of the King being seriously ill, and that even in such a case, he, the doctor, gouty and infirm as he was, would arrive too late to cure him, if he arrived at all. No excuse was admitted, and the Queen sent a servant to fetch him, and conduct him forthwith to Flanders. Happily for the doctor, Kemp and a courier from Philip arrived at that moment and dispelled the Queen's anxiety, thus preserving the poor doctor's health, and perhaps his life.

When Gardiner died, Reginald Pole stood in close relations with the Queen, and was her chief councillor. His great, and, perhaps, his only talent was the facility with which he knew how to write his own eulogium. If we draw his picture from the descriptions he gives in his letters of himself, or let ourselves be won by the beautiful phrases with which he covers acts of very doubtful morality, or listen to the panegyric of his servants and dependents, we may think him a saint. But when we follow his negotiations and intrigues, when we read the judgment of the ablest statesmen of every party, we turn away with contempt from a man who was wanting in judgment, and application, and whose characteristic qualities were ambition, conceit and selfishness.

When he set out for England on the accession of Mary, he may for a time have harbored the idea of becoming the Queen's husband. But the behavior of Charles V., who ordered him to be arrested at Dillingen, and of Mary, who refused him admittance, must soon have opened his eyes to his true position. From that time his ambition took another direction. As Wolsey had been chief minister to Henry VIII., so Pole wished to be Mary's guide and adviser, and virtually to govern the kingdom. As Wolsey in 1520 had been, in appearance at least, the umpire between the Emperor and the King of France, so would he reconcile enemies, and restore peace to admiring and grateful Christendom. He tried in 1554 to bring about a negotiation between Charles V. and Henry II.; but the result was a failure. Henry and the Constable of Montmorency treated him with outward distinction, but gave him nothing beyond fair words

Charles V. rebuked him violently, and complained at Rome of his indiscretion and folly.

When, at a later period, he came to England, prompted by his confidential adviser, the abbot of San Saluto, and found an echo to his sentiments in the feelings of the Queen, he made a fresh effort. The time was more favorable than at his first attempt. As long as Mary's marriage had not been actually concluded, the King of France, who still hoped to prevent it, and the Emperor, who hoped to draw extraordinary advantages from it, were both alike averse from peace. Things, however, had changed. Both parties had been baffled. The marriage had taken place, but in such a way as to strengthen but little the imperial power. Both parties were, therefore, willing to treat, and the French ambassador in England, Antoine de Noailles, solicited the mediation of the Queen and of Pole as legate. After some months of preliminary negotiations, in the month of May, 1555, a meeting took place at Mark, in the English pale. The ceremonial of 1520 was copied as much as possible. Pole had set out with the best hopes of doing great things, and, indeed, if fine speeches could have accomplished anything, peace would have been concluded. Unhappily, however, it is infinitely more difficult to make old enemies friends than to set people at variance. Pole failed, and returned to England mortified and crestfallen, to find the Queen in no very amiable mood, the hopes he had fostered in her being so cruelly disappointed.\* Still the negotiations were continued during the remainder of the year. In December, commissioners met again at Vauxelles to treat of an exchange of prisoners. Soon there was a talk of peace. The Spanish proposed to renew the negotiations of Mark, but the French flatly refused. To take Cardinal Pole as mediator, they said, would only tend to delay the conclusion and to produce constant difficulties. They had two reasons for this refusal: the one which was openly avowed, was the incapacity of the Cardinal—the other, which was

\*Michiel to the Doge of Venice, June 11, 1555, cipher. Venice. *Inglaterra*, vol. i. p. 89; and same to same, July 9, 1552, cipher. *Fiandria et Spagna*, vol. i.

kept secret, was that, having concluded an offensive league with Pope Paul IV. against Philip, they durst not rely upon Pole. The Spanish commissioners replied that not to ask for the mediation of England would be an insult to the Queen, who had all this time labored to procure a peace; but finding the French obstinate, they gave way, and contented themselves, in February, 1556, with concluding a truce for five years. The cardinal had all this time been studiously kept in the dark by everybody. The Pope, who feared Pole's indiscretion if he were to know of the secret treaty, had sent him a message by the Bishop of St. Asaph, exhorting him to continue his exertions for peace, and giving him full authority to act as mediator, whilst the nuncios at Paris and at Brussels had orders to counteract all attempts with this object. The French and Spanish kept up mock negotiations; and thus it was not until the truce was concluded that Pole knew of it. He could not hide his grief. The Abbot of San Saluto was dismissed; and thenceforward Pole devoted the whole of his energy to the discharge of his legative functions and to the administration of his diocese. A few months before, overtures had been made to him respecting his succession to Gardiner's office of Chancellor; but he had refused—a certain sign, many think, that Pole had none of that inordinate ambition we accuse him of. But Michiel's letters disclosed part of the reasons which induced Pole to withdraw from political life, and which render it but too probable that his refusal was not quite voluntary. The ambassador wrote indeed on the 18th November: "Many think that it (the Chancellorship) might finally fall to his Right Reverend Lordship, who has been asked by the King and Queen to accept it on account of the necessity of obtaining for such an office a person thoroughly honest and true. And though this office entails much work, and is therefore most distasteful to the Cardinal, still with the help of many inferior ministers, he would be able to discharge it." But a week later he informed the Doge: "I hear that the said Right Reverend Legate has had letters from Rome written by order of our Lord (the Pope), in which

he is told that his Holiness has heard that their Majesties had given him charge to attend to the business and government of this kingdom as one of their chief councillors. His Holiness will think and consider how far and in what kind of affairs the Cardinal might take part. For as he, being Legate, represents the person of His Holiness, it does not appear becoming for him to take so much concern in matters belonging to the government of these princes. If he does not renounce his new position, by which he becomes as it were a minister and dependent, he can no longer discharge his office as Legate, since His Holiness must, according to occurrences and events, rely in every respect upon him."

It seems that Pole continued to meddle with the political affairs of England, and that a second and sharper admonition followed, which caused his resignation. It is, however, not impossible that it may have been accelerated by disputes between him and the Council. The Lords complained, not without reason, that Pole carried on business their backs, and altercations ensued, in which Pole was obliged to give way. That he did so unwillingly, we feel certain.

We have hitherto had but little good to say of anybody. In order, therefore, not to close with disparaging criticism, we venture, finally, to speak of Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and Chancellor of England. To his energy, zeal, and talents, Michiel bears ample testimony. At the interview at Mark, it was he alone who, according to Michiel, acted with firmness and energy, and who seriously labored to bring about an understanding. As to his zeal and knowledge of home affairs, we read the following paragraph in Michiel's letters, written at the time of Gardiner's death:—

"Their (the Commons') licentiousness grows every day worse, especially as the death of the Chancellor, who had been feared and respected in an extraordinary degree by everybody, induces them, so to say, to feel secure. For it seems to them as though there remains no longer any one who knows how to exercise authority in such a way as he did, nor with knowledge so extensive

and minute, both of the business and of all the persons of any account in this kingdom, and also of the time and means by which to please and flatter, or to overawe and punish them, and thereby to keep them always in hand, and to suppress the insolence toward which they are naturally inclined.\*

Thus far these abstracts. Perhaps the whole of the Michiel correspondence may shortly be laid before the public. It will then be possible to judge whether our opinion as to its value has been right. Perhaps, too, other correspondence and documents will be brought forward, and a real and sufficient light be thrown on the events of Queen Mary's reign, so little known up to the present time.

#### ASLEEP AND AWAKE.

"SLEEP," to use the words of a modern writer, "is a perpetual phenomenon in the twilight between life and death."

It is a state of being not surprising to us only because it is familiar, and to explain its nature has puzzled the ablest physiologists. Theories have been broached, conjectures hazarded, and ideas entertained regarding it, to leave us no more satisfactory result than probable opinions, curious suggestions, and interesting theories, that may pretend to solve a problem that is as far from solution as ever.

If the nature of our being is essentially spiritual, how can it ever be so fatigued in its spirituality as imperiously to demand rest? Or if it be exhausted by virtue of its union with the flesh, how can the flesh sleep, and the spirit remain active and separate, whilst its weaker associate, the body, is sunk in forgetfulness? Darkness, expended irritability of the nervous tissue, the horizontal posture, a law of periodicity, and congestion of the brain by carbonized blood, have all been adduced as explanations, though in fact they are merely so many physiological phrases, that when pronounced leave the inquirer as far from the fountain-head as ever. Amongst the many faults of a hackneyed philosophy is that of endeavoring to

explain phenomena by means of a supposititious cause, as inexplicable and unintelligible as the phenomena themselves.

Who, for instance, can really account for the nature of dreams? for the mysterious fact of their ever according with the physical and moral conditions of the individual, be they morbid or healthy, modest or depraved, absurd or rational? Plutarch, endeavoring to show how we may ascertain if we have acquired the habit of virtue, points out twelve ways, one of which is by means of our dreams. "If, even in your dreams," he says, "you have no idea but what is right and proper; if, when others come upon you, you find that even in your sleep you struggle like a brave soldier to resist them, as energetically as if you were awake, it is a sign that virtue is deeply rooted in you, because not merely the will, but even the imagination and senses, are made subject to reason." This agrees with the explanation of some authors on the passage of St. Paul in Thessalonians (1 Thess. v. 10), that not only when we are awake, but even when we are asleep, our thoughts should always be flowing in the same current, and directed toward the same end. According to Aristotle, a man who has gained a mastery over any art or trade has no occasion to wait and think how he shall set about it, so easily can he put his ideas in practice; and the teaching of all philosophy is, that habit is shown, not in the actions performed with reflection and care, but in those done on the spur of the moment, without any leisure being allowed for deliberation and circumspection. It is spontaneous behavior that evinces the instinctive habit of the mind, and we are as responsible for our dreams as for our waking thoughts, just as we shall have to answer for our idle words, of which, we are admonished, an account will be demanded of us at the great final tribunal.

The nature of our dreams is dependent on the tone of mind which we cultivate, or to which we abandon ourselves. The phantoms of the night reappear as the motives of our conduct in the day, and the deeds of the past day rise up in judgment for or against us, in the fantastic visions of the night.

\* Michiel to the Doge of Venice, Nov. 18, 1555, cipher Venice. *Inglaterra*, vol. i. p. 171.

Accordingly, the masters of the spiritual life prescribed rules to their disciples as to the proper mode of composing themselves to sleep, the manner of sleep, the style of dress, the kind of thoughts with which they should entertain themselves as they closed their eyes, what they should do if they could not sleep, and how they should recollect themselves on awaking in the morning; for, as they justly concluded, at no moment of his life should a good man relax in his vigilance, or allow death to creep upon him unawares.

Everyone, it has been remarked, when asleep, has his own world, but when awake he lives in the world of others. Yet what is this world of others but a particular apparition, seen in a peculiar light by each of us separately at the same time, equally as much when we dream as when we are awake? Creation is ever the same; it is our thoughts or modes of thinking that make it appear so various in its different epochs. Dreaming is a continued whole, running parallel with the waking world, but not interfering with it. When we are awake, we have a difficulty in recalling the dreams even of our deepest sleep, whereas in the dreams of to-day we often remember those of yesterday. In dreams we know persons and places that we never knew when awake, though they reappear to us in succeeding dreams. There are some curious instances on record of sleeping and waking. Dr. Graves mentions the case of a gentleman who, from long-continued sleeplessness, was reduced to a complete living skeleton, unable to stand on his legs. He was brought to this state partly by disease, but chiefly by the abuse of mercury and opium. At length, unable to pursue his trade, he sank into poverty and to the lowest depth of wretchedness. Dr. Reid speaks of a friend of his who, whenever anything occurred to distress him, soon became drowsy and fell asleep. In Turkey, if a person happens to fall asleep in the vicinity of a poppy field, and the wind blows over toward him, he becomes gradually narcotized, and would die if the country people—who are familiar with the circumstance—did not take him to the nearest well or stream, and empty pitcher after pitcher

of cold water over his body and face. Hippocrates relates a story of a young man who fell asleep on his back in a tent, after having drunk too freely of pure wine, when a serpent crawled in at his mouth. Awaking with a start, he gnashed his teeth and bit off part of the reptile, swallowing the rest, upon which he was taken with convulsions and died. We have been told of a medical student at Edinburgh, who, upon hearing suddenly of the unexpected death of a near relation, threw himself on his bed, and sank at once, though in the full glare of noonday, into a profound slumber. Another person, reading aloud to one of his dearest friends on his death-bed, fell fast asleep, but with the book in his hand, and still went on reading, utterly unconscious of what he was saying. A woman at Henault slept seventeen or eighteen hours a day for fifteen years. Another is said once to have slept for forty days. A man, twenty-five years of age, who formerly lived near Bath, once slept for a month, and in two years slept again for seventeen days.

Herodotus alludes incredulously to a race of Tartars or Scythians, in the extreme North, who labored under the imputation of sleeping away six months of the year. We have been told by good authority of a woman who spent three-fourths of her life in sleep, and Dr. Elliston, who collected several instances of this sort, quotes the case of a young lady who slept for six weeks, and recovered. The celebrated General Elliot, however, as well as Frederick the Great and John Hunter, seldom slept more than four or five hours in the twenty-four. Dr. Macnish refers to a lady, in perfect health, who never slept more than three or four hours a day, and then only for half-an-hour at a time. If we may believe Sir Gilbert Blane, General Pichegru had only one hour's sleep in the same space of time for a whole year. De Moivre slept twenty hours out of the twenty-four. Quin, the well-known actor, could at his pleasure sleep for twenty-four hours in succession. Dr. Reid could, when he liked, take enough food and sleep to last him for a couple of days. St. Augustine, of Hippo, divided his day into three parts, devoting eight hours to sleep, eight to recreation, and eight to con-



verse with the world. A story is told of two young gentlemen, college students, who went to bed in perfect health the night previous to their examination. They slept soundly. The elder one rose early in the morning, and left his younger brother in bed, still asleep; he remained so for two hours more, having slept altogether more than ten hours, when he awoke in a state of complete insanity. Our readers may remember the case of a gentleman who fell asleep with his head resting on his hands, folded together before him on the table after dinner. When he awoke, one arm was paralyzed, and remained so until the day of his death, which occurred not long afterward. Attila, the scourge of God, died on his marriage-night, from the bursting of a blood-vessel in his sleep. In the morning his trembling bride was found sitting by his bedside, with her face hid in her veil, lamenting her own danger as well as the fate of her husband. There was once a man in the hospital of St. Louis, who slept five-sixths of the day, and awoke only to satisfy the cravings of a voracious appetite. The famous St. Dominic, of Calarveza, in Spain, substituted for a bed either the bare planks, or a stone floor. St. Bonaventura used a common stone, of large size, for a pillow, and St. Peter, of Alcantara, slept but one hour and a half in the twenty-four for forty years together, either kneeling or standing, with his head leaning aside on a little piece of wood, fastened for that purpose in the wall. He usually ate but once in three days, yet he lived to be old, though his body was so wasted and weak that it seemed to be made of the roots of trees, and his skin so parched that it resembled the bark of a tree rather than flesh. Theodosius, when he fell asleep in the morning watch of his last great battle, saw in his dreams an apparition that assured him of victory, and the issue of the fight verified and coincided with the prediction. The Dauphin, son of the unfortunate Louis XVI., shut up in a loathsome dungeon, was killed by want of sleep. His feverish head was no sooner laid on his pallet, than a brutal voice pealed round the walls—"Capet où es tu ? dors tu."

People may sleep in all sorts of postures. According to Sir Gardiner Wil-

kinson, the ancient Egyptians shaved their scalps, and slept with their heads resting on an iron prong, like that of a pitchfork, covered with something soft. They believed that by so doing they kept their heads cool—which no doubt they did—and strengthened their wits—which they certainly did not. An entire battalion of infantry have been known to sleep on the march. The sentinel will sleep at his post, and the postilion on horseback. There seems to be a greater proneness to disease during the sleeping than in the waking state. Those who pass the night in the *Campagna di Roma* are invariably affected by its noxious miasma, while travellers who go through it in the day-time, without stopping, as invariably escape. It is about three or four o'clock in the morning that the propensity to sleep is the most overpowering. Maniacs are said, especially in the eastern hemisphere, to become furiously vigilant during the full of the moon, especially when the deteriorating ray of its polarized light is permitted to fall into their apartment. Sleeping directly in the moon's rays is said to be at all times prejudicial. Intense cold induces sleep, and they who perish in the snow sleep on till they sleep the sleep of death. All nature sleeps. Plants sleep in the winter. Reptiles and some animals hibernate, and even the earth sleeps as she wheels into darkness from west to east. Children sleep a great deal, whilst the old scarcely slumber at all. Infants sleep much, but irregularly. Even the fœtus sleeps in a sort of indeterminate manner, and, without giving too much rein to fancy, we may assert that even public affairs alternate between action and repose. All our bodily organs sleep, more or less, regularly; the heart resting between every beat, sixty times in the minute. In fact, all that has life must sleep, or perish; a circumstance of which observation convinces us, marvel at it as we may.

People may sleep too much, or too little; too early, or too late. The *bon vivant* sleeps in his easy-chair after dinner, and nods over his newspaper. As a rule, the well-nourished require more sleep than the lean, and the phlegmatic more than the irritable. Overmuch sleep conduces to obesity, torpor of the general functions, congestion of the principal vis-

cera, more especially of the head, endangering attacks of apoplexy, and death. But in the present day we have to complain less of too much sleep than of too little. We work at high pressure. We are ever on the tiptoe of expectation. We cannot rest, for to-morrow is big with the doom of some great hereafter. It is impossible to sleep—it is as much as we can do to survive, and we are nourishing a pregnant source of ailments, of which mania is neither the youngest nor the least important.

As a narcotic, opium is popularly regarded as of general utility. But this is by no means the case. In such vigilance as that just referred to, opium, in its most concentrated form, is in many instances useless. Sometimes it increases the vigilance, and, instead of soothing, excites the nerves to ecstasy, in which the patient sees, hears, and converses with phantoms that have no existence, save in his disordered imagination—to speak more exactly, save on the irritated expansion of his diseased retina. In the sleeplessness of the insane, opiates often are quite ineffectual. Sufferers such as these must be watched carefully, and sleep must be coaxed and solicited by means of remedies that have nothing of the narcotic principle in them. Mesmeric passes will induce sleep when nothing else will, and a kind of sleep, too, quite exempt from the distressing symptoms that follow the use of an opiate. The fact of allowing a patient to get up and wash, walk about his room, make his bed afresh, or drink a glass of cold water, or wine and water, or bitter ale, will often induce sleep, when everything else has been tried in vain. The condition of the eye will generally afford a correct criterion for determining on the kind of narcotic or sedative to be used. When the eye is bloodshot, and the pupil contracted, opium is rarely effectual. Neither in such a case would stimulants be of any use. Hyoscyamus, conium, and aconite, are more to be relied upon; or, if opium be prescribed, it should be conjoined with tartar emetic, salines, and nitre, or with ipecacuanha, as in the Dover's Powder. The success of this combination of opium, sudorifics, and nephritics, probably arises from their acting on the entire surface of the skin, and thus relieving the internal organs, and allowing the

opiate in the meantime to allay the unsettled mobility of the nerves.

On the other hand, when the conjunctiva is pale, and the pupil is dilated, stimulants prove the surest narcotics; the symptoms mentioned indicating the sleeplessness of inanition, and the necessity for support. In this stage, which may precede mania in its most troublesome form, repeated doses of pure opium have been given with the most satisfactory results. In those instances of vigilance which frequently occur toward the close of acute diseases, it is always necessary to repeat the opiate for some time after the first symptoms have been checked. There is no fear of giving successive doses, lest the patient should become used to them, and form an injurious habit, for the rapid convalescence and renewed health, which are wonderfully promoted by sound and refreshing sleep, will soon enable him to dispense with the use of an opiate.

An eminent French physician, named Raspail, was the first to point out the power of camphor in stopping that fearful insomnolence which accompanies the incubation and first development of insanity. He asserted that when opium, hyoscyamus, conium, stramonium, and all the "drowsy syrups of the East" had proved ineffectual, a grain of camphor formed into a pill, followed by a draught of an ounce and a half of the infusion of hops, with five drops of sulphuric ether, was a remedy which seldom failed to produce a gentle slumber even in the most excited cases, soothing the patient so that he almost invariably rose from his bed calm, refreshed, and composed. Amongst the French laboring-classes camphor cigarettes were formerly in much repute. They seem to produce a state somewhat analogous to that following the use of opium, but the reveries into which they plunge the mind have a less exciting effect on the imagination.

Nothing, however, can relieve the watchfulness of old age. It is highly improper to make use of opium, since the dose that is sufficient to procure sleep may end in death. Sometimes without dying, persons remain asleep a long time after soporifics. A child near Lymington was thus sent to sleep for three weeks. The proper remedy, and

the particular dose, require the tact and management of one in extensive practice, an experienced hint being no rule to a novice. Sometimes hot sponges applied to the head will cause sleep, and sometimes cold, but both are liable to rouse the patient to increased wakefulness. The power of the will may procure or banish sleep. Some persons can will themselves to sleep as soon as they lie down. Mr. Binns, in his "Anatomy of Sleep," has given directions to this effect, and many experienced practitioners believe that the habit may be easily acquired.

Much depends on the time and manner of administering a narcotic. The usual practice seems to be to give it at the usual hour of bedtime; often only with the result of teasing the patient with a soporific that does not produce sleep. A better plan is that of ascertaining the precise hour when the vigil lapses into a brief slumber, and to order the narcotic to be taken just an hour before the anticipated moment arrives. In hectic this period is about four in the morning; in ague it is generally in the afternoon; in rheumatism at the evening twilight, and in consumption about midnight. The advantage of the measure here recommended, is that the remedy will coincide with the course of the natural changes, and begin to operate just as the habitual slumber is coming on. But a narcotic sedative is to be found in diet. Coffee or tea will produce sleep when the brain is plethoric, though when the brain is exhausted it will give rise to nervous irritability and vexatious vigilance. Those who work hard and live low, fall asleep after dinner, whereas the men who take their wine and fare luxuriously, are unable to close their eyes till they have been served with a cup of pure coffee first, and green tea afterward—the effect of these drinks being to allay the upward circulation, and to act as an immediate sedative on the nerves.

It is a fact worth remembering that a sleepless night cannot be compensated for by any subsequent *siesta* stolen in the daytime. We must wait for the following night, go to bed early, and sleep soundly, if we hope to awake refreshed the next morning. Nor can the want of sleep be relieved by stimulants,

however much the late hours of the fashionable world may be urged as an excuse for indulging in wine and hot condiments.

The evil consequences of insufficient sleep are indicated in the features, which become pale, lank, and sharp; in the eye, which is cold, blanched, and watery; in long, straight, shabby hair; a wan deportment, and languid feelings. The lips are dry and peeling; the utterance is feeble and tremulous; the palms of the hands are hot, and a low fever feeds on the vitals. Those who go to bed late rise late, and early risers for the most part are obliged to retire early. Students want more sleep than others, but they rise too early and sit up too late. Modern fine children are exotics; they are taught to mimic their elders, flower in an artificial atmosphere, and perish long before the morning of life has passed over their debilitated heads.

The older physicians paid more attention to the question of sleep than we do. Hippocrates insisted on the importance of denoting the kind of sleep, the nature of the dreams, and the particular posture of the sleeper in bed, as an accessory means of forming a true diagnosis of his disease. The fourth book of his "Regimen" certainly was disfigured by several puerilities peculiar to the remote age in which it was written, but no more practical essay on the subject of which it treats was put forward between its own period and very recent years.

Of the mesmeric trance we almost hesitate to speak. Yet no one who has once witnessed its phenomenon can pretend to say that it does not exist. Indeed there can be no doubt of its reality, or of the fact that it differs from ordinary sleep in its intensity, as well as in the automatic movements of the spinal system, together with the transluminous consciousness of the dormant faculty of thinking. It is clear that the sensorium is in this state made conscious of the operations of functions morbid or healthy, of which in its ordinary or rational waking state it is not sensible, and that the nerves communicate to the brain impressions of inward sensations, which are not reported or conveyed thither under ordinary circumstances.

---

## MARRYING BY LOT.

"MARRYING BY LOT" is, or rather was, one of the customs of the Moravian Church. In the American, and, as we should imagine, in the English communities belonging to that body, it has become obsolete; but Miss Mortimer, from whose little tale,\* bearing this title, our information has been drawn, gives us to understand that in some of the German settlements it remains at least partially in force. A system under which, as we are told, unhappy marriages were unknown, deserves some notice, and, little as it harmonizes with English sentiment, possibly some regret. Miss Mortimer, who is now dead, was the daughter of an able and zealous minister of the Moravian Church. Though in after-life she withdrew from its communion, she never ceased to regard it with affection; and in telling her story she preserves a uniformly respectful and kindly tone which inclines us to trust her description.

It ought to be observed at once that "the lot" does not play the important part which the name that has been given to the system would seem to imply. It would be a genuine "marriage by lot" if the names of the candidates for matrimony were put into two urns, and the couples were paired as the lots bearing their names might happen to leap out together. And it might be argued with some force that, if there dwelt, as was believed, a divine guidance in the seeming chance, the larger and more confident appeal to it would draw forth the more satisfactory response. With the Moravians, however, the lot had a prohibitive voice only. It was, as will be seen, its veto, but not its sanction, that exercised a constraining force on the inclinations of the individual, or—for it was by these that the marriages were mostly arranged—on the counsels of the elders. The working of the system will be best described by giving an account of what took place on an occasion when seven single or widowed brethren, an unusual number for the small settlement where the scene of the tale is laid, signified to the Society their wish to marry.

It should be said that the settlement contained an establishment in which all the single women of every age resided under the charge of an elderess, and that the single men lived in similar fashion, and that all speech between unmarried brethren and sisters was absolutely prohibited. This, it is plain, would do something, but, as we shall see, not everything, to clear away from the system the enormous difficulty of "prior attachments."

On the Sunday, then, before the conference for the settlement of the marriages was to be held, all the unmarried sisters, dressed in their most becoming attire, were in their place at church. The rule which forbade the interchange of a glance between the two classes of worshippers was tacitly repealed for the day. Both parties used their liberty. It was observed that the looks of the seven brethren ranged over the whole company of sisters, but that the sisters concentrated their attention upon the five bridegrooms (out of the seven, two, of whom more hereafter, were absent). The excitement was increased by the discovery that more than one of the brethren were unusually desirable. Each of the five, by the way, had two friends, *nomenclatores* they may be called, to answer any questions they might wish to put about the sisters. On the day of meeting of the Conference the order of proceedings was as follows. One of the candidates for matrimony, whom we will call A, presents himself. He is asked whether he has any preference for any particular sister. He answers in the negative. This he need not have done if he had happened to have any liking. But he is a missionary, and it was the general though not the invariable practice for the missionaries to leave the choice of a wife to the wisdom of the Society. Accordingly, the elderess of the house of the unmarried sisters is called on to produce her list. On her recommendation—she was evidently a person of immense importance in the community—a sister is selected. Then the "lot" comes into use. Two papers, previously prepared, and tightly rolled up, are placed together in a box. One of these has *yes*, the other *no* written on the inside. The box is handed to a member of the company, who takes out

\* *Marrying by Lot. A Tale of the Primitive Moravians.* By Charlotte Mortimer. London, Sampson Low & Co.; New York, G. P. Putnam & Son.



one of these papers, which he passes to his next neighbor, who opens it and reads its contents. If the *no* lot is taken out the sister mentioned is considered to be vetoed; another is chosen, and the process is repeated until a favorable answer is obtained. The matter is submitted within the next few days to the sister, who has the right of accepting or refusing the offer. If she refuses, another has to be chosen in the same way. The case of B, the second missionary, is the same as A's. That of C, however, presents some peculiarities. He expresses a preference. But the sister had got some inkling of his intention, and not reciprocating his liking, had contrived that it should be summarily stopped. Her father interferes, and prevents her name from being submitted to the trial of the lot. Disappointed in his first choice, he proposes successively for several of the sisters, each one of whom is either negated by the lot or refuses her consent. The fact was that a terrible rumor had gone through the Sisters' house to the effect that C had been heard to speak very confidently of the way in which he should manage his wife, and they were all unwilling to venture on such a tyrant. A little more experience of the world would have enabled them to anticipate what actually happened, viz., that the boaster became an utter slave to the wife whom he at last managed to find in some other settlement. The two missionaries who had not been able to leave their work were dealt with just as their impartial brethren A and B had been. A sister was selected, and if approved by the lot sent out. It is evident, however, that they ran a greater risk, because they abandoned the veto which the presence of the others enabled them to exercise, and trusted themselves implicitly to the wisdom of the Conference. Sometimes, indeed, these absentee bridegrooms would endeavor to make their happiness more sure by sending home some description of what they wanted. For instance, one gentleman who had had the misfortune to lose his wife requested the Conference to find some one who might supply her place. She must, he told them, be a *short, dumpy* sister, of about five feet high; that had been the size of his late partner, and it would be well if

the new comer should fit the large wardrobe of excellent clothing which she had left. So modest and sensible a request was of course attended to. After several negatives the lot approved of a sister who was found on measurement to be of exactly the right height. About F and G, the two lay candidates, there is nothing remarkable to be said, except that F had provided himself with two "preferences," and the lot vetoing the first, fell back philosophically on the second.

It will naturally be asked whether a negative decision of the lot was considered to be final. So, indeed, it seems to have been in the early days of the Society, and so, one would think, on any consistent theory of the custom, it should have been. To tempt a second answer from the Divine Voice because the first had been unwelcome would seem profanity. Ultimately, however, the strength or the weakness of human nature prevailed. When, on human considerations, the marriage seemed desirable the Conference sometimes permitted a second or even a third appeal to the lot. They would argue that out of such a trial of constancy there might have grown a fitness which had not existed at the first. A profane observer might say that on the doctrine of chances any admirer who was sufficiently persevering would ultimately find a favorable lot, and we might add, would in all probability deserve it. There can indeed be little doubt that the custom was doomed when this relaxation was permitted; and that with the custom a great protest on behalf of the *theocratic* principle, which is the characteristic of the Moravian Society, was dropped.

We may, perhaps, be inclined to wonder that such a practice should have retained its vitality so long. But it is impossible to measure the constraining power which a religious organization, of which the enthusiastic force is unimpaired, can exercise over the individual will. And the Moravian communities, not being wholly cut off from intercourse with the outer world, would be assisted in retaining their integrity by a sort of process of natural selection, while the "weaker brethren," all in whom faith was not the dominating principle, all in whom a vigorous personality rebelled

against the rule of a system, were drawn off by attractions from without. Into the benefits of the system it may seem idle to inquire. The lot, of course, introduces an element of which it is impossible to estimate the value, which, if the theory of its use be true, is of supreme importance, but if our ordinary notions are right, is at the best harmless, because it sometimes happens to be inoperative. Apart from this, no system of "marriage by arrangement"—and this, after all, is the custom of nineteen-twentieths of mankind—was ever more logically perfect. A wise old friend of our own used to declare that, in his opinion, all marriages should be made by the Lord Chancellor. The Lord Chancellor concretely represented the State, and it might be plausibly argued that a serene and impartial intelligence would be more likely to secure a happy result than the chafing of interested parents. The Moravian practice assumed still higher ground, for it was the acting out of the adage that "marriages are made in heaven." From the exceptional success which is said to have attended it little indeed can be inferred. We have heard it said that there are no bankrupts among the Quakers because bankruptcy excludes from their Society. Similarly, a company of enthusiasts, continually freed by the very rigidity of its system from the presence of weaker or insubordinate members, cannot be compared with the world outside.

---

#### COMETS OF SHORT PERIOD.

It is related by Apollonius the Myndian, that the Chaldean astronomers held comets to be bodies which travel in extended orbits around the solar system. "The Chaldeans spoke of comets," he says, "as of travellers, penetrating far into the upper celestial spaces." He adds that those ancient astronomers were even able to predict the return of comets. How far it may be safe to accept the statements of Apollonius, is uncertain. He ascribed other powers to the Chaldeans, of which we may fairly doubt their possession—for instance, the power of predicting earthquakes and floods. In fact, there is so marked a disposition among ancient writers to exaggerate the acquisitions of Chaldean astronomers,

that it becomes extremely difficult to distinguish truth from falsehood. Still, there is sufficient evidence of their skill and patience as observers, to render it fully possible that they may have discovered the periodicity of one or two comets.

But, until the rise of modern astronomy, the opinion which was almost universally held respecting comets was that of Aristotle, that they are of the same nature as meteors or shooting-stars, existing either in the air not far above the clouds, or certainly far below the moon.

The discovery of the periodicity of Halley's comet following quickly on Newton's announcement of the law of gravitation, led astronomers to examine the orbits of all the comets which became visible, with the hope of finding that some of these bodies may be travelling in re-entering paths. But, inasmuch as none of the brilliant comets of whose appearance records had been preserved seemed to have ever revisited the earth save Halley's alone, while even Halley's travelled in an orbit of enormous extent, an orbit which reached out in space more than three times as far as the orbit of the most distant known planet, astronomers held that the only kind of path which they might expect a comet to travel in was a long oval. They accordingly confined their calculations, and limited the invention of new mathematical processes, to the case of very eccentric orbits.

But, in 1770, a comet appeared which led astronomers to form wholly new views. No orbit which could be devised (subject to the above-mentioned condition) could be reconciled with the motions of the new arrival. At length the astronomer Lexell discovered that the path of the comet was not an oval of extreme eccentricity, but an ellipse of such a figure that the comet's period of revolution was less than six years. But here a difficulty arose. The comet was sufficiently conspicuous; and it was asked how could such an object have gone on circulating so rapidly around the sun, and yet have remained undiscovered? A very singular result rewarded the inquiry into this question. It was found that the aphelion of the comet's path lay just outside the orbit of Jupiter; and, further, that when the comet was last in

aphelion, Jupiter was quite close to it. Thus it became clear that the comet had been travelling in another and doubtless much wider orbit, when its motions had brought it into the neighborhood of the planet Jupiter—the giant of the solar system. The comet had actually approached the planet nearer than his fourth satellite. "It had intruded," says Sir J. Herschel, "an uninvited member into his family circle."

The result of this close appulse may be readily conceived. Just as Halley's comet, when close to the sun, sweeps rapidly round him—that is, in a sharply curved path—so the new comet's path was sharply bent around the temporary focus formed by the great planet. But just as Halley's comet, after perihelion passage, moves away from the sun, so Lexell's comet, after what may be termed perijovian passage, moved away from Jupiter, and passed again within the sun's attraction. From this time the comet began to follow a new orbit around the sun. This new orbit was an oval of moderate eccentricity, round which the comet travelled in about five and a half years.

At the next return of the comet to perihelion, it was not likely that astronomers would obtain a view of it; for, on account of the odd half-year in its period, it came to perihelion when the earth held a point in her orbit exactly opposite to that which she had occupied at the comet's former perihelion passage; therefore, the comet, which before was favorably, was now unfavorably situated for observation.

As the period for the comet's second return approached, astronomers looked out eagerly for its advent. Again and again the heavens were "swept" for the faint speck of nebulous light which should have announced the return of the wanderer. But days, and weeks, and months passed, until it became certain that either the comet had been shorn of nearly all its former brilliancy, and had thus escaped unnoticed, or that something had happened to deflect it from its course.

The last alternative appeared so much the more probable one, that mathematicians began to examine the path of the comet, to see whether it had approached so near to any disturbing body as to have

been driven from its recently adopted orbit. The examination was soon rewarded with success. If we consider the nature of orbital motion, we shall at once see that, so long as Lexell's comet was subjected to no new disturbing attractions, it was compelled, once in every revolution, to return to the scene of its former encounter with the planet Jupiter. This return was fraught with danger to the stability of the comet's motions. So long as Jupiter was not near that particular part of his orbit at which the encounter had taken place, the comet was free to pass the point of danger, and return toward the sun; but if ever it should happen that Jupiter was close at hand when the comet approached his orbit, then the comet would be as liable to have its motions disarranged as at the original encounter. It happened that the period of the comet's motion in its new orbit was almost exactly one-half of Jupiter's period. This was unfortunate; since it clearly follows, that when the comet had revolved *twice*, Jupiter had revolved once around the sun. Thus the comet again encountered the planet, with what exact result has never become known; but certainly with this general result, that the comet's movements were completely disarranged. It has never returned to the neighborhood of the earth.

We may look upon Lexell's as the first discovered comet of short period; for although it was never seen after its first visit, yet nothing can be more certain than that it did actually return once, and that it went twice around its new orbit. Indeed, if it has not been absorbed by Jupiter—a very unlikely contingency—it must still be revolving in space with an orbit which brings it, once in each revolution, to the scene of its former encounters. The *figure* of its orbit may be altered again and again by encounters with Jupiter; but each new orbit *must* traverse this dangerous point. This follows directly upon the laws of orbital motion around an attracting centre. A body will continue to revolve in any orbit along which it has once begun to move, unless it is acted upon by some extraneous force. Accordingly, if at any point of its path an extraneous force suddenly disturb its motion, the disturbed orbit cannot fail to pass through the point of disturbance. Thus

the body may again fall under the influence of the disturbing agent, and be caused to move in yet another orbit through the same point. And in the course of millions of years, a body might thus travel in a hundred different orbits, all passing through a common point. There is, indeed, *one* way in which Lexell's comet might have escaped from Jupiter's control. If, after one of its encounters with Jupiter, it happened to pursue a path which brought it very nearly into contact with Saturn or some other large planet, it might be compelled thenceforth to abandon its allegiance to Jupiter. But the probability of this happening to a comet which had once got into the toils, may be reckoned "almost at naked nothing."

We have been careful to dwell on this point for a reason which will appear presently.

The search for Lexell's comet led to the discovery of a considerable number of nebulae; and the discovery of nebulae led in turn to the discovery of another comet of small period. In 1786, Méchain announced to Messier (who had constructed a list of 103 nebulae) that he had discovered a nebulous object. This turned out to be a telescopic comet. It was again seen by Miss Caroline Herschel in 1795, by Thulis in 1805, and by Pons in 1818. All this time, no suspicion had arisen that these observers had seen the same object. But in 1818, the comet remained in view so long that it became possible to calculate its orbit. This was done by the German mathematician Encke, who found that the orbit is an ellipse, and the period of revolution about three years and four months. He found, after a laborious process of calculation, that it could be no other than the object which had attracted attention in 1786, 1795, and 1805. Encke next applied himself to calculate the next return of the comet, which he did so successfully that astronomers have continued to call by his name the object whose motions he had been the first to interpret.

Encke's comet was seen by one observer only in 1821, as it was not favorably situated for observation in the northern hemisphere—that observer was M. Rümker, who followed the comet for three weeks at the private observatory of Sir

T. M. Brisbane, at Paramatta. In 1825, the comet was detected by several independent observers. It was seen again in 1828, being detected by two observers—Harding at Göttingen, and Gambart at Marseilles. In 1832 and 1835, it was seen from the observatory at the Cape of Good Hope.

At the next return of the comet, which took place on December 9, it was visible to the naked eye for the first time since its discovery. At this passage, also, a very noteworthy peculiarity was remarked—or rather a peculiarity which had been remarked by Encke in 1818, was now, for the first time, placed beyond a doubt. Encke had suspected that the comet's period was slowly diminishing. Each return to perihelion occurred about two and a half hours before the calculated time. Such a discrepancy may appear very trifling, and, in fact, it might seem that no certainty could be felt respecting it; and this is the case so far as one or two revolutions are concerned. But when each successive revolution shows the same discrepancy, the deficiency soon mounts up to a period respecting which no doubt can be entertained. For example, between the perihelion passage in 1789 and that of 1865, the comet has made twenty-three revolutions, and each has been less than the preceding by two and a half hours (on the average). Hence, the last revolution of the series occupied two days and a half less than the first. But even this does not express the full effect of the change; for the comet having gained two and a half hours in the first revolution, five in the next, seven and a half in the next, and so on—it is the *sum* of all these gains (and not the gain made in the last revolution) which expresses the total gain of the comet in point of time. Hence the last perihelion passage occurred, twenty-nine days before the time at which it would have taken place, but for some unknown cause which has interfered with the comet's motion. What that cause may be, has not yet been certainly determined; but it is at least highly probable that Encke has assigned the true cause in suggesting that so light a substance as the comet may be retarded in its passage through the interplanetary spaces by the existence of "a thin ethereal



medium," incapable of perceptibly retarding the motion of the planets.

At first sight, it may seem strange that we should speak of the *acceleration* of the comet as being caused by the *retarding* influence of such a medium as has been conceived to occupy the interplanetary spaces. Yet, it is strictly the case that, if a planet or comet be continually checked in its onward course, its velocity will continually grow greater and greater. For instance, if our earth were so checked, it would move in a spiral which would gradually bring its orbit to that of Venus, by which time its motion would be as rapid as that of Venus (which moves one-third faster than the earth); then it would continue revolving in a spiral till it reached the orbit of Mercury, when it would be moving as fast as this, the swiftest of all the planets. And so the earth would continue to approach the sun with continually increasing velocity.

Returning to Encke's comet, we have to notice yet another important discovery which was effected by its means. The comet passed so near to Mercury in 1835 as to enable astronomers to form a much more satisfactory estimate of this planet's mass than had hitherto been obtained. It was found that the mass of Mercury had been largely overestimated by astronomers.

No very long interval passed after the discovery of Encke's comet before another comet of short period was detected. M. Pons, who had discovered Encke's comet, it will be remembered, in 1818, observed a faint nebulous object on June 12, 1819. This object turned out to be a comet; and in this case, as in the former, Encke calculated the stranger's orbit and period. He found that it moves in an ellipse which extends slightly beyond the orbit of Jupiter, and that it has a period of about five and a half years. This object was not seen again, however, until the year 1858, when M. Winnecke discovered it, and at first supposed it to be a new comet. Calculation soon showed the identity of the two objects, and confirmed the results which had been obtained by Encke in 1819.

The next comet of short period was discovered by M. Biela in 1826. Perhaps nothing in the whole history of

cometic observation is more surprising than what has been recorded of this singular object. We must premise that the comet had been seen in March 1772, and again in November 1805. But it was not until its rediscovery in 1826, that its orbit and period were computed. An ellipse of moderate eccentricity, extending just beyond the orbit of Jupiter, was assigned as the comet's orbit—the period of revolution being about six and a half years. The orbit was found to pass within about twenty thousand miles of the earth's orbit; and at the first return of the comet (in 1832), some alarm was experienced lest the near approach of the two bodies should lead to mischief of some sort. The comet returned again in 1839 and 1845. It was at the last-mentioned return that a singular phenomenon occurred, which is unique, so far as we know, in the history of comets. On the 19th of December 1845, Hind noticed a certain protuberance on the comet's northern edge. Ten days later, observers in North America noticed that the comet had separated into two distinct comets, similar in form, and each having a nucleus, a coma, and a tail. European observers did not recognize the bi-partition of the comet until the middle of January 1846. The new and smaller comet appears to have sprung into existence from the protuberance observed by Hind, since this object moved toward the north of the other. After a while the new comet became the brighter, but, shortly after it resumed its original relative brilliancy. Lieutenant Maury noticed, on one occasion, a faint "bridge-like connection" between the two comets. The distance between them gradually increased, until first the new comet, and then the old one, had passed out of view.

In 1852, Biela's comet was again seen, and the Padre Secchi, at Rome, detected a faint comet preceding it. If, as is probable, this faint comet is the companion, we may assume that the two bodies are permanently separated.

At the two next returns, the comet was not seen, and much interest was felt by astronomers respecting the anticipated return in January 1866. It was searched for systematically at the principal European observatories. In fact, so closely did Father Secchi ex-

amine the calculated track of the comet, that he detected several new nebulae in that region. But the comet itself was not found. Astronomers are unable to assign any satisfactory reasons for its disappearance. It is known to have traversed the zone of the November meteors where that zone is richest—our readers will remember the display of shooting-stars in 1866—and Sir J. Herschel surmises that it may have been destroyed in the encounter. Possibly this may be the true solution of the difficulty; or, it may be that the comet was merely dispersed for a while during the passage of the meteor-zone, and may yet gather itself together and become visible to astronomers.

We pass over three or four comets belonging to this class which present no special features of interest, to come to an object which has recently been rediscovered, and will continue visible (in good telescopes) for several weeks. On February 26, 1846, M. Brorsen discovered a telescopic comet, whose motions soon showed it to belong to the class of objects we are now dealing with. It was found to have an orbit of moderate eccentricity, extending just beyond Jupiter's orbit, and a period of about five and a half years. It was not seen at its next return to perihelion; but was rediscovered by M. Bruhns on March 18, 1857. In 1862, it again escaped undetected; but at its present return, it has been rediscovered (by three observers simultaneously), and it is now being carefully tracked across the northern skies.

In all, there have been recognized thirteen comets of short period—that is, having periods of less than seven years. Amongst these are included several which have only been seen once, and some which are known to have been subjected to such disturbance as no longer to travel in orbits of short period. Of these thirteen comets, no less than *ten* have the aphelia of their orbits just beyond the orbit of the planet Jupiter; *two* have their aphelia just within Jupiter's orbit; and Encke's comet alone has its aphelion at a safe distance from that orbit. It appears to us that the peculiarity thus exhibited is not without meaning. Remembering the history of Lexell's comet, we seem to find a satis-

factory explanation of the peculiarity. We have seen how Lexell's comet was first introduced into the system of short-period comets by the giant planet Jupiter, and then summarily dismissed. So long as the comet remained within that system, the aphelion of its orbit lay just beyond the orbit of Jupiter, *and this would be the case with any comet introduced in a similar manner.* But for the coincidence which led to its expulsion, Lexell's comet would have continued to revolve as a short-period comet. It seems also clear, that in the course of many ages, its period and orbit would have grown gradually smaller, through the operation of the same cause (whatever that may be) which is now reducing the period and orbit of Encke's comet. At length it must have attained a path safe within the orbit of the great disturbing planet. In the list of short-period comets, then, we seem to see illustrations of the successive stages through which Lexell's comet would have passed in attaining the sort of orbit in which Encke's comet is now moving. And it seems permissible to assume that *all* the short-period comets have been introduced to their present position within the solar system by the same cause which led to the temporary appearance of Lexell's comet as a comet of short period—that is, by the attractive energy of the planet Jupiter.

---

#### WEAK SISTERS.

THE line at which a virtue becomes a vice through excess can never be exactly defined, being one of those uncertain conditions which each mind must determine for itself. But there is a line, wheresoever we may choose to set it, and it is just this fine dividing mark which women are so apt to overrun. For women, as a rule, are nothing if not extreme. Whether as saints or sinners, they carry a principle to its outside limits, and of all partisans are the most thoroughgoing, whether it be to serve God or the devil, liberty or bigotry, Bible Communism or Calvinistic Election. Sometimes they are just as extreme in their absolute negation of force, and in the narrowness of the limits within which they would confine all human expression either by word or deed

—and especially all expression of feminine life. These are the women who carry womanly gentleness into the exaggeration of self-abasement, and make themselves mere footstools for the stronger creature to kick at his pleasure; the weak sisters, who think all self-reliance unfeminine, and any originality of thought or character an offence against the ordained inferiority of their sex. They are the parasitic plants of the human family; creatures which live by and on the strength of others; unable to stand alone, and, when deprived of their adventitious support, falling to the ground in a ruin perhaps worse than death. It is sad to see one of these weak sisters when given up to herself after she has lived on the strength of another. As a wife, she was probably a docile, gentle kind of Medora—at least on the outside, for we must not confound weakness with amiability—suffering many things because of imperfect servants and unprofitable tradesmen, maybe because of unruly children and encroaching friends, none of which she has so much moral power as will enable her to hold in check; but on the whole drifting through her days peacefully enough, and, though always in difficulties, never quite aground. She had a tower of strength in her husband, on whom she leaned for assistance in all she undertook, whether it was to give a dose of Dalby to the child, or a scolding to the maid, or to pronounce upon the soundness of two rival sects, each touting for her soul. While he lived she obeyed his counsel—not always without a futile echo of discontent in her own heart—and copied his opinions with what amount of accuracy nature had bestowed on her; though it must be confessed more often making a travesty than a fac-simile, according to the trick of inferior translators, and not necessarily better pleased with his opinions than with his counsels. For your weak sister is frequently peevish, and, though unable to originate, is not always ready to obey cheerfully; cheerfulness, indeed, being for the most part an attribute of power. Still, there stood her tower of strength, and while it stood, she, the parasite growing round it, did well enough, and flourished with a pleasant semblance of individual life into the hollowness of which it was no

one's business to inquire. But if the tower falls, where is the ivy? Take away the husband and what becomes of the wife, when one has been the life and the other only the parasite? Abandoned to the poor resources of her own judgment she is like one suddenly thrown into deep water, not knowing how to swim. She has no judgment. She has been so long accustomed to rely on the mind of another, that her own is paralyzed for want of use. She is any one's tool, any one's echo, and worse than that, if left to herself she is any one's victim. All she wants is to be spared the hardship of self-reliance, and to be directed, free of individual exertion. She is utterly helpless—helpless to act, to direct, to decide; and it depends on the mere chance of proprietorship whether her slavery will be degradation or protection, ruin or safety. For she will be a slave, whosoever may be her proprietor, being the pabulum of which slaves and victims are naturally formed. The old age of Medora is Mrs. Borradaile, who if her husband had lived, would have probably ended her life in an honorable captivity and a well-directed subserviency.

We often see this kind of helpless weakness in the daughter of a man of overbearing will, or of a termagant mother fond of managing and impatient of opposition. During the plastic time of her life, when education might perhaps have developed a sufficient amount of mental muscle, and by a course of judicious molding she might have been somewhat fairly set up, she is snubbed and suppressed till all power is crushed out of her. She is taught the virtue of self-abnegation till she has no self to abnegate, and the backbone of her individuality is so incessantly broken that at last there is no backbone left in her to break. She has become a mere human mollusc which, when it loses its native shell, drifts helplessly at the mercy of chance currents into the maw of any stronger creature that may fancy her for his prey. One often sees these poor things left orphans and friendless at forty or fifty years of age. They have lived all their lives in leading-strings, and now are utterly unable to walk alone; they are infants in all knowledge of the world, of business, of human life;

their youth is gone, and with it such beauty and attractiveness as they might have had, so that men who might have liked them when fresh and gentle at twenty do not care to accept their wrinkled helplessness at forty; they have been kept in and kept down, and so have made no friends of their own; and then, when the strong-willed father dies, or the termagant mother goes to the place where the wicked cease from troubling, the mollusc they have hitherto protected is left defenceless and alone. If she has money, her chances of escape from the social sharks always on the lookout for fat morsels are very small indeed. It is well if she falls into no worse hands than those of legitimate priests of either section, whether enthusiastic for chasubles or crazy for missions; and if her money is put to no baser use than supplying church embroidery for some brother Ignatius at home, or blankets for converted Africans in the tropics. It might go into Agapemones, into spiritual Athenæums, into Bond Street back-parlors, where it certainly would do no good, take it any way one would; for, as it must go into some side-channel dug by stronger hands than hers, the question is, into which of the innumerable conduits offered for the conveyance of superfluous means shall it be directed? This is the woman who is sure to give in to religious excesses of one kind or another, and for whom, therefore, the convent system would be a godsend past words to describe. She is unfit for the life of the world outside. She has neither strength to protect herself, nor beauty to win the loving protection of men; she cannot be taken as a precious charge, but she will be made a pitiable victim; and, under the gloomiest aspect possible, surely the narrow safety of a convent cell is a better fate for her than the publicity of the witness-box at the Old Bailey. As she must have a master, her condition depends on what master she has; and the whole line of her future on whether she is directed or "exploited," and used to serve noble ends or base ones.

As a mother, the weak sister is even more unsatisfactory than as a spinster left to herself with funds which she can manipulate at pleasure. She is affectionate and devoted; but of what use are af-

fection and devotion without guiding sense or judgment? Even in the nursery, and while the little ones need only physical care, she is more obstructive than helpful, never having so much self-reliance or readiness of wit as to dare a remedy for one of those sudden maladies incidental to children, and dangerous just in proportion to the length of time they are allowed to run unchecked. And if she should by chance remember anything of present value, she has no power to make her children take what they don't like to take, or do what they don't like to do. In the horror of an accident she is lost. If her child were to cut an artery, she would take it up into her lap tenderly enough, but she would never dream of stopping the flow; if it swallowed poison, she would send for the doctor who lives ten miles away; and if it set itself on fire, she would probably rush with it into the street, for the chance of assistance from a friendly passer-by. She never has her senses under command and serviceable; and her action in a moment of danger generally consists in unavailing pity or in obstructive terror, as she herself is safe or involved, but never in useful service or in valuable suggestion. But if she is useless in her nursery while her children are young, she is even more helpless as they get older; and the family of a weak woman grows up, unassisted by counsel or direction, just as the old Adam wills and the natural bent inclines. Her girls may be loud and fast, her sons idle and dissipated, but she is powerless to correct or to influence. If her husband does not take the reins into his own hands, or if she is a widow, the young people manage matters for themselves under the perilous guidance of youthful passions and inexperience; and nine times out of ten they give her but a rough corner for her own share. They have no respect for her, and, unless more generously compassionate than young people usually are, scarcely care to conceal the contempt they cannot help feeling. What can she expect? If she was not strong enough to root out the tares while still green and tender, can she wonder at their luxuriant growth about her feet now? She, like every one else, must learn the sad meaning of retribution, and how the weakness which has allowed evil to



flourish unsubdued has to share in its consequences and to suffer for its sin.

Unsatisfactory in her home, the weak sister does not do much better in society.

She is there the embodiment of restriction. She can bear nothing that has any flavor or color in it. Topics of broad human interest are forbidden in her presence because they are vulgar, improper or unfeminine. She takes her stand on her womanhood, and makes her womanhood to be something apart from humanity in the gross. There must be no cakes and ale for others if she is virtuous, and spades are not to be called spades when she is by to hear. She is the limit beyond which no one must go, under pain of such displeasure as the weak sister can show. And, weak as she is in many things, she can get to a certain strength of displeasure; she can condemn, persistently if not passionately. Nothing is more curious than the way in which the weak sister exercises this power of condemnation, and nothing much more wide than its scope. If incapable of yielding to certain temptations, because incapable of feeling them, she has no pity for those who have not been able to resist; yet, on the other hand, she cannot comprehend the vigor of those who withstand such influences as conquer her. If she is still under the shadow of family protection, safe in the power of those who know how to hold her in all honor and prosperity, she cannot forgive the poor weak waif—yet no weaker than herself—who has been caught up in the outside desert of desolation, and made to subserve evil ends. As for the woman who is able to think and act for herself, she has a kind of superstitious horror of such a person, and shrinks from one who has made herself notorious, no matter what the mode or method, as from something tainted, something unnatural and unwomanly. She has even grave doubts respecting the lawfulness of doing good if the man-

ner of it gets into the papers, and names are mentioned as well as things; and though the fashion of the day favors feminine notoriety in all directions, she holds by the instinct of her temperament, and languidly maintains that woman is the cipher to which man alone gives distinctive value. Griselda and Medora are the types to her of womanly perfection, and the only strength she tolerates in her own sex is the strength of endurance and the power of patience. She has no doubt in her own mind that the ordained purpose of woman is to be convenient for the high-handedness and brutality of man, and any woman who objects to this theory, and demands a better place for herself, is flying in the face of Providence and forfeiting one of the distinctive privileges of her sex. For the weak sister thinks, like some others, that it is better to be destroyed by orthodox means than saved by heterodox ones; and that if good Christians uphold moral suttee, they are only pagans and barbarians who would put out the flames and save the victim from the burning. So far she is respectable; in that she has a distinct theory about something; but it is wonderfully eloquent of her state that it should only be the theory of Griselda—dom as womanly perfection, and the beauty to be found in the moral of Cinderella sitting supinely among the ashes, and forbidden to own even the glass slipper that belonged to her. Fortunately for the world, the weak sister and her theories do not rule; indeed we are in danger of going too much the other way in these times, and the revolt of our women against undue slavery goes very near to a revolt against due and wise submission. Still, women who are to be the mothers of men ought to have some kind of power, if the men are to be worth their place in the world; and if we want creatures with backbones we must not look for them from molluscs.

## POETRY.

### THE WIFE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

From school, and ball, and rout she came,  
The city's fair, pale daughter,  
To drink the wine of mountain fair  
Beside the Bearcamp Water.

Her step grew firmer on the hills  
That watch our homesteads over;  
On cheek and lip, from summer fields,  
She caught the bloom of clover.

For health comes sparkling in the streams  
From cool Checorna stealing;  
There's iron in our Northern winds,  
Our pines are trees of healing.

She sat beneath the broad-armed elms  
That skirt the mowing-meadow,  
And watched the gentle west wind wave  
The grass with shine and shadow.

Beside her, from the summer heat,  
To share her grateful screening,  
With forehead bare, the farmer stood,  
Upon his pitchfork leaning.

Framed in its damp, dark locks, his face  
Had nothing mean or common—  
Strong, manly, true, the tenderness  
And pride beloved of woman.

She looked up, glowing with the health  
The country air had brought her,  
And, laughing, said: "You lack a wife,  
Your mother lacks a daughter.

"To mend your frock and bake your bread  
You do not need a lady;  
Be sure among these brown old homes,  
Is some one waiting ready,—

"Some fair, sweet girl with skilful hand  
And cheerful heart for treasure,  
Who never played with ivory keys  
Or danced the polka's measure."

He bent his black brows to a frown,  
He set his white teeth tightly;  
"Tis well," he said, "for one like you  
To choose for me so lightly;

"You think, because my life is rude,  
I take no note of sweetness;  
I tell you love has naught to do  
With meetness or unmeetness.

"Itself its best excuse, it asks  
No leave of pride or fashion,  
When silken zone or homespun frock  
It stirs with throbs of passion.

"You think me deaf and blind; you bring  
Your winning graces hither  
As free as if from cradle time  
We two had played together.

"You tempt me with your laughing eyes,  
Your cheek of sundown's blushes;  
A motion as of waving grain,  
A music as of thrushes.

"The plaything of your summer sport,  
The spells you weave around me  
You cannot of your will undo,  
Nor leave me as you found me.

"You go as lightly as you came  
Your life is well without me;  
What care you that these hills will close  
Like prison walls about me?

"No mood is mine to seek a wife,  
Or daughter for my mother;  
Who loves you loses in that love  
All power to love another!

"I dare your pity or your scorn,  
With pride your own exceeding;  
I fling my heart into your lap  
Without a word of pleading."

She looked up from the waving grass  
So archly, yet so tender,  
"And if I give you mine," she said,  
"Will you forgive the lender?"

"Nor frock nor tan can hide the man;  
And see you not, my farmer,  
How weak and fond a woman wars  
Behind this silken armor!

"I love you; on that love alone,  
And not my worth presuming,  
Will you not trust for summer fruit  
The tree in May-day blooming?"

Alone the hangbird overhead,  
His hair-strung cradle straining,  
Looked down to see love's miracle—  
The giving that is gaining.

And so the farmer found a wife,  
His mother found a daughter;  
There looks no happier home than hers  
On the pleasant Bearcamp Water.

Flowers spring to blossom where she walks  
The careful ways of duty;  
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her  
Are flowing curves of beauty.

Our homes are cheerier for her sake,  
Our door-yards brighter blooming,  
And all about the social air  
Is sweeter for her coming.

#### THE AVALANCHE.

Down with a rush and a roar and clatter,  
Down from the peaks of perpetual snow,  
To crush and to chill, to smash and to shatter—  
Riving the pine-trees whilst laying them low;  
Spoiling the vines, and then splitting asunder  
Great granite rocks with the blast of its breath;  
Down with a boom and a bound and a thunder,  
Ruthlessly dealing destruction and death.

Down like an army to waste and to pillage,  
Thundering down the snow-conqueror came,  
Doing its work in our bright little village  
More sharp than the sword, more sure than the  
flame:

Its vengeance on lowly cots soon it is wreaking,  
Quickly it tolleth the poor peasant's knell,  
Mournfully moaning and savagely shrieking,  
Like gibbering fiends in some glacial hell.

Down it comes, down, like a grand giant crushing  
Poor puny pigmies that stand in its path;  
Down with the sound of a mighty wind rushing,  
Breaking the bridge like a reed or a lath.  
Through pleasant pastures 'tis fearlessly flying,  
Crushing the crops with a shower of stones;  
Heedless alike of the dead as the dying,  
Prayers disregarding like curses and groans.

Down it comes swift, over church, and *châlet*,  
 Down the steep hill-side 'tis hurrying fast;  
 All that is bright in the sweet smiling valley  
 Bows 'neath the blight of its withering blast.  
 Men cower down in wild consternation,  
 On rolls *Lavine*, and soon it is past.  
 Dark is the day of the dire desolation—  
 The work of the snow-fiend is over at last.

J. ASHBY STERRY.

## WOMAN'S MODERN ASPIRATIONS.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

WHAT want ye, gentle, lovely ones of earth?  
 To climb to loftier heights on life's steep hill,  
 To grasp more power—ah! power of little worth—  
 And walk where man doth walk, and match his  
 skill,  
 Forgetting that true strength—pure mind, bright  
 eyes,  
 Heaven gave you first in blissful paradise?

Must that fair hand, soft shaped with flowers to toy,  
 Or graceful move the ivory keys along,  
 Wield the dissector's knife? Must lips whose joy  
 Should be to whisper love, or warble song,  
 Strive in the lecture-hall great crowds to draw,  
 Or wrangle in dull courts of quibbling law?

Woman, why wish, unsexed, to quit the sphere  
 Nature through every age proclaimed thine own?  
 Man hath his fitting tasks, the rough, severe;  
 Thy gentle powers still place thee on a throne.  
 In mind's fine quickness, fancy's fairy play,  
 And wit's keen flash, thou bear'st the palm away.

In spirit's purity, in thoughts that rise  
 Warm, trustful, to the eternal fount of life,  
 Than man, cold man, thou'rt nearer to the skies.  
 Then envy not his toils, his fields of strife;  
 Descend not from that sweet-aired, lovely height,  
 O ne'er renounce thy heritage of light!

Think not thy rule too weak, thy range confined;  
 Man's heart is thy dominion; weakness grows  
 A tower of strength through beauty and through  
 mind;

Where civilization's sunlight brightest glows,  
 There man to serve thee makes his proudest boast,  
 There art thou raised the highest, prized the most.

Yet naught may bar thee from the broad, rich field  
 Of taste, of learning, poetry and art,  
 All these, in turn, proud triumphs to thee yield,  
 So from the graceful ne'er thy steps depart;  
 Woman plucks flowers along the mountain's side,  
 Man scales the rocks, and dares the peaks of pride.

What is thy province, fair one, here below?  
 To charm in youth and beauty, with bright eyes  
 To illuminate the twilight shades of woe;  
 Where discords reign to breathe sweet har-  
 monies,  
 To soothe in sickness, elevate, refine,  
 And round the brow of care joy's chaplets twine.

To fill with light our dwellings; without thee  
 What were each home? a cold and cheerless spot.  
 Man fights the fight of life; 'tis thine to be

The sweet rewarder, crowner of his lot,  
 The great dispenser of his earthly bliss:  
 Oh, can'st thou more desire or claim than this?

Repine not at thy mission pure and high;  
 Sure we might envy thee, bright, favored thing!  
 Ambition's struggles—there few pleasures lie,  
 Thy pleasures sparkle from a sweeter spring.  
 Were all the honors thine, man's heart loves best,  
 Wouldst thou more homage win, or feel more blest?

A river laving banks of various flowers,  
 An ocean heaving turbulent and strong,  
 A vale by beauty clasped, a hill that towers,  
 Morn's honeyed breath, a gale that sweeps along  
 Such thou and man in life, such either soul,  
 Your spheres apart, yet one harmonious whole.

## THE GOLDEN SIDE.

THERE is many a rose in the road of life,  
 If we would only stop to take it;  
 And many a tone from the better land,  
 If the querulous heart would make it;  
 To the sunny soul that is full of hope,  
 And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,  
 The grass is green and the flowers are bright  
 Though the winter storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,  
 And to keep the eyes still lifted;  
 For the sweet blue sky will still peep through  
 When the ominous clouds are rifted!  
 There was never a night without a day,  
 Or an evening without a morning;  
 And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,  
 Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,  
 Which we pass in our idle pleasure,  
 That is richer far than the jewelled crown,  
 Or the miser's hoarded treasure;  
 It may be the love of a little child,  
 Or a mother's prayers to heaven,  
 Or only a beggar's grateful thanks  
 For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life  
 A bright and golden filling,  
 And to do God's will with a ready heart,  
 And hands that are ready and willing,  
 Than to snap the delicate, minute threads  
 Of our curious lives asunder;  
 And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,  
 And sit and grieve and wonder.

## MY BOY.

A LOCK of golden hair,  
 Tied with a silken thread;  
 A tiny shoelet lying there;  
 A snow-white curtained bed;

A little broken toy;  
 A book all soiled and torn;  
 A jaunty velvet cap my boy  
 Has often, often worn

Alas, is all that's left!  
 (Such is the Father's will.)  
 His joyous laughter sounds no more;  
 His little heart is still.

#### NOTES ON BOOKS.

*Comprehensive Dictionary of the Bible.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. There is no book in existence which is so much read as the Bible. The first book to which the invention of printing was applied, it has ever since given to printing-presses a large share of their work and should any one attempt to reckon even approximately the number of Bibles which have been issued since that invention, he would be suspected of mathematical madness. One house in the small town of Norwich, Conn., shipped *two and a half tons* of Bible History, on a single day of last month. Notwithstanding all this, there is probably no book which is less understood. Millions read it and reread it, and though fully believing in its truth and inspiration, see nothing in it but a vague mysticism or a majestic moral philosophy. Its vast historical importance, its pictures of the life, customs, manners, and habits of mankind four thousand years ago, and its invaluable hints of the peoples of the then known world, are completely and entirely ignored.

This is the result of placing the Bible in the hands of people who are otherwise grossly ignorant, and leading them to believe that it is the sacred inspiration of the sublimest of religions.

Religious mystery is thus associated in their minds with every thought of the book, and to many it is simply sacrilegious to speak of the merely historical aspect of many portions of the Scriptures.

These misapprehensions, however, are being rapidly dispelled by the restless strides of modern researches and the diffusion of general knowledge; and the incalculable importance to the world of the Bible as the basis of secular history, as well as the history of a religion, is beginning to be recognized. Commentaries did much to initiate this enlightenment, but the plan was generally cumbersome, and they were rather elaborations of the Bible than explanations of it. Now, regular dictionaries are performing the needed work.

In 1860-63 was published Dr. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, which is universally recognized as the ablest and most complete work of the kind in existence; but it was large, cumbersome, and altogether too scholarly and expensive for ordinary family use. The *Comprehensive Dictionary* is mainly abridged from this work, by the Rev. Samuel U. Barnum.

Not abridged, however, in the ordinary meaning of the word. Nothing of real value in Dr. Smith's Dictionary has been omitted, while in many respects important additions and improvements have been made; but a more popular tone has been given to the whole, and useless or abstruse details rejected.

The objects and general principles which have entered into the preparation of the work are thus explained by the editor (Mr. Barnum).

I. To make everything intelligible to those

who understand only English, and to place them as nearly as possible on a level with the scholars who are familiar with the original languages of the Scriptures. With this view all words in foreign languages (Hebrew, Greek, Chaldee, Arabic, &c.) are printed in English characters, and explained, if necessary, when used. The Hebrew, Greek, and Chaldee equivalents of important words in the English Bible, are given more systematically and thoroughly than in Smith's, or in any other single Dictionary of the Bible in the English language, and are so amply illustrated by references to the passages in which they occur, that their signification and use may be readily understood by those who study the English Bible.

II. To condense the greatest possible amount of valuable information into one volume of convenient size and moderate cost. The abbreviations used in the work are fully explained in a table.

III. To guard against all influences hostile to Christian faith and love. While the Editor has endeavored to deal fairly with every one whose contributions to Biblical learning are used in this work, and to meet fully and squarely every well-founded objection or real difficulty, in regard to the Scriptures, he has unhesitatingly omitted or modified expressions and sentiments which are hostile to the views, or needlessly offensive to the feelings, of most evangelical Christians, and has sought to make the volume acceptable and useful to all who love our Lord Jesus Christ.

These principles he has carried out conscientiously, and we believe successfully.

The larger work will probably be more valuable to the theologian and the scholar, but for the family this abridgment has many and decided advantages, not the least of which is the low price at which it is published.

No one who has not made use of a work of this kind can form any conception of the vast amount of merely historical information which it contains.

Nor is it valuable to the Bible student alone, but to every reader of secular history it renders incalculable assistance.

We have ourselves used it during the past month, in reviewing a History of the Ancient World, and the benefit which we derived was only limited by the time we could devote to it.

It must be recollected that a work of this kind is not the offspring of a single mind. The ablest intellects of the day have been laid under contribution, and they in turn have made use of the knowledge gradually accumulated during five centuries, so that the book before us is a kind of Pantheon, in which are enshrined the critical labors of a dozen generations.

But as in the case of every good book, we would much rather have you enjoy it for yourself than tell you about it. It is sold by subscription, and you will all have an opportunity to subscribe.

*Passages from American Note Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne.* Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. There is always something solemn and seemingly irreverent in peering into the diary of a great man; we feel as if treading upon forbidden ground and



violating the sacred privacy which is the most precious privilege of an intense individualism.

True! the veil is seldom removed until Death has torn off the seal, and Time modified the effect of the many personal disclosures which are necessarily made; but after all it seems like ravishing secrets from the dead.

This is peculiarly applicable in the case of Hawthorne. He lived so much within himself, his mind was so self-concentred, and he cherished such a pure and unaffected love of solitude, that we feel as if intruding into his sanctum *vi et armis*. And yet the works produced by American authors, which will be recognized as classic a century hence, are altogether too few to allow any of Hawthorne's jewels to be buried in the obscurity of MSS.; and certainly no one can have less to apprehend from the investigations of the public. Here was "an Israelite, indeed, in whom there was no guile," if ever such an one existed.

As he himself says, "I have no love of secrecy or darkness. I am glad to think that God sees through my heart, and if any angel has power to penetrate into it, he is welcome to know everything that is there. Yes, and so may any mortal who is capable of full sympathy, and therefore worthy to come into my depths."

No single published work of Hawthorne's bears more unmistakable impress of his subtle and varied genius than these *Passages* from his *Note Books*. Sufficiently personal to make us more familiar with his life, character, and daily pursuits, they yet touch on more subjects of universal interest than the whole of his other books combined. Scenery, the poetry of Nature, the aspects of the Seasons, characterizations, hints of stories which are stories in microcosm, and the quaintest and most suggestive moralizings, are all presented in a language limpid, graceful, and satisfying, such as none but Hawthorne ever wrote. This man seems to have been created an intellectual Midas, whose merest touch rendered any subject into finest gold.

Topics which in ordinary hands would be dry and tedious are, as it were, endowed with a soul, and eliminate ideas of which we had never dreamed before; and with him, as hierophant at the altar, Nature awakes in us an unwonted enthusiasm. We take long and solitary walks through field and forest, we watch the clouds and the weather, and pursue day by day the humdrum life of a country village, and yet are never tired, never feel that the subject is dry. We are as it were looking through a microscope and constantly detecting new and unexpected beauties.

But in no respect are these *Passages* so interesting as for the manner in which they illustrate the constant mental poise at which Hawthorne maintained himself, the cool, analytical subtlety which he brought to bear upon every subject, and the many points from which he viewed it, which characterize all his works, and which have so individualized his genius. No one ever realized more fully that joy and sorrow are but obverse and reverse of the same coin, and no one has ever shown more constantly how closely they lie together. In others this frequently-recurring sadness would seem morbid; in him it only indicates how subtle and sympathetic was his intellect. And it is only perceptible in his

thoughts upon human life. With Nature he is light-hearted and joyous as a child. Some of the passages which illustrate these remarks are short enough for quotation. "Two lovers to plan the building of a pleasure-house on a certain spot of ground, but various seeming accidents prevent it. Once they find a group of miserable children there; once it is the scene where crime is plotted; at last the dead body of one of the lovers is found there, and instead of a pleasure-house they build a marble tomb. The moral—that there is no place on earth fit for a pleasure-house, because there is no spot that may not have been saddened by human grief, stained by crime, or hallowed by death."

"Comfort for childless people. A married couple with ten children have been the means of bringing about ten funerals."

"To make one's own reflection in a mirror the subject of a story."

"A very fanciful person, when dead, to have his burial in a cloud."

"If cities were built by music, then some edifices would appear to be constructed by grave solemn tones—others to have danced forth to light fantastic airs."

Men of genius have generally led miserable lives. With Hawthorne it was not so; he was of a sunny temperament, and he seems to have passed through life with but little of sorrow or unhappiness. He writes, July 9, 1843, "I know not what to say, and yet cannot be satisfied without marking with a word or two this anniversary (of his marriage). But life now swells and heaves beneath me like a brimful ocean; and the endeavor to comprise any portion of it in words is like trying to dip up the ocean in a goblet. God bless and keep us! for there is something more awful in happiness than in sorrow—the latter being earthly and finite, the former composed of the substance and texture of eternity, so that spirits still embodied may well tremble at it."

We noticed several mistakes in looking through the books, which had best be rectified in the next edition. We recall one in volume ii. The letters begin in May, and continue *May* 31st to *April* 2d. The first should probably be March. The *Note Books* close in 1853, when Hawthorne started for England.

*Life of Louis Napoleon III.*, by JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. Boston: Russell. We find it difficult to understand why the spirit is perpetually moving Mr John S. C. Abbott to write an Oration for the Crown, or why he seems to consider himself the "divinely-constituted" champion of the Bonaparte dynasty. We had thought that the servile and indiscriminating admiration manifested for the first Napoleon, would have rendered him incapable of seeing equal perfection in another and totally different man; but we confess that this second work has unsettled our convictions, and has proven to us a rather larger capacity of heart than of brain.

Not that Mr. Abbott has not a perfect right to worship whomsoever he may choose, nor do we object particularly to his publishing his sentimentalisms; but we do object to his putting any such work as this before the public under the sacred ægis of History. We do object to his saying to

posterity, "Behold as in a mirror this man and this age." If he wishes to write eulogies, let him call things by their right names and begin "O! Mæcenæ," &c., but when he steps on the rostrum with Carlyle and Gibbon, and presents a special plea, wretchedly bald and not even ingenious, we feel called upon to hiss him from the stage.

Not even M. Rouher, the professed defender of the Emperor, would have the temerity to present such a plea as this, which is supposed to emanate from the deliberate and judicial impartiality of the historian's desk.

We would not have it inferred from this that we consider Mr. Abbott's histories utterly valueless; they contain a vast amount of information, just as any other *ex parte* statement contains information. His life of Napoleon Bonaparte remains one of the best that has been written, but this not because of any great merit in the book itself, but from the absence of any truly good history of that great man. That, however, is a work infinitely superior to this latter. Many of the critics have accused Mr. Abbott of compiling his life of Napoleon III. from such authorities as Smucker, and of not consulting original documents. This is not so. The work exhibits a considerable degree of industry and a goodly array of authorities, both French and English; but what he has done is to string together in endless succession quotations from every author he came across, which upholds his own exalted opinion.

This he seems to believe is a guarantee of good faith, and must set a final seal upon the impartiality of the work, whereas, it is simply the most gigantic modern example of what Charles Reade calls "sham-sampling."

The book is not without good points. It exposes the falsehood of the reports concerning the Prince's private life while in New York, and the lies circulated concerning him by the Government of Louis Philippe, but it utterly ignores the complaints of an Opposition headed by such men as Thiers, Ollivier, and Jules Favre, and fails to count the cost to France of the glories of the Second Empire.

We do not believe that Mr. Abbott intentionally overlooks these things; we believe that he has written this biography in perfect sincerity and good faith, but this is the very basis of our estimate of him. He has not a single one of the qualities which are essential to an historian, except the capacity of holding a pen, and even this is not essential, for Milton composed his poems and Prescott his history while unable to exercise any such function.

He has written a book which will be read by many, not without profit, but which, judged by any accepted standard, was a fearful waste of time.

The book is embellished with several portraits and landscapes which are said in the Prospectus to have been "brought out in Paris at great expense." This may appeal successfully to the sensational tastes of the public, but we have seen much better engravings brought out in this country at an expense which was not "great," and for ourself we should be better pleased to see American publishers patronizing American artists.

*Ruby's Husband.* New York: She'don & Co. This is the last novel by MARION HARLAND, and

to say this alone is in some measure to recommend it to the public. Very few authors in this country, certainly no female author, have achieved a popularity so universal, and yet so distinct from the sensational, as Marion Harland. "Alone," her first work, "The Hidden Path," and "Miriam," were translated into about every language in Europe, and we believe large editions of all her books are sold in England.

In the main this reputation is well deserved. Much of it is ephemeral. Most of her books will with the passage of time sink into oblivion; but for sketching the average life of average society she is very pleasing and reliable, and as a didactic novelist she has no superior, at least in this country.

She has never equalled her first two works, and if "Ruby's Husband" be taken as a criterion, we may safely say that she never will.

We are at daggers drawn with the author on the question of probability from the very first chapter, and the upper structure is not so brilliant as to cause us to forget the defect at the base. Despite this, however, "Ruby's Husband" is many degrees better than the majority of novels which are being thrust upon the market. Marion Harland could not write a "bad novel," and we cannot say that the money spent in obtaining it or the time spent in reading it would be absolutely wasted.

*Henry Hoyt*, Publisher, 9 Cornhill, Boston, has sent us his new edition of *Songs* for social and public worship, edited and compiled by Rev. Dr. KIRK. This choice volume is filled with the gems of music. It breathes the soul of harmony and the music of heaven. It has more in it for a volume of that size than any book we know of. It should be in every family whose vocal music-pipes can be thrilled with the harmonies of the upper world. Let the Davids in every family, old or young, get this book and sing its songs in company, and evil spirits of harsh words, and ugly tempers, will keep at a distance, or be soothed, like Saul, into amiable and kindly feelings.

*Hexaglot Bible.* Theologians, scholars and students of the oriental languages of the Bible, will be pleased to hear of the issue of the first volume of a Hexaglot Bible in London, published by Mr. Abraham J. Lev. It is in large quarto form, and is to be comprised in six volumes. It is a work of great labor and cost, and is edited by a number of clergymen fully competent to the work. One volume has just been published containing the Pentateuch complete. The five additional volumes will require five years more—one volume per year of royal quarto size. The work presents three spacious columns on each page, and, when opened, six columns are presented at one view—three on the left hand page and three on the right; thus presenting the text in six different languages. The peculiarity and advantage of this Hexaglot arrangement is, the text in parallel lines runs all across the six columns, in the six different languages. Beginning on the left hand column, read first the Hebrew, on the second column read the Greek, on the third read the Latin, on the fourth read the English, on the fifth column read the German, and on the sixth read the French, all in horizontal lines from left to right, giving great facility of comparison. In the He-

brew the latest edition of Van der Hooght has been followed. In the Greek the text of Tischendorf rearranged. In the Latin the Clementine edition of the Vulgate. The English version, and then the German of Luther, and the French, is the version of David Martin, as revised in Paris, published by the Christian Knowledge Society.

### HOLIDAY BOOKS.

EVEN a critic cannot withstand the genial influences of the season which is upon us. His pen for the nonce rebels, and refuses to visit upon the heads of unfortunate authors the acerbity, which is the combined effect of headache, irritated eyes, importunities for "copy," bad print, worse paper, and the absence of every thing in the book which could possibly repay perusal.

But were Christmas merely "coming," we could not but succumb gracefully and graciously to the array of beautiful books which we have just gathered round us. To us who, month after month, are compelled to search patiently through the abominations which American publishers have the audacity to call books, to bear personal witness to the fact that type can be cast so small as to be almost invisible, and paper made so bad as to be indescribable, these gorgeous Holiday books are peculiarly and exceptionally grateful.

They are a positive relaxation, and we fairly revel in the broad, ample, creamy pages, clear-cut, open-hearted type, and engravings which are really excellent, the work of true artists. Even old familiar friends develop new charms in this magnificent and tasteful drapery, and we deem it not the least among the pleasures of Christmas that the loves which the intellect has gained during the year are generally marshalled before us in the brilliant and glowing attire of the season.

First on the list and first in the elegance of their books, are Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York. They send us *Wood-side and Sea-side*, and the *Juvenile Annual*.

The former is decidedly the most superb and tasteful gift-book of the season. It is a small quarto in size, consists exclusively of selected poetry, and is illustrated by upward of forty engravings by eminent artists. In the matter of typography, paper, and general appearance it leaves nothing to be desired (except possession).

The *Annual* is for the young folks, and is in many respects the handsomest and most elaborate thing of the kind yet published. It contains Stories, Sketches, Tales of Adventure, Incidents, Sporting and Hunting Scenes, &c., in such abundance as to cause us serious apprehensions of bankrupting our arithmetic, so we desisted from counting them. But we are willing to stake our reputation on the wager that the young people will joyfully resume the numeration where we left off.

The book is profusely illustrated, and is really deserving of a liberal recognition.

Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., of Boston (successors to Ticknor & Fields) send us Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*.

This poem is too well known and too much admired to require any comment, so it is only necessary to glance at the sumptuousness of the present edition. As a specimen of typography it

is really superb, fully equal to the choicest of the English Holiday books. The paper is very thick, beautifully tinted and printed only on one side of the leaf.

The volume is embellished with nineteen very fine engravings by Mr. W. J. Hennessy. The great reputation of this artist always awakens great expectations with regard to his work, but looking at these pictures critically we cannot but concede that they justify that reputation. The poetic conception of the greater part of them, and the delicacy and finish of the execution, render them specially remarkable.

This firm also publishes an illustrated edition of DICKENS' *Christmas Carol* which we have not seen.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers of Boston send us *Rural Poems* by WILLIAM BARNES, and *The Little Gypsy*. Mr. Barnes is one of the purest, most genial, and truly poetic of the English poets, but we believe he is but little known in this country.

The poems are all quite short, the themes village and country customs and scenes, and the style of treatment as delicate and simple as that of the old balladists. The public cannot better make his acquaintance than through the medium of the rich and tastefully-illustrated volume before us.

*The Little Gypsy* is a translation from the French by Miss Luyster, and is designed as a gift-book for children.

The book is quite handsome, type large and legible, and the story very much superior to the usual run of that sort of story. We consider that one of the most hopeful signs of modern times is the great attention paid by both authors and publishers to the literature for the young, and the public cannot honor itself more than by extending to such efforts a liberal welcome. Such books as the two we have sketched cannot but conduce markedly to the development of that æsthetic culture which is such a glaring deficiency in American education, and the basis of which *must* be laid in youth.

And now come the good things for the little folks, and a most excellent array they make too.

So many of them that we have't had time to more than glance at them ourself; but Ticknor & Fields and M. W. Dodd never offer a book to the public which is not well worth reading. The series of Spectacles for Young Eyes (being familiar sketches of the great cities of the world), by S. W. Lander, have already been favorably spoken of by the press.

The only ones of these which are designed specially for the Holidays are "Appleton's Juvenile Annual," and "The Little Gypsy," both of which are noticed above. The remainder of the list comprises the following books, which are good for "all the year round."

*The Orphan's Triumphs*. New York: M. W. Dodd.

*Paul and Margaret*. New York: M. W. Dodd.  
*Spectacles for Young Eyes*. New York: Sheldon & Co.

*Cast Away in the Cold*. By Dr. ISAAC J. HAYES  
Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

*The Flower and the Star, and Other Stories.*  
By W. J. LINTON. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

These books are all handsomely illustrated, the pictures being immeasurably superior to the abominations usually found in the books designed for adults.

---

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Ecce Coelum.* Boston: Nichols & Noyes.

*Scott's Poetical Works.* Diamond Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

*Poems.* By LUCY LARCOM. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

*The Gates Ajar.* By E. S. PHELPS. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

*The Child Wife.* By Capt. MAYNE REID. New York: Sheldon & Co.

*Gleaning Among the Sheaves.* Selections from sermons by SPURGEON. New York: Sheldon & Co.

*The Periodic Law.* New York: Pott & Amery.

---

#### SCIENCE.

*A New Way of Estimating the Motions of the Stars.*

—A remarkable paper has lately been sent to the Royal Society by Mr. Huggins, one of the fellows. It announces the application of a new and most promising method of inquiry to the determination of the stars' motions. Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with the fact that Sir W. Herschel was the first to point out the important results which may be gathered from the consideration of the stars' apparent motions on the celestial sphere. Just as a person travelling through a wood observes the trees in front of him to be opening out, while those behind him are closing in, and trees on either side of him apparently falling behind him, so, Herschel, argued, if the solar system is really travelling in any direction through sidereal space, we ought to be able to detect a gradual opening out of the stars around that point toward which the sun is travelling, a corresponding closing in of the stars toward the opposite point, and a slow motion of all other stars from the former toward the latter point. He applied this principle to the examination of the motion of several stars, and obtained a result which has been confirmed by subsequent researches. He found that there is a certain point in the constellation Hercules toward which the sun, with all his attendant planets, is rushing with enormous velocity. Later astronomers have examined the motions of hundreds of stars in both hemispheres, and have proved beyond a doubt that the sun really has a motion in that direction. They have also determined the rate at which the sun is travelling, which appears to be somewhere about 150,000,000 miles per annum.

*Diamonds in Cape Colony.*—At the British Association meeting, Professor Tennant made a communication on the recent discovery of diamonds in Cape Colony. This gem, he stated, had been found somewhat abundantly recently in the above district; and he exhibited the casts of some weighing 9 carats, worth 500*l*. Some agate, chalcedony, and other precious stones, found in the same deposit, had been sent him, but he

would have preferred some of the sand and mud in which they were deposited. One diamond found very recently weighed as much as 15½ carats. He was of opinion that before long we should have a large collection of diamonds from the above country, adding that, although we had heard a great deal of diamonds being found in Australia, those stones were not worth now so many pence as pounds had been asked for them.

*Change of Climate in India.*—In an article which lately appeared in the *Madras Times* the writer urged upon amateurs and the government to make an effort to establish a systematic scheme of meteorological observations. The reason for this, they say, is that even common experience shows how the climate of India has changed during the last twenty years. It would be very interesting, says the writer, to consider the atmospheric changes of the last ten years in the chief districts of the Madras Presidency. That their climates have changed to an extraordinary degree he has no doubt whatever, taking the present year of 1866 and the recollections of residents into consideration. Secundrabad, Bangalore, and Vizagapatam are remarkable instances of the changes in question. At the first-named station, the "cold weather" in former years was proverbial. "The delicious cold weather of Secundrabad" is still spoken of by individuals who would find it by no means chilly at the present day; and at Bangalore the fire-places of the old houses prove how much colder was its climate in former years than at present. Old sepoys have informed him also that in Bangalore, some twenty years ago, their fingers were so benumbed with cold on early morning parades, that they found some difficulty in holding their muskets, whereas they now cannot complain of the cold being in any degree unpleasant. Vizagapatam, again, some years ago, was usually regarded by officers as a favorite military station on account of its pleasant, bracing weather; but now, the writer is assured, it is as hot as Cuddapah, a station, by the way, which, in the see-saw of atmospheric phenomena, is apparently becoming cooler as its rivals become hotter. Also, in many stations, there is a great difference observable in the annual rainfall. In some it has greatly increased; in others it has greatly lessened on the average of former years. And the same may be said of the heat, which is equally capricious with the rain and the cold. 1863 will, he trusts, long be remarkable as an unusually hot year in some stations, and as an unusually wet one at others—Madras, for example. For very many years such heat has not been experienced in Bangalore and Hyderabad as during the past hot seasons. The natives have a saying that "plenty of rain and plenty of cold follow plenty of heat;" and this has been the writer's experience. The unusual rainfall in Orissa and Cuttack this season is as extraordinary as the unusual heat in the Punjab and Scinde. Parts of Orissa have been literally under water, and the unfortunate people of that most unfortunate country have been compelled to move over their fields and plantations in boats and rafts. Again, the frightful storms and typhoons which have of late years succeeded each other with extraordinary rapidity in various parts of India, show apparently the unusual character



of our present Indian seasons. He cannot accept these phenomena as natural or indigenous to the climate. Until recently, except at very long intervals, this country was not vexed with storms rivalling in strength and destructiveness the tornadoes of the West Indies, but of late these terrible visitors have been very common. The government might wisely pay more attention to atmospherical phenomena in this country than it does at present; and such attention would reap its reward, if not in obtaining the power of averting calamities, of at least alleviating them.

*Comets.*—The year 1868 will always be remarkable in astronomical annals as the one in which for the first time exact information has been obtained respecting the structure of comets. The first attempts which were made to analyze the light of the comets with the spectroscope were not very satisfactory. In the spring of the present year astronomers were on the lookout for a comet of short period, which has been recognized since 1846 as a regular member of the solar system, and the return of the wanderer was announced almost simultaneously by three astronomers. On May 2d Mr. Huggins commenced his spectroscopic examination of this object. In the telescope the comet appeared to him as a nearly round nebulosity, the light of which became somewhat suddenly brighter near the centre, where on some occasions a small nucleus could be detected. The spectrum was found to consist for the most part of three bright bands, into which the light of the brighter parts of the coma was dispersed. It was not possible to resolve the bands into bright lines, even when the slit of the instrument was narrowed. In the brightest band of the spectrum there were two short lines of greater intensity of light, which were probably due to the nucleus, as their shortness would seem to indicate. The light from the outer parts of the coma gave a continuous spectrum.

*Looming in the Distance.*—An American paper, the *Round Table*, states that the coasts of New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, New Jersey, and a portion of the eastern Atlantic shore, are gradually uprising, while those of the Bay of Fundy and Greenland are slowly sinking. It is said that if this should continue for ten centuries the map of the American continent would in 2,900 present an entirely different appearance. The Hudson's Bay and Jersey shore would become fruitful valleys, with countless inland seas. Where now the banks of Newfoundland lie, there would then be peninsulas connected with the mainland, as the banks of St. George are at present. The passage from Ireland to America then would take but four days.

*The Physiology of Pain.*—Professor Rolleston, who read a paper on this subject at the British Association, said it was a common mistake to suppose that pain was an exaltation and excitement of function, for it might also be occasioned by a lowering of functional activity, brought about mainly by starvation or shock. The pain from shock was produced by a sudden impact without the intervention of blood-vessels, though not without the intervention of the tubes contain-

ing nerve matter. The author adverted to a number of facts bearing on these theories, humorously concluding with the observation that they would side with either of two theories, both of which (in defiance of metaphysicians) he was inclined to hold.

*The Physiological Action of Belladonna.*—M. Meuriot recently contributed a paper (since published separately) to the *Bulletin générale de Thérapeutique* (July) on this subject. His conclusions are numerous, and some of them are of interest. In a poisonous dose he says that this drug acts as a *paralysant* on the respiratory organs; and this he attributes to its primary influence over the pneumogastric nerve. The effect of atropine is first to destroy the general sensibility, and afterward the excitability of the motor nerves. He denies that belladonna has any special action on the brain, and attributes all its cerebral effects to the disturbance which it produces in the whole circulation. He finds that it increases the temperature from about half a degree to a degree, and that this increase corresponds to the increased heart action. When the action of the heart is lowered the temperature is also diminished.

*Great efforts* have been made by scientific men to discover some rule by which death may be infallibly indicated. For years the French government has held out a standing reward of a large amount of money to any one who would discover and communicate a satisfactory test, other than that of actual decomposition, indicated by the skin turning to be black and blue and green, which is conclusive on the subject; but in cold weather this may not take place in many weeks, and to "keep the body" so long would be inconvenient and objectionable on several accounts. A method has recently been given to the French government which will probably take the prize. Hold a lighted candle to any portion of a body a blister will soon rise; if on puncture it gives out a fluid substance, death has not taken place; if it emits air only, it is perfectly certain that life has become entirely extinct, for which we offer but one reason among others: In case of actual death the blood is congealed—in a sense, there is no moisture, simply a little air; this, being rarified under a flame, raises up the skin; if there is life, the flame causes an inflammation, and nature, in her alarm, sends increased material there for repairs, a kind of glairy fluid, and this, being sent there in excess, causes the skin to rise. Inability to feel the pulse or heart beat, cold skin, or dew on a bit of glass—none of these are conclusive, as there has been life when none of these were observed.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

*Seeing the Heart and Lungs of a Living Man.*—A man named Jack Stead, who had been shot by an Indian, was brought recently to the hospital in San Francisco, being considered almost incurable, and it was there concluded best to cut the man open and take a look inside of him. He was placed under the influence of chloroform, and an incision of six or seven inches in length made through his left side, through the cavity containing the heart and lungs. Looking through the

incision, when it was held open, the heart could be plainly seen. The lungs could also be distinctly seen, and the left one was found to be collapsed, flat and dead—he was only breathing by the aid of the right lung. One of his ribs was found to be shattered, and a section some three inches in length was cut out of it, leaving the ends smooth. Several pieces of splintered bone were taken out of his chest, and water or some other liquid was then poured into the cavity of his chest, agitated therein, and afterward turned out, when the incision was sewed up. The man was kept about half an hour under the influence of chloroform. It was not supposed he could recover.

*A new Process for the Manufacture of White Lead* has recently been devised by M. A. Girard:—The lead is first prepared for treatment by granulating it; the granulated metal is placed in a rotating cask (which should be made of beech or elm, not oak) with one-fourth its weight of pure water. The cask is made to rotate at the rate of thirty or forty turns a minute, and arrangements are made for the passage of a current of air during the rotation. After about two hours, nearly the whole of the lead is found to be oxidized, and then carbonic acid is introduced in the place of the current of air, and the rotation continued for four or five hours further. At the end of this time nearly the whole of the lead is found to be converted into hydrated carbonate, fine white lead, which can be separated from all the metal remaining intact by decantation. —*Vide Chemical News*, July 3.

*A new Gas Lamp*, termed the Bourbouze, is now being used in France, and is said to be as brilliant as the oxyhydrogen light, and less expensive. Coal gas, intimately mixed with air, is urged with gentle pressure along a tube, and made to pass through a metallic plate pierced full of minute holes. By this means a vast number of jets are obtained, which, after being driven through a fine tissue of platinum wire, are lighted in the ordinary way. The platinum soon acquires a white heat, and gives out so brilliant a light that it cannot be supported by the naked eye. About one cubic metre of gas is consumed per hour.

*Suspected Change in the Latitude of the Greenwich Observatory.*—In a careful investigation of many years' observations of the stars *Polaris*, a *Cephei*, and *δ Ursæ Minoris*, Mr. Stone of the Greenwich Observatory has noticed a periodic variation, which appears to depend upon the position of the moon's node. He remarks, that "if this evidence be considered sufficient to indicate an apparent periodical change in the co-latitude of the Greenwich Observatory, it may perhaps be taken as a proof of the yielding of the earth's crust under the moon's action, or referred to a systematic deformation of the atmosphere arising from the same cause. Very slight changes in the inclination of the general direction of the effective strata of the atmosphere would be sufficient to produce in the co-latitude apparent variations of the required amount." It may be noticed that a somewhat similar anomaly appeared in the results of the Rev. R. Main's attempts to determine the annual parallax of  $\gamma$  Draconis. The effect of this was that the

annual parallax came out a *negative* quantity! This, of course, if referred to the effects of a systematic deformation of the atmosphere, would indicate one having an *annual* period.

*The Nebula round  $\eta$  Argus.*—In a paper communicated to the Royal Astronomical Society, Sir John Herschel deals with the changes recorded by Mr. Abbott, to which we referred in our summary for July. He considers the changes so very remarkable, that the attention of every observer in the southern hemisphere, provided with instruments at all competent to show the principal details of the nebula, should be directed to its delineation. "There is no phenomenon in nebulous or sidereal astronomy that has yet turned up," says Sir J. Herschel, "which presents anything like the interest of this, or is calculated to raise so many and such momentous points for inquiry and speculation." The whole nebula would seem to have changed in form and character, and not only so, but the fixed stars which are presented in the same field would appear, if Mr. Abbott's views can be trusted, to have "bodily fled away and given place to a new set." Not less remarkable is the great increase which would seem to have taken place in the brilliancy of the nebula. And in the midst of these phenomena, which we are compelled to look on for the present as more or less doubtful, there is the admitted fact that the strange variable  $\eta$  Argus itself (round which the nebula clings)—which was shining a few years ago with a brilliancy rivaling that of Sirius—is now reduced to the sixth magnitude; in other words, is just perceptible with the naked eye on a very dark night.

*The 99th, 100th, and 101st Asteroids* have been discovered—the first at the Marseilles Observatory; the second by Mr. Watson, of Detroit, Michigan; and the third by Dr. Peters, of the Observatory connected with Hamilton College, New York. On August 24, at 3 A.M., the last named was in Pisces, R.A.  $18^{\circ} 38'$ , and N. Dec.  $19^{\circ} 54'$ . During the past twenty-three years no less than ninety-seven of these bodies have been discovered; or, on an average, upward of four per annum.

*A new Driving-clock for Equatorials.*—Mr. Cooke has been successful in devising a driving-clock in which the regulator is the ordinary vibrating pendulum. The difficulty in this case is to convert the jerking or intermittent motion produced by vibrating pendula into an uniform motion, which can be available with little or no disturbing influence on the pendulum itself, when the machine is subject to the varying frictions and forces which have to be overcome in driving large equatorials. This difficulty Mr. Cooke appears to have successfully overcome. He states that "the uniform rotatory motion obtained by a clock constructed on his plan appears to be perfectly satisfactory, so far as experiments can be made by applying widely different weights and comparing the times with a chronometer." As there is no other means at the mechanician's command for obtaining good time keeping, which is so accurate as the vibrating pendulum, it is important that this means should have been rendered available to the astronomical observer.

*Sun-spot visible to the naked Eye.*—An enormous sun-spot was distinctly visible to the naked eye on August 14. We are not aware that any European observers noticed the circumstance; but the owner of Fern Lodge Observatory, Palisades, Rockland county, New York, who has supplied an interesting picture of the spot, announces that it could be clearly seen with the naked eye.

*Full of Meteorolites in Piedmont.*—A somewhat remarkable fall of meteorolites is recorded, in *Comptes Rendus* for August 3, as having taken place in Piedmont on February 29, 1868. Several large masses of meteoric matter would seem to have burst, the fragments falling over an extensive area. On analysis the fragments were found to contain silica, sulphur, phosphorus, copper, metallic iron, oxide of iron, nickel, manganese, chromium of iron, alumina, magnesia, potash, lime, and soda.

*Human Remains from Portugal.*—In exhibiting some specimens to the British Association, Mr. W. Boyd Dawkins said that they were brought from caves which appeared to belong to the time called prehistoric. There were three caves—the Casa de Moura, Fapa da Fourada, and the Cora da Moura, and they all contained similar deposits. One of them ran horizontally. The one at the bottom contained a quantity of sand and gravel, containing some curious remains of animals—the wolf, dog, lynx, and fox. In the interior there was a human skull. Up above this was another bed of sand and gravel, containing, also, thousands of remains of human beings and animals. All the bones were more or less smashed, and a great many of them were scraped. They also found some of those stones commonly called neolithic. These were the remains of the feasts of the cannibals. There were also found some plates of schist rudely sculptured. There was also some Celtic pottery, ornamented with lines and dots similar to that found in England.

*Specific Identity of the Almond and Peach.*—A paper on this subject was read before the British Association at the Norwich meeting by Dr. Karl Koch. The author said it had long been a debated question as to whether the peach-tree was descended from the almond; but a careful examination of the subject had convinced him that the almond was the original stem from which the peach was derived. He referred to the cultivated plum-trees, and said that in his opinion the green-gage was descended from a different stem to that from which the ordinary plum and damson were derived. All cultivated cherry-trees were, he thought, descended from one parent stem. Dr. Koch also suggested in another paper the advisability of photographing plants for the purposes of identification.

*The Constitution of the Interior of the Globe.*—Few questions possess greater interest for the geologist than this one of the internal constitution of the globe. Few, too, display greater discrepancy of opinion in the history of the science. Many years ago Mr. Hopkins adopted an astronomical-mathematical argument to show that the facts of precession and nutation were incompatible with the theory that the globe was a liquid mass,

inclosed in a thin solid crust. His views have since been very largely accepted. But they have now met with a formidable opponent in M. Delaunay, one of the foremost mathematicians and astronomers in France. In a memoir—which we wish we had space to translate in full—M. Delaunay goes at length into Mr. Hopkins and Archdeacon Pratt's arguments, and arrives at the provisional conclusion that the astronomical evidence adduced tells as much on one side as on the other, and that in point of fact the problem is now as unsolved as when it first presented itself to men's minds. This expression of opinion on M. Delaunay's part must have great weight with geologists.

*Coal in Russia.*—The Russian empire, according to the St. Petersburg journal, the *Golos*, contains an immense quantity of coal of excellent quality. The mines of Tula, in the government of Moscow, alone, it is said, would suffice to produce for one hundred and fifty or two hundred years 400,000 tons annually, and the district of the Western Don might supply yearly for more than two centuries a quantity equal to what is produced in England.

*A German Preservative against Cattle Plague.*—An alleged preservative against this disorder is said to be now employed in Germany. The following are the prescription and the directions for using it: Take green crystallized chloride of copper, 8 grm., spirits of wine, 2 kilog., and dissolve. With this solution impregnate a pad of cotton, lay it on a plate, and set fire to it in the centre of the stable, turning the animals' heads toward the flame, so as to make them breathe the fumes. This operation is performed morning and evening, burning one pad for every three heads of cattle. At night, a spirit-lamp, filled with the solution, is lighted in the stable. To prevent accidents, the flame is surrounded with wire-gauze. The liquor is also administered internally, with the addition of 15 grm. of chloroform for the above quantity. A tea-spoonful of this is put into the animal's drink three times a day. As a further precaution, the litters are watered with the same solution.

#### VARIETIES.

*A New Magazine.*—If there were an almanac of literature as there is of the weather, we might read "About this time look out for new magazines." The holidays seem to have a stimulative influence upon the enterprise as well as the spirits of publishers, which develops itself generally in periodicals, annuals, or sumptuous gift-books.

This month the above diagnoses are more numerous and more marked than usual.

We have upon our table the first number of "EVERY MONTH, a Magazine of Universal Literature," and certainly, for neatness of typography and gracefulness of general appearance, it is without a rival in the market.

It seems designed to meet the popular taste, and if it contains but one-half the attractions promised in the Prospectus, we may predict for it a deserved success.

The first number is a Christmas number, and is brimful of good things appropriate to the season.

"The Editor's Grumble," wherein he bows to the public, proves to be a good-natured growl after all, and his hits at various little absurdities are pungent without being offensive. Probably the greatest attraction of the "Every Month" is a new novel by Miss M. E. BRADDON, which is secured exclusively for its pages. We are not ourself an admirer of Miss Braddon, but her books are wonderfully popular, and her "Run to Earth," judging from the opening chapters, will be likely to extend the circle of her readers, if not of her admirers.

A second novel, by a well known writer, is promised in the February number.

EVERY MONTH is sold for \$1.50 per year, and appears to us to be the cheapest magazine in the market. The cover is adorned with a beautiful and artistic design; the pages are open and well printed, and the matter is various and well selected.

This Christmas number contains two excellent Christmas stories, and other matters relevant to the Holidays, and will be found pleasant reading.

Single copies can be had for 15 CENTS of the Publishers, C. H. JONES & Co., 108 Fulton street.

*The Philharmonic Society.*—The twenty-seventh season of this Society was inaugurated at the Academy of Music on November 13, under very favorable auspices. The able corps of Directors have done every thing possible to make their Concerts instructive and attractive, and we are gratified to see the heartiness of the public appreciation.

The Philharmonic is the oldest association for instrumental music on this continent, and undoubtedly the best, and has done more to develop a taste in the community for the highest order of music than any other agency whatever.

The classical pieces of the best composers alone are presented, and no pains or expense are spared in bringing them out in a manner creditable to the Society.

The Orchestra now comprises 101 members, and is under the leadership of HERR CARL BERGMAN. The Directors have also secured the services of Madame de La Grange, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Madame Parepa Rosa, Madame Urso, Ole Bull, and Mr. S. B. Mills. They have also made arrangements with Edwin Booth to deliver the soliloquy in Byron's Manfred when that grand symphony is performed.

Taken altogether, this twenty-seventh season will contain decidedly more attractions than any which the Society has yet presented, and deserves well of the public. The season so far has been eminently successful—in fact, a series of ovations.

We have ourself attended one Rehearsal and the First Concert, of Nov. 28, and on both occasions the Academy was crowded to repletion. Such a success reflects as much honor upon the community as upon the Society, and we hope that the succeeding Concerts will see no diminution of the enthusiasm. We can safely assure our readers that no money could be spent this winter in a manner more beneficial and pleasurable than by securing tickets for the entire course.

*The Second Concert takes place on Jan. 9, 1869. Third Concert, February 6. Fourth Concert, March*

*6. Fifth Concert, April 10, and Sixth Concert, May 8.*

*The Afternoon Public Rehearsals take place on the three Fridays next preceding each Concert.*

*Let all attend.*

*Ice-Cave in Russia.*—In the recent work of Sir R. I. Murchison on the Geology of Russia, he mentions a remarkable ice-cave, situated not far from Orenburg. It is at the base of a hillock of gypsum, at the eastern end of a village connected with the imperial establishment, and is one of a series of apparently natural hollows used by the peasants for cellars or stores. It possesses the remarkable property of being partly filled with ice in the summer, and totally destitute of it in winter.

"Standing," says the author, "on the heated ground, and under a broiling sun, I shall never forget my astonishment, when the woman to whom the cavern belonged opened a frail door, and a volume of air so piercingly keen struck the legs and feet, that we were glad to rush into a cold bath in front of us to equalize the effect! We afterward subjected the whole body to the cooling process by entering the cave, which is on a level with the street. At three or four paces from the door, on which shone the glaring sun, we were surrounded by half frozen quass and the provisions of the natives. The roof of the cavern hung with solid undripping icicles, and the floor might be called a stalagmite of ice and frozen earth. We were glad to escape in a few minutes from this ice-bound prison, so long had our frames been accustomed to a powerful heat." The cold in this cavern is invariably the greatest inside when the air is hottest outside. As soon as winter sets in, the ice disappears, and in mid-winter the peasants assured the travellers that the cave was of so genial a temperature that they could sleep in it without their sheepskins. At the very period when Sir R. I. Murchison visited it, the thermometer was 90 deg. in the shade; yet a single plank was the division between a burning sun and a freezing vault! The cave is about ten paces long, and ten feet high. It has a vaulted roof, in which great fissures open, which appear to communicate with the body of the hillock. Saussure long ago gave the clue to the real exposition of this paradoxical phenomenon; and Professor Pictet, following it out, has satisfactorily demonstrated that it is a beautiful example of a practical illustration in nature of that first principle in chemistry—*evaporation produces cold*. It is well known to the geological student, that, in certain mines which have a horizontal gallery terminating in a vertical shaft communicating with the atmosphere, a current of air in summer descends the vertical shaft, and emerges from the horizontal; while in winter the current sets in at the horizontal, and issues from the vertical shaft. The arrangement of this cave is very similar. Thus the cave is the horizontal, and the vertical shaft lies in the mass of the hill. Suppose, then, the mean temperature of the hill to be about 48 or 50 deg. The descending summer current passing through the channels in the hill evaporates the water it meets with in its progress, and so rapidly, as to become colder in its descent; until, reaching the cave, it is even below 32 deg., and there freezes the water collected in it. The hotter the air outside, the greater destruction of equilibrium between the interior and exterior columns, which communicate



at their base in the cave; consequently, the more rapid and intense the evaporation, the more severe the measure of cold produced. "This view" says Sir R. I. Murchison, "is supported by reference to the climate of the plains of Orenburg, in which there is great wetness of the spring caused by melting of the snow, succeeded by an intense and dry Asiatic heat."

*A Japanese Dickens.*—The Japanese Dickens, Kioyte Bakin by name, has written one story in one hundred and six volumes, which was thirty-eight years going through the press.

—In the windows of two rival hat-stores in Washington street, Boston, delicate Panama hats are offered for one hundred and twenty-five dollars in one establishment, and two hundred dollars in the other.

—Twenty-five hundred dollars has been refused for a tapestry picture which is now on exhibition at Hartford Ct. Four thousand skeins of worsted were used in making it.

*A Silver Table.*—The Sultan of Turkey has just ordered to be manufactured in Paris a silver table, the price of which will not be less than three millions of francs!

*A Year's Casualties at Sea.*—The statistical committee of the British Lloyd's have published an analysis of wrecks and casualties during the year 1867 as compared with 1866. It results from their returns that the total number of casualties last year was 12,513, against 11,711 in 1866. The total losses were 2,343, of which 105 were steamers in 1867, against 2,234, of which 115 were steamers in 1866. The cases in which the cargo was entirely lost numbered 1,168 last year, and 1,946 in 1866. The loss of life in 1867 contrasts very favorably with that of the year preceding, the total being only 1,346, against 2,644 in 1866. The committee, however, observe that the returns on this head are still more imperfect, the actual number being in excess of that given in various tables. The month in which the fewest losses have occurred for the past ten years is July, the heaviest being November. An elaborate geographical summary of the wrecks and casualties, arranged according to the voyages performed, show that of the entire list of the total losses, numbering last year 2,343, 20 per cent. occurred in the British islands; while of the other sections, the heaviest—that which included the Baltic and the Gulf of Bothnia—contributed only 3 per cent. The Cape colonies, the Persian gulf, Australia, Polynesia, California, and Greenland appear to have been almost blanks as regards total wrecks of foreign-going ships in 1867, although they supplied a few cases of constructive loss. In the British islands the number of vessels raised last year, after sinking, was 32, and in the rest of the world only 20. There were five cases of loss from piracy in 1867, and 18 in the year preceding.

*The New Italian Kingdom.*—Italy, as it now is, exclusive of the Papal States, comprises a population of 24,231,860 persons, of which 12,128,824 are males, and 12,103,036 females. There are on an average 85 inhabitants to each square kilometre.

The population is divided as follows: 3,788,513 under 6 years of age; 8,376,884 from 6 to 24 years; 10,452,613 from 24 to 60; and 1,613,850 from 60 upward; 14,052,381 are unmarried; 8,556,175 are married; 1,623,304 are widowers and widows. There are 8,292,248 laborers; 3,923,631 in trade or mechanics; 58,551 employed in mines; 549,293 professional men; 174,001 priests, &c.; 147,448 employed under Government; 242,386 soldiers, &c.; 520,686 domestics, &c.; 759,771 landed proprietors; 305,343 paupers; and 9,258,502 without any definite occupation, chiefly children and aged persons. There are 5,167,480 families, occupying 8,766,204 houses. Of the whole population 23,958,104 speak Italian; 134,435 speak French; 20,393 speak German; 118,929 speak other languages, such as Albanese, Greek, and Slave. With regard to religion, there are 24,167,855 Roman Catholics; 32,932 Protestants; 29,233 Jews; 1,850 belonging to other sects. Italy is divided into 8,562 communes, or parishes, of which 2,763 have less than 1,000 inhabitants, and only nine more than 100,000.

*New York* boasts of having the largest and most beautiful public park in the world. The engineer by whom it was planned and executed is about to build the largest and longest suspension-bridge in the world, to connect New York and Brooklyn, now separated from each other by an arm of the sea, subject to strong tides. The span will be 1,600 feet, and the height above the water 130 feet, and the total length, reckoning the approaches by a series of arches on each side, will be nearly two miles. The suspension will be effected by four wire cables, each fourteen inches in diameter, hung from towers built of granite, and 350 feet in height. The width of the bridge will allow for a footway in the centre, two horse railways, and two roadways for ordinary vehicles. The cost of this great bridge is estimated at six million dollars.

*Famines.*—In the year 272, the Britons were compelled to eat the bark of trees.

In 306, thousands of the Scots died from want of food.

In 310, 40,000 English perished from the same cause.

In 450, if we may believe Dufresnoy, so dreadful was the scarcity of food in Italy, that the parents devoured their own children.

In 739, in 823, and in 954, England, Wales, and Scotland lost thousands of their inhabitants by starvation. Famine again desolated these countries in the years 1087, 1195, 1251 and 1315. During the last visitation, horses, dogs, cats, and the most loathsome vermin, were most greedily devoured. We find at intervals of time, six other seasons of famine, reaching down as late as 1795.

A most dreadful calamity of the same nature visited the Cape de Verdes in the year 1775, when 16,000 persons died of starvation, and also in 1811, when some of the islands lost from one-third to one-half of their population.

*Mortality in Battle.*—The *Revista Militar*, of Lisbon, contends that the perfecting of fire-arms, far from increasing the mortality in battles, has, on the contrary, diminished it, and alleges the following instances:—At Austerlitz the French

lost 14 per cent. and the Austrians and Prussians respectively 14 and 30 per cent. of their soldiers. At Moscow the French loss was 37, while the Russian loss was 44 per cent. At Wagram the casualties were: among the French, 13, and amongst the Austrians, 14 per cent. At Bautzen the French lost 13, the Russians and Prussians 14 per cent. At Waterloo the losses of the Allies were 31 and of the French 36 per cent. Then comes the contrast. At Magenta the French lost but 7 per cent. of their troops, and the Austrian percentage did not exceed 8, while at Solferino the losses of the combatants were 10 and 8 per cent. It is hardly fair to compare the battle of Murfreesborough with those of regular armies, but according to the report of General Rosecranz, which caused some surprise at the time it was published, 20,000 discharges of cannon put only 728 men *hors de combat*, and out of 2,000,000 musket shots no more than 13,330 took effect. It thus took 27 cannon balls and 150 bullets, or about 252lb. of metal, to disable each soldier.

*A "Devil Fish" in Charleston.*—The Charleston Mercury says: "We had the pleasure of a conversation with Professor Holmes yesterday afternoon, in relation to the submarine monster recently captured by a fishing boat, and now on exhibition, on South Bay. The Professor says it is what is known as the sea-eagle or clam-cracker, a fish very common and abundant in our waters. It is also known by the name of eagle-ray or stingaree, a corruption of stingaray. Very large specimens, some weighing as high as five hundred pounds, were caught here some years ago, their heads and teeth preserved, and may be seen at any time in the Charleston College Museum. They have a snout similar to that of a hog, and root in the mud for clams, which they crush in their mouth with perfect ease; the jaws, instead of being formed of flesh and teeth, having a series of bony plates. The present specimen weighs between two hundred and fifty and three hundred pounds. It is five feet two inches wide from tip to tip of the wings, and four feet long from the snout to the base of the tail. The tail measures five feet, thus making the whole length of the fish nine feet. The negroes in their fright after its capture, in order to disarm it, broke off the stinger, a protuberance from the base of the tail, which is used by the fish as its greatest mode of defence. [See the March number of the ECLECTIC, page 336, for a full account of this fish. —EDITOR ECLECTIC.]

*Discoveries in Abyssinia.*—The German traveller Rohlfs has arrived at Bremen on his return from Abyssinia, where he filled the office of interpreter to the English expeditionary corps. After the taking of Magdala he went alone to Lalibala, the holy city of the country, which had not been visited by any Europeans for more than three centuries. He found there nine Christian churches of the primitive Byzantine style of architecture, all monoliths—that is to say, each hollowed out of one enormous block of stone, and richly ornamented. In afterward passing by Axum he discovered that the last of the obelisks still standing in that place is in a state of almost complete ruin.

*New York, Newport and Boston.*—Among the lines of travel along this great public thoroughfare none surpass, if any equal, in comfort, safety, kind and gentlemanly attentions to the wants of passengers, the ample and richly-furnished state-rooms and cabins, as well as the spacious and magnificent saloons of the noble steamers on the Fall River line to Boston. We have the observation and experience of years on this line, and can assure our friends, to whom we would be glad to do a favor by this brief notice, that they can reach Boston over this line with comfort, ease, and safety; the officers of this line are tried men, gentlemanly veterans of experience and skill. It would take half a dozen ordinary men to make up one Capt. Brown, of the steamer Newport, whom his passengers find to be a model captain; and the managing clerks on the line, Warren and Brayton, are men of the right stamp to please all travellers. The steamers of this line are under the general management of E. Littlefield, Esq., of New York, who is admirably fitted for this important post.

*The Pope and Women's Dress.*—A letter from Italy says: "A short time ago the Pope ordered his Cardinal-Vicar to issue a *mandement* against the impropriety of some of the Roman ladies' dresses. His Holiness—and in this respect I confess I more or less share his ideas—considers that the modern petticoat and the present body are rather too short, and in perfect contradiction with the length of the sermons which the fair wearers of these indelicate vestments have to listen to. He also objects to ladies going to church with those imperceptible bonnets so much *à la mode* in Paris, and insists upon women conforming themselves to the orders of St. Paul, who requested that the fair sex should not enter a place of public worship without being veiled. It appears that at Versailles the ladies of the highest rank, complying with the wishes of Pius IX., now wear a long veil, hanging down to their waist, whenever they resort to the Church of St. Louis, or to that of Notre Dame. I need not add that since this innovation of the Versaillaise's toilets has taken place, it has been noticed that young men, *gaudins*, or *cocodex*, no longer attend the religious ceremonies as regularly as they used to do."

*The Boston Traveller says:*—"A friend of ours has a curious relic of Lord Cornwallis's camp equipage. It is a small pocket lantern made to burn wax candles in. It was a part of the spoil of his camp after his surrender at Yorktown, Va. His favorite horse found his way into the same neighborhood where his old lantern is still kept as a relic of the revolutionary struggle, but soon went the way of all horses, after being reduced to menial labor. This same old war horse, if turned loose, would march to the beat of a drum, with head and tail erect, as proud as a drum-major."

#### TO AN INFANT.

THOU camest in sunshine. May sunshine attend  
All thy coming and going in life to the end;  
And o'er thee all sorrow and heaviness pass  
As lightly as cloud-shadows flee o'er the grass.

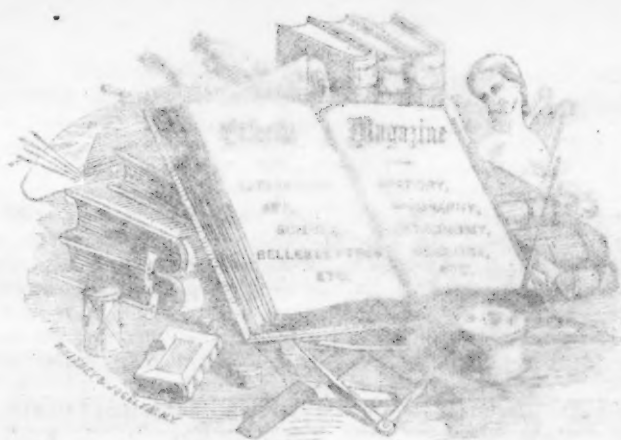
...COLORADO...  
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL  
GREELEY, COLORADO



Engraved from the Etching by Perini & Gien N.Y.

THE GREAT GIBBON THE NEW





# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series, }  
Vol. IX., No. 2, }

FEBRUARY, 1869.

{ Old Series Com-  
plete in 63 vols.

SIR ROBERT PEELE.

BY GOLDEN RINGS.

PEELE—he belongs now to the past, and the baronetcy may be laid aside—and the misfortune to be bred a Tory, and deeply committed to Toryism at a moment when the end of Toryism was near. This, with the full exigencies of policy, darkened a career which, though in a certain sense eminently successful, is spoken of on the whole rather with a feeling of sadness. He was more fortunate, however, than William Pitt: Pitt setting out as a popular Minister, ended by being a slave of oligarchic reaction; Peel setting out as the servant of oligarchic reaction, ended by being the Minister of the nation. In the early character of a man who was raised by whom of the party of a Parliamentary and economical reformer, did not hesitate to allow himself to be made Minister by an unconstitutional exercise of the power of the Crown. Peel, as a youthful Irish Secretary, carrying on the work of Tory reaction in Ireland, was already an Irish Minister.

Peel springs, and I vividly the leading features of his character, from the very core of English industry. His ancestors were yeomen in the north of England. His father and great father were factors in the great career of industry which reached the apex part of the last century, and which made Lancashire what it is. They were not inventors, like Hargreaves, Arkwright, or Watt, but they were clear-sighted and open-minded appreciators of inventions, which they applied with energy and success. They were, in short, as manufacturers, what their descendant was as a statesman. Solid work; integrity; fortitude; indomitable perseverance, the best qualities of the industrial character, and the spirit of the yeoman—the qualities which English trade, in that day of its glory, was distinguished, and of which it had reason to be proud—marked the industrial career of the Peels. The character of trade they encountered with brave hearts. Sir Lawrence Peel has told us how, at the time of a great financial crisis, when sinister rumors touching the Peel's solvency were abroad, Mrs.